

# THE LEATHERNECK

July, 1938

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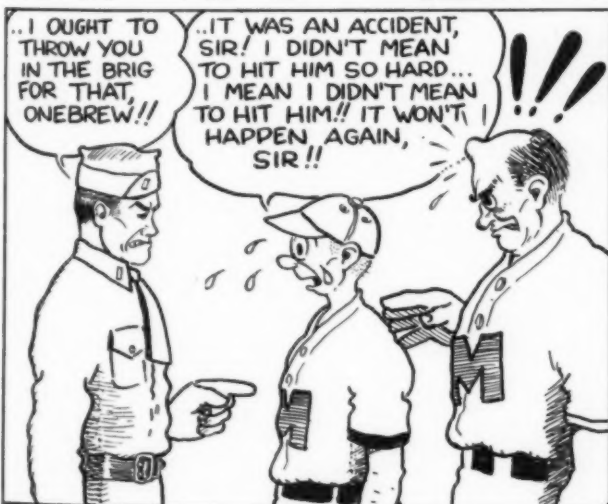
*Spirit  
of '38*

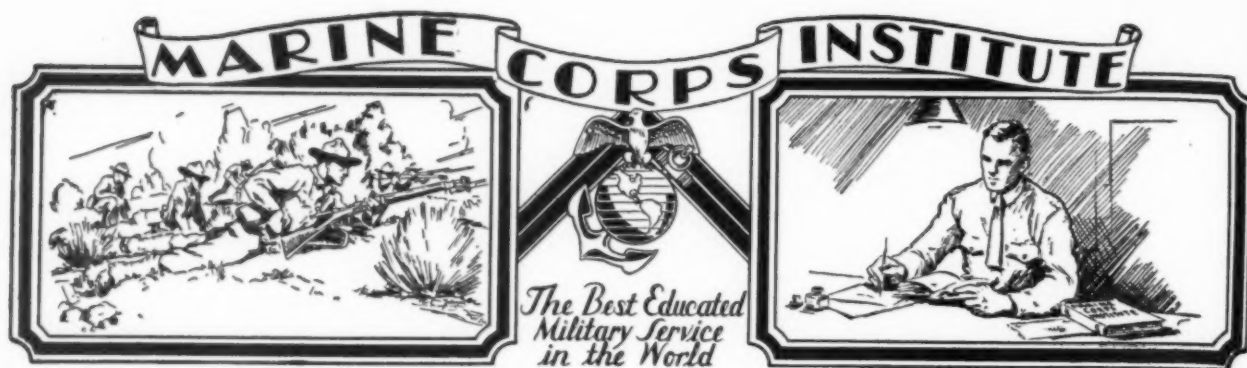
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Name.....Rank.....

Organisation.....

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# The LEATHERNECK

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<i>Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON</i>	

## Semper Fidelis

THE phrase "Semper Fidelis" is the epitome of all service a man or a United States Marine can render during a lifetime. To translate the Latin phrase, it means "always faithful." How does a U. S. Marine render this service? One can easily see it is a three-fold service, namely "always faithful" to God, to country, and to duty.

First, always faithful to God. A U. S. Marine whether at home or abroad, is given every opportunity to follow the dictates of his conscience. He is able to attend the regular services of his church, and should avail himself of it. There is not any discrimination in the Marine Corps because of various creeds or sects, but every man is urged to "be faithful."

Secondly, always faithful to country. This implies a two-fold service, on land or sea. The U. S. Marines are prepared to take up arms for their country no matter when or where the occasion presents itself. A U. S. Marine cannot

say that he does not fight on sea, because he isn't a sailor, but he is willing, nay, anxious to protect his country. One can easily see that in troublesome times the U. S. Marines are always the first to be sent and are always successful in their mission of quelling rebellions and uprisings of any kind. Looking back over the history of the United States, in every instance the Marines have been there to take up arms or preserve peace for their country.

Third, always faithful to duty. In any military service, duty looms as a large and rather awesome word. Duty means accepting a command and executing it to the best of one's ability. This motto of always faithful to duty has been repeatedly demonstrated in the willingness that the U. S. Marines have shown to execute the commands of a superior in maintaining and protecting governments in such parts of this continent as Haiti and Nicaragua. These are outposts where in some places, many a man would have given up, but the U. S. Marines have stuck it out because they have uppermost in their minds, the three-fold meaning of—*Semper Fidelis*.

## The Ant and the Grasshopper

ONCE upon a time, in a very great and very famous Navy, there were two young and handsome messcooks. These two messcooks worked side by side in a compartment on the starboard side of a battleship, and every day at messgear they serve up huge platters of food to the ravenous hordes which descended upon them.

Now, one of these messcooks was a mighty smart young fellow, he knew all the answers and could tell you at once just what the heroine of the latest novel was going to do next, and Boy! oh Boy! how the ladies fell for his line! Nearly every evening he got into his dress blues and fared forth to "give the town a treat," and when he was around, the fun was sure to start.

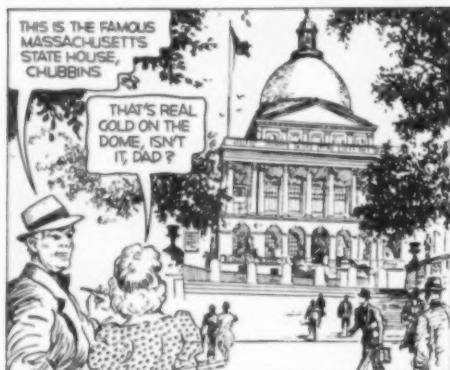
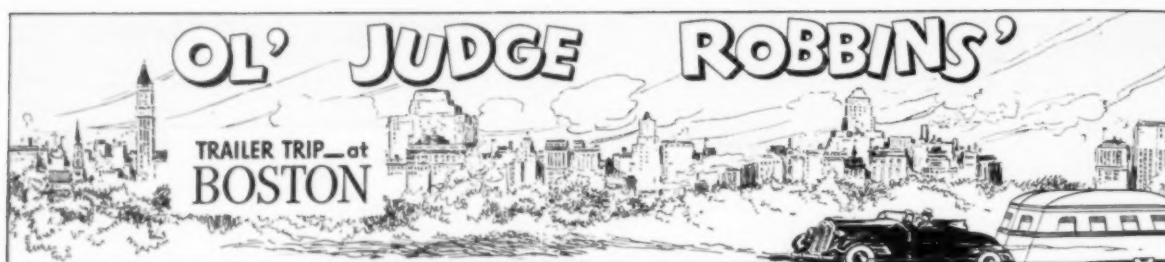
The other messcook was a stupid sort of lad. As soon as supper was finished, he used to break out a book and read until time for the movies, and every now and then he handed in a training course to his Division Officer. The smart fellow made all manner of fun of his poor dolt, because anyone with half an eye could see that there weren't going to be any rates given out for another six months so what was the use of working oneself to the bone for no reason at all?

Along about the end of April, the Executive Officer suddenly told the Division Officer that there was a rate available, and although the officer was surprised, he broke out his record book and looked over names of the various men in his division.

Alongside the name of the "smart" fellow was a great big blank, but the poor stupid man had a 3.69 behind his name. Now the Division Officer must have been pretty slow too, because he didn't realize what a swell person the first man was, he was just dumb enough to want some men who knew something in his division, and he didn't seem to give a darn whether a fellow could tell a funny story or not. There are a lot of officers just like that, but whether we like it or not, the second messcook got the job.

This is just a fairy story, of course. Somebody told it to me, and I thought you'd like to get a laugh too about the ignorant fellow who is now drawing pretty good pay and is now telling the "smart" messcook to bear hand and get that Java on the table.—*New Mexico Salvo*.

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(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



70

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50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

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THE LEATHERNECK

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# THE LEATHERNECK

VOLUME 21

WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY, 1938

NUMBER 7

## "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAR"

"O Memory what treasures thou  
dost hold." (By Me).

**I**F AND when you cast your eyes upon this missive from the Land of the Lotus Blossoms, you'll probably prepare for another siege of horror stories, you'll more than maybe take off your shirt, so that you'll be a trifle cooler as the fierce heat from burning cities, sears your tender hide. Well, my fran', go right ahead, for I'm going to give you the business.

The only reminder of the now defunct local hostilities which we'd like to lose, is the duty along Soochow Creek. However, it looks like we'll be there all summer, if it takes all winter. I'll admit that the boys who went through the war are slightly punchy yet, and if a motor-cycle stutters right loud and sudden, they usually start shadow boxing. And a blow-out, well Suzy me, them yayahos are apt to dive under anything taller than a snake's belt buckle. And as a friendly warning to you, don't ever breathe "Barbed Wire and Sandbags" to one of these guys or you will probably be trying to get your left ear out of the goboon over by the bar.

This war was tough all right, and I don't feel the same, since I can take my blonde dream out for awalk along Moscow Boulevard, and leave my tin hat at home. Life had a tang, a zest, as you sneaked out on liberty, with the beautiful anticipation of getting slapped alongside of your armor plated conk, and dispatched to a better land, by a stray, steel boquet. The

By J. A. DANIELS

chilling details, but the best I can offer is a few tales of the less heroic side of the fracas.

**M**ANY a classic was born of the war, such as Lt. Carey Randall's reply to the fatalist, who shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands, as he said, "What's the use of ducking those shells? If one

has your name written on it, that's that." To which Mr. Randall replied, "I don't give a hoot about the ones with my name written on them, but I am worried about the ones that are tagged, "To Whom It May Concern." Which makes plenty of sense.

Then there was the highly entertaining game that Lt. Cramer used to play. He had an air pistol, loaded with lead pellets, and with this little trouble shooter, the rotund 1st Lieutenant, from Cavite, gave many a bad moment to a lot of people. He'd wait until he heard the anti-aircraft start, or perhaps the artillery, then he'd un-

limber his pop-gun. Just as the shell exploded, the lieutenant would give a pretty good imitation of a whizzing shell fragment, then, "Clunk," one of his lead pellets would ricochet off the Tin Kelley of some unsuspecting by-stander. That little stunt scared the daylights out of more than a couple of people. (Continued on page 69)



U. S. Marines at the Sand Bag Barriers



# ONCE A MARINE

By A. STANLEY MOREAU

(Illustrated by John Patrick)

**O**NCE there was a Marine named John Humble. For that matter there were once a great many Marines, but the rest had the good sense to stay in the service for thirty years and finally retire to a peaceful old age.

In the same way, and at about the same time, there was a Marine Corps officer named Captain Houghenpeck. He isn't in the service any more although he is now called "Major." In the first days of John Humble's service, the major was a company officer and his men disrespectfully, but with affection, called him "Sally Screwhead" behind his back.

He was short and muscular, with short stubby fingers that could and did, in the officers' mess, tear a Washington, D. C. telephone book in two parts. But that's getting away from the story.

The thing that made him notable in a body of notable officers was that he was a heller when it came to inspections. When his company turned out for inspection, the sun went behind a cloud to keep from going blind, they were that well shined.

General Butler was in Quantico then, and the A&I came to Quantico to see the general and his men. Those were the days, you remember, when the eyelets in the leggings were each given an individual polishing.

Private John Humble had just come up from Parris Island after being there six months, part of that time as an acting corporal giving orders to a drill platoon of recruits. He knew his stuff when it came to regulations and he was as neat a Marine as ever came off the island. He was ambitious. He stood six feet, one, in his regulation shoes, and his hard leanness gave promise of a very husky Marine when he should fill out through the years of his enlistment. His military haircut only served to call attention to his straight blond hair, a heritage from Viking ancestors.

Well, bad news struck him the day he entered the company.

"Tomorrow," Captain Houghenpeck said, "will be inspection of heavy marching order on the field. I expect you to make as good a showing as any man in the company. That will be all."

"Yes, Sir," replied Private John Humble. He did an about face, and left the captain's office. That will be all, the captain had said.

Packs had not been blanched on the Island and the eye-

lets on leggings worn down there, still were covered with the black paint that was on them when the government issued them to him. His forest-green uniform needed pressing after the trip north and his rifle needed cleaning. He had to find the property sergeant and draw his company property. He wanted a shower more than anything else except rest. The gang had sung all night coming up on the train. And to top it all off, of course, other men were lined up on the company iron, waiting their turn to press uniforms.

He went to work with a drill, like the kind of drill Indians used to start a fire without matches. There was the bow and the thong wrapped around the drill. At the tip of the drill was first emery cloth, later crocus cloth and later a cotton cloth dipped in metal polish. And the end of the drill went from one eyelet to another of his leggings, scratching, polishing and shining. Then khaki-colored blanco went on the leggings. When they were dry, he touched up the eyelets again.

Hours later he got his turn at the iron and pressed his uniform. He blanched his pack and shined metal parts. Before the lights went out he had his blankets rolled for inspection the next day. After taps, when lights were out in the barracks, he was shining and cleaning in the washroom just off the head.

At dawn he was cleaning his rifle with the thoroughness of an experienced Marine. He gave the stock, already highly glossed from linseed oil, a final hand rubbing.

By reveille, he had bathed and was shaving. Everything was ready for inspection in a way that would compare favor-

ably with any man in the company, he thought.

Breakfast of oatmeal and apricots, he couldn't eat because he was so tired and so wrought up over his battle against time to make his equipment equal that of men who had been preparing for a week for A&I inspection. He did drink some strong coffee with canned milk.

Of course the company had to fall in between the barracks in the company street and of course Captain Houghenpeck had to inspect the men before they went out onto the field.

When Private John Humble came to inspection arms, as the captain came abreast of him, there was honest pride in the extra snap he put into the act. He stood rigidly erect and stony-faced, staring straight ahead, but his mind was racing. Let him find something wrong,



"How long have you been in the service, son?"



now. Just let him try it, he thought. There isn't a man in the company whose equipment is any better shined.

A hand slapped at the inside of his rifle and suddenly it wasn't in his hands any more. His hands dropped smartly to his sides.

"What rifle is this?" The captain was backing away as he spoke, two steps, three steps, four steps backward. The distance was widening alarmingly. John Humble had to catch that rifle when it came back to him and the captain wouldn't step toward him again, he knew. He had seen that trick pulled before.

"Model 1903, Calibre .30, Rock Island Arsenal, Sir."

The captain seemed to be ten feet away from him. The rifle came hurtling through the air toward him.

"Then clean it. There is dirt in the screw-heads."

Private John Humble caught the rifle without looking at it as it smacked solidly into his automatically placed hands. He snapped the bolt, closed and lowered the rifle to the order.

Then the company marched out onto the field and the sun went behind the clouds.

**G**ENERAL Butler and the A&I inspecting party had just come abreast of Private John Humble. Captain Houghenpeek was trailing the party, but the General stopped and beckoned to him to step closer. The fine old soldier looked at John Humble. He cocked his head to one side and squinted at the retreating sun. John wondered whether the General could see the dirt in the screwhead from his distance or whether he had been saved by the sun.

The general "chuckled. "How long have you been in the service, son?"

"Six months, sir!"

"You remind me of myself when I was eighteen. I enlisted as a private.

"Yes, sir." John didn't know what to say. The words came out because they had been drilled into him.

General Butler turned to Captain Houghenpeek.

"I think he would make a fine Private First Class, Captain." Then he went on.

The captain, because it had been drilled into him, said, "Yes sir."

And that is how John Humble became a Pfc. at the end of his first six months. It explains how he became obsessed with the idea that he wanted to be a "meritorious non-commissioned officer," and be recommended for the candidate officers' school in Washington. He was going to be a general if it took him a lifetime.

But he never wore chevrons. At every inspection Captain Houghenpeek was able to discover some minute speck on his equipment or his uniform.

For a time, John, because he had been graduated from a high school business course, was the captain's company clerk. That job rated corporal's chevrons. But before he got them, he was loaned to the regimental quartermaster as a clerk. That job rated sergeant's chevrons

and he would have had them in the course of time. But he was transferred to Tenth Regiment Artillery and went to Camp Meade for practice. He worked up from number nine cannoneer to number one, then gunner, and finally to acting corporal in charge of the gun crew. But practice was over by them. Quantico again. To Mail Guard in Cincinnati, and back to Quantico.

The regiment went to Tientsin, China, and because he was a typist, again he was detailed to special duty, this time to the Transportation Office. Looking back through the old files he found that previous clerks in that office had been recommended and promoted to corporal and sergeant. But a year went by. He was a short-timer and was sent back to Quantico to be discharged.

He stood a last inspection. This time he was in the M. P. Company, most of them short-timers. The Provost Marshal, the now Major Houghenpeek was the inspecting

officer. He drew even with Private First Class John Humble and slapped the rifle out of his hands. He backed away slowly, all the while expertly inspecting the rifle. John's cynical eyes could not help following the machine-like movements as the rifle gyrated. He knew this was his last inspection and he thought hatefully of the series of circumstances that had prevented him from making the first step toward that old goal, a general's star.

Suddenly the rifle was in his hands and he had automatically lowered it to the ground. The major spoke as he took one side step that brought him even with the next man.

"Clean the dirt out of the screw-heads in that rifle."

John Humble was paid off a week later and went to Washington looking for a job. But not before he

saw the major once more. A phenomenon of the service showed its face to him. He was treated like an individual, once.

Major Houghenpeek looked exactly as John had first seen him except that now he wore gold oak leaves where captain's bars had been. He was seated at the same kind of golden oak, flat-top desk in the same kind of beaver-boarded, war-time, wood-and-tar-paper shack that used to be called a barracks.

"Sir, the first sergeant said you wanted to see me."

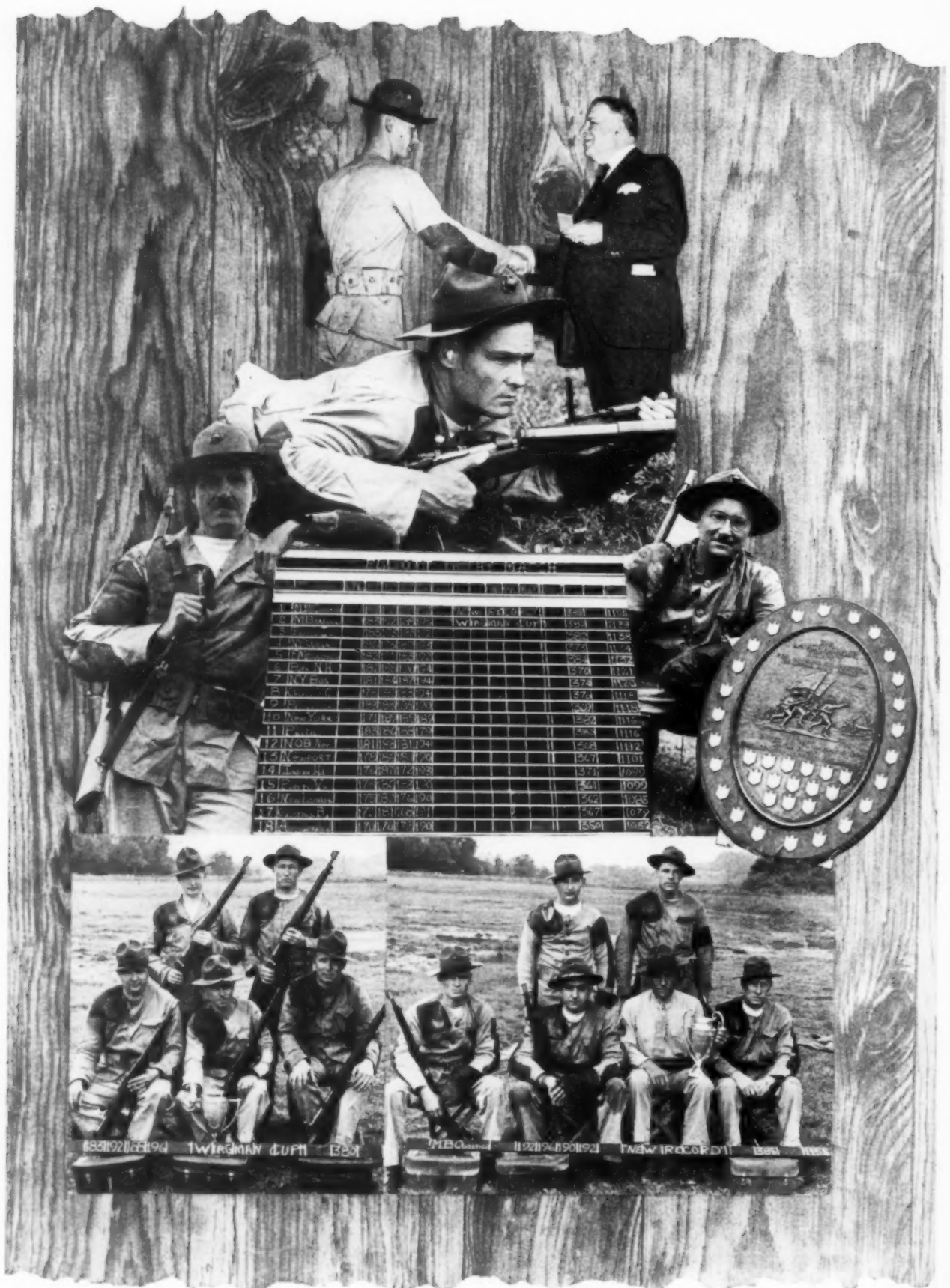
He stood at attention six paces from the desk. He could hear his buddy, on duty as traffic man, blowing his whistle outside the opened office window. His mind kept repeating, "Three days, three days to do. Now what am I up for? Three days to a good conduct medal, and now I'm up on the carpet. Three years, eleven months, and twenty-seven days with a good record, and now I'm up on the carpet. What for?"

The major laid down a yellow-covered service record book he had been studying. The book was well worn

(Continued on page 71)



He went to work with a drill



# RE-DISKS FROM THE DIVISIONAL MATCHES

**I**F scores of the recently fired matches in Quantico are any indication, Wakefield and Perry are in for a lot of surprises. Records fell like leaves in the fall; scores that would ordinarily place the competitors well up in the list, were merely recorded as another effort. They were busy record-breaking out on the West Coast, too. In the San Diego Trophy Match, the FMF of the Base topped the 1935 score and established a new record of 1,119.

As a result of the Division and Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Competitions, the following-named officers and enlisted men were classified as distinguished shot with the arm indicated:

## Rifle

Captain Lewis C. Hudson, Jr.  
Sergeant Bennie M. Bunn  
Sergeant Floyd E. Moore  
Sergeant Armond J. Sealey  
Sergeant Lloyd O. Williams  
Corporal Harry Arnold  
Corporal Leonard A. Oderman  
Corporal Howard Osteen  
Corporal Thomas R. Mitchell  
Corporal Clifford W. Rawlings  
Pvt-1-Cl Walter L. Devine  
Private Vito Perna

## Pistol

Captain Samuel S. Yeaton  
1st Lieut. Mercade A. Cramer  
Sergeant Victor F. Brown  
Sergeant Hasen L. Ewton  
Sergeant Wilbur L. Jessup  
Sergeant Melvin C. Olson  
Corporal Edmond Lucander

## NEW RECORDS ESTABLISHED

Sgt. Waldo A. Phinney, by scoring 376 points in the Eastern Division Rifle Competition.

Cpl. Thomas R. Mitchell, by scoring 296 points in the Elliott Trophy Match—an all time record score for the National Match course.

Sgt. Broox E. Clements, by scoring 1110 points in the Lauchheimer Trophy (Marine Corps rifle and pistol competition scores).

MB, Quantico Team, by scoring 1155 points in the Elliott Trophy Match.

MB, Washington Team, by scoring 1139 points in the Elliott Trophy Match—for award of the Wirgman Trophy.

Other teams making scores better than the previous record score of 1132 held by the 1933 winning team (MB, Quantico):

MB, Paris Island..... 1138  
MB, NYd, Washington..... 1134

The FMF, Quantico Team tied the previous record score.

## MARINE CORPS RIFLE COMPETITION

Held at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., on 24 May, 1938

Stg.	Name	Rank	Post	Score	Medal
1.	*CATRON, Russell M.	Cpl.	NYd, Wash., D. C.	573	None
2.	*McMAHILL, Richard B.	Sgt.	MB, Wash., D. C.	572	None
3.	*LINFOOT, William D.	Sgt.	Parris Island	571	None
4.	MITCHELL, Thomas R.	Cpl.	Quantico	570	Gold 1st
5.	*PHINNEY, Waldo A.	Sgt.	Boston	570	None
6.	*ORR, Emmett W.	Sgt.	MB, Wash., D. C.	568	None
7.	*SCHNEEMAN, Robert E.	Sgt.	New London	568	None
8.	*KRAVITZ, Valentine J.	Sgt.	Quantico	568	None
9.	WOLTERS, Alfred L.	Pvt.	NYd, Wash., D. C.	567	Gold 2nd
10.	*ANDERSON, Clarence J.	Pl-Sgt.	Puget Sound	566	None
11.	*DeLAHUNT, Remes E.	Sgt.	Parris Island	566	None
12.	*BARRIER, Thurman E.	Sgt.	FMF, Quantico	566	None
13.	*CLEMENTS, Broox E.	Sgt.	Portsmouth, Va.	565	None
14.	*RAWLINGS, Clifford W.	Cpl.	Boston	565	None
15.	*TAVERN, Joseph J.	Capt.	Quantico	565	None
16.	*MOORE, Floyd E.	Sgt.	FMF, San Diego	564	None
17.	RAY, Dwight L.	Cpl.	MB, Wash., D. C.	564	Silver 1st
18.	*BROWN, Victor F.	Sgt.	Boston	563	None
19.	*HARKER, Kenneth E.	Pl-Sgt.	Quantico	563	None
20.	METZGER, Philip C.	2nd Lt.	Philadelphia	563	Silver†
21.	PREWITT, Ben F.	2nd Lt.	FMF, Quantico	562	Score only
22.	HAMILTON, Edwin L.	2nd Lt.	FMF, Quantico	562	Silver†
23.	*HUDSON, Lewis C. Jr.	Capt.	MB, Wash., D. C.	561	None
24.	*LUCANDER, Edmond	Cpl.	FMF, Quantico	561	None
25.	EUSEY, Charles J.	Cpl.	Pearl Harbor	560	Bronze 1st
26.	COOPER, Francis H.	2nd Lt.	Quantico	560	Score only
27.	TRIGG, Horace D.	Pvt.	FMF, Quantico	560	Silver 2nd
28.	SLACK, Wilbur B.	Cpl.	MB, Wash., D. C.	559	Score only
29.	*BUNN, Benie M.	Sgt.	San Diego	559	None
30.	GALATION, Andrew N.	2nd Lt.	FMF, Quantico	558	Score only
31.	*DEVINE, Walter L.	Pfe.	Norfolk	558	None
32.	YODER, Gerald M.	Pfe.	Quantico	558	Score only
33.	*JESSUP, Wilbur L.	Sgt.	Newport	557	None
34.	WILLIAMS, Lloyd O.	Sgt.	Parris Island	556	Bronze 2d
35.	CASTLE, Noel O.	2nd Lt.	FMF, Quantico	556	Bronze†
36.	KROSS, George	Pvt.	Quantico	556	Score only
37.	*STAMM, Bernard J.	Cpl.	NYd, New York	555	None
38.	*ULRICH, Carl	Sgt.	Boston	555	None
39.	*SEALEY, Armon J.	Sgt.	FMF, San Diego	554	None
40.	FLOYD, Claude L. Jr.	Pfe.	Parris Island	554	Score only
41.	*RUSK, Donald R.	Cpl.	NYd, Wash., D. C.	554	None
42.	HUMPHREY, Gavin C.	2nd Lt.	Pensacola	554	Score only
43.	BIRD, Paul K.	Pfe.	FMF, Quantico	553	Bronze 3d
44.	*ANGUS, Charles E.	GySgt.	San Diego	553	None
45.	PERNA, Vito	Pvt.	MB, Portsmouth, N. H.	552	Bronze 4th
46.	BALTRA, John J.	Cpl.	Puget Sound	552	Bronze 5th
47.	*JOHNSON, Merle H.	Sgt.	Pensacola	552	None
48.	NELSON, Olaf C.	Cpl.	Mare Island	552	Bronze 6th

†Distinguished—not entitled to medal.

+Extra medal.

1937 High Score	567
1937 Low Medal Score	545

## Prevailing weather conditions:

Temperature—70 to 76 degrees F.  
Wind—6 to 8 miles from 10 to 11 o'clock.  
Light—Dull.  
Cloudy and Rain.

## CAPTIONS FOR PICTURES ON OPPOSITE PAGE

At top, center, Senator David I. Walsh presents a gold medal and congratulates Thomas R. Mitchell on establishing a new record in the Elliott Trophy Match.

In the prone position, a close-up of Mitchell.

With his arm draped comfortably over the score board is Russell M. Caton, who shot 573 out of a possible 600 to win the Marine Corps Rifle Match.

In the center, score board of the Elliott Trophy Match. Peeping around the edge of the board is Brooks E. Clements with the Lauchheimer Trophy which he won this season.

Lower left, team from the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.; winners of the Wirgman Cup. Left to right, front row: Sgt. E. W. Orr; Capt. L. C. Hudson (team captain); Sgt. R. D. McMahonill. Standing, Cpl. D. L. Ray, and Cpl. W. B. Slack.

Lower right, Team from Marine Barracks, Quantico, who established a new record in winning the Elliott Trophy. Seated: Cpl. T. R. Mitchell; Capt. J. T. Tavern, Pl-Sgt. K. R. Harker (team coach) holds the trophy on his knee; Sgt. B. J. Kravitz. Standing: Pvt. George Kross and Pfc. Malcolm LaRue (All photos by Tager).

## ELLIOTT TROPHY TEAM MATCH

	SP	RF	RF	SF	SF	Total
1. Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.	200	200	300	600	1000	Score
Capt. Joseph J. Tavern,						
Team Captain	48	47	46	48	98	287
Sgt. Valentine J. Kravitz	48	49	48	46	95	286
Cpl. Thomas R. Mitchell	49	50	49	50	98	296
Pvt. George Kross	47	50	47	48	94	286
Team Score	192	196	190	192	385	1155
Plt-Sgt. Kenneth E. Harker, Team Coach.						
2. M.B., Washington, D. C.						
Capt. Lewis C. Hudson, Jr.,						
Team Captain	44	46	48	48	86	272
Sgt. Richard B. McMahonill	46	50	48	50	97	289
Sgt. Emmett W. Orr	46	49	47	49	98	289
Cpl. Dwight L. Ray	47	47	47	49	99	289
Team Score	183	192	188	196	380	1139
Cpl. Wilbur B. Slack, Team Coach.						



3. M.B., Parris Island, S. C.						
2nd Lt. James G. Frazer,						
Team Captain	46	48	44	49	92	279
Sgt. Remes E. DeLaHunt	46	49	50	47	98	290
Sgt. Lloyd O. Williams	44	47	46	48	94	279
Pfc. Claud L. Floyd, Jr.	47	49	48	48	98	290
Team Score	183	193	188	192	382	1138
Sgt. Steve Disco, Team Coach						

4. M.B., NYd, Washington, D. C.						
2nd Lt. Harold G. Walker,						
Team Captain	48	48	46	49	92	283
Cpl. Russell M. Catron, Team Coach	45	47	47	47	95	281
Cpl. Donald R. Rusk	47	49	49	48	97	290
Pvt. Alfred L. Walters	46	49	47	49	89	280
Team Score	186	193	189	193	373	1134
For results of other competing teams, see photograph of score board.						

### THE HAROLD F. WIRGMAN TROPHY

In order to stimulate interest in competitive team shooting among the smaller posts, Lieutenant Colonel Harold F. Wirgman, retired, donated a cup as a subsidiary prize in the Elliott Trophy Match. The cup, designated by the Major General Commandant as the Harold F. Wirgman Trophy, is awarded to the post winning the highest place and whose authorized complement does not exceed 300 officers and enlisted men.

### LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY

To the competitor attaining the highest final score with both rifle and pistol in the Marine Corps competition is awarded the Lauchheimer Trophy, which was presented to the Marine Corps in 1921 by the family of the late Brigadier General Charles H. Lauchheimer, the first Inspector of Target Practice, and who, at the time of his death in 1920, was the Adjutant and Inspector of the Marine Corps.

### THE ELLIOTT TROPHY TEAM MATCH

This match is participated in by teams of 4 men each from post, of the East Coast and West Indies having an authorized strength of 50 men or more. The winner of the match is awarded the Elliott Trophy, presented by the officers of the Marine Corps Rifle Teams of 1909 and 1910 in appreciation of the interest and support of the late Major General George F. Elliott in promoting skill in small arms marksmanship. General Elliott's part in the development of rifle marksmanship dates back to the days prior to the Spanish-American War. He was instrumental in having selected men from the Marine Corps to receive instructions in the modern method of rifle shooting which has led to the present system of target practice in the Marine Corps and placed the Corps in the first rank of the shooters of the United States today. The annual rifle and pistol competitions in the Marine Corps were started by General Elliott when he was Major General Commandant.

At the conclusion of the Elliott Trophy Match, the members of the Quantico and Washington teams, winners of the Elliott Trophy and Wirgman Trophy, respectively, as well as the medal winners in the rifle and pistol competitions were assembled at the 1000-yard range to receive their awards.

Trophies and medals were presented by Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee, following which he made a brief but impressive speech. He was introduced by Major General James C. Breckinridge, Commanding General, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.

Colonels Calvin B. Matthews and Julien C. Smith, Headquarters, Washington, and Lieutenant Colonel W. W. Ashurst, Inspector of Target Practice, were among the many spectators to witness the matches.

## MARINE CORPS MATCHES

### Pistol Competition

Stg.	Competitor	Rank	50yds S.F.	25yds T.F.	25yds R.F.	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	*CLEMENTS, Broox E. .... Portsmouth, Va.	Sgt.	176	187	182	545	D/PS
2.	*MOORE, Albert N. .... Mare Island	Sgt.	170	193	181	544	D/PS
3.	*BARRIER, Thurman E. .... FMP, Quantico	Sgt.	166	190	196	542	D/PS
4.	*LINFOOT, William D. .... Parris Island	Sgt.	172	186	179	537	D/PS
5.	*POPE, Mark A. .... Quantico	Cpl.	157	189	197	533	D/PS
6.	EWTON, Hascal L. .... Portsmouth, Va.	Sgt.	167	190	174	531	Gold
7.	YEATON, Samuel S. .... Bremerton	Capt.	175	171	179	525	Silver
8.	*BROWN, Victor F. .... Boston	Sgt.	157	186	178	521	D/PS
9.	*SCHNEEMAN, Robert E. .... Newport	Sgt.	164	186	171	521	D/PS
10.	*RAMER, Mercade A. .... San Diego	1st Lt.	161	182	177	520	Silver
11a.	DeLaHUNT, Remes E. .... Parris Island	Sgt.	164	179	177	520	*Score
11.	EDWARDS, Harold G. .... Bremerton	Cpl.	163	178	176	517	Silver
12.	*OLSON, Melvin C. .... Pensacola	Sgt.	163	181	172	516	D/PS
13.	*SLACK, Wilbur B. .... Washington, MB	Cpl.	160	178	177	515	D/PS
14a.	HAMILTON, Edwin L. .... FMP, Quantico	2nd Lt.	175	188	172	515	*Score
14.	*SEESER, Edward V. .... Parris Island	Pl-Sgt.	145	182	187	514	D/PS
15a.	BUNN, Bennie M. .... San Diego	Sgt.	159	183	172	514	*Score
15.	LUCANDER, Edmond .... FMP, Quantico	Cpl.	162	180	172	514	Bronze
16.	CAFARELLA, Joseph G. .... Parris Island	Cpl.	156	177	179	512	Bronze
17.	PLUGE, John .... Quantico	Sgt.	161	172	176	509	Bronze

\*Distinguished—not entitled to medal.

†Lauchheimer Trophy Match pistol score.

### LAUCHHEIMER TROPHY MATCH

	Rifle Score	Pistol Score	Total Score	Medal
Won by Sgt. Broox E. Clements	565	545	1110	Gold
2nd—Sgt. William D. Linfoot	571	537	1108	Silver
3rd—Sgt. Thurman E. Barrier	566	542	1108	Bronze

### EASTERN DIVISION COMPETITIONS

Held at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., May 17, 18 and 19, 1938

#### Rifle Competition

Stg.	Competitor	Rank	200 S.F.	200 R.F.	300 R.F.	600 S.F.	1000 S.F.	Agg. Score	Medal
1.	*PHINNEY, Waldo A. .... Boston	Sgt.	91	93	98	99	195	576	D/Mks
2.	PETTIGREW, Parker O. .... FMP, Quantico	Pfe.	92	97	98	97	188	572	Gold
3.	*LUCANDER, Edmond .... FMP, Quantico	Cpl.	92	99	92	96	192	571	D/Mks
4.	MITCHELL, Thomas R. .... Quantico	Cpl.	93	98	94	94	191	570	Gold
5.	*RUSK, Donald R. .... Washington, MB NYd.	Cpl.	91	98	95	95	188	567	D/Mks
6.	*SCHNEEMAN, Robert E. .... New London	Sgt.	92	96	90	97	190	565	D/Mks

### THE LEATHERNECK



7.	*CLEMENTS, Broox E.	Sgt.	91	98	90	94	192	565	D/Mks
	Portsmouth, Va.								
8.	HUDSON, Lewis C. Jr.	Capt.	94	95	91	93	191	564	Gold
	Washington, MB								
9.	*KRAVITZ, Valentine J.	Sgt.	94	98	90	99	182	563	D/Mks
	Quantico								
10.	WOLTERS, Alfred L.	Pvt.	85	91	95	96	194	561	Gold
	Washington, MB, NYd								
11.	*McMAHILL, Richard B.	Sgt.	87	95	97	97	185	561	D/Mks
	Washington, MB								
12.	*JESSUP, Wilbur L.	Sgt.	91	90	94	98	188	561	D/Mks
	Newport								
13.	RAWLINGS, Clifford W.	Cpl.	93	99	94	95	179	560	Silver
	Boston								
14.	TRIGG, Horace D.	Pvt.	90	97	91	97	185	560	Silver
	FMP, Quantico								
15.	DEVINE, Walter L.	Pfe.	89	99	92	89	191	560	Silver
	Norfolk, NOB								
16.	HAMILTON, Edwin L.	2nd Lt.	87	90	94	96	192	559	Silver
	FMR, Quantico								
17.	*TAVERN, Joseph J.	Capt.	86	96	91	95	191	559	D/Mks
	Quantico								
18.	*BROWN, Victor F.	Sgt.	90	95	91	96	186	558	D/Mks
	Boston								
19.	*CATRON, Russell M.	Cpl.	91	95	89	90	193	558	D/Mks
	Washington, MB, NYd								
20.	BIRD, Paul K.	Pfe.	86	94	95	96	186	557	Silver
	FMP, Quantico								
21.	HARDY, James C.	Cpl.	88	94	94	94	187	557	Silver
	FMP, Quantico								
22.	NORRIS, Edward S.	Pfe.	88	94	92	94	189	557	Bronze
	Norfolk, NOB								
23.	*BARRIER, Thurman E.	Sgt.	91	97	93	96	180	557	D/Mks
	FMP, Quantico								
24.	RAY, Dwight L.	Cpl.	89	92	91	93	191	556	Bronze
	Washington, MB								
25.	POPE, Mark A.	Cpl.	87	98	89	92	190	556	Bronze
	Quantico								
26.	*ORR, Emmett W.	Sgt.	91	96	92	97	180	556	D/Mks
	Washington, MB								
27.	RAILING, Cletis B.	Sgt.	93	97	82	94	190	556	Bronze
	Philadelphia								
28.	NOURSE, Ronald J.	Cpl.	90	97	87	95	186	555	Bronze
	Quantico								
29.	PERNA, Vito	Pvt.	89	93	92	96	185	555	Bronze
	Portsmouth, N. H. (NP)								
30.	*HARKER, Kenneth E.	Pl-Sgt.	93	98	92	93	179	555	D/Mks
	Quantico								
31.	METZGER, Philip C.	2nd Lt.	91	95	92	95	182	555	Bronze
	Philadelphia								
32.	SHAW, Samuel R.	1st Lt.	88	95	93	94	184	554	Bronze
	FMP, Quantico								
33.	CASTLE, Noel O.	2nd Lt.	90	95	92	93	183	553	Bronze
	FMP, Quantico								
34.	HENDERSON, "W" "Y"	Cpl.	88	95	89	96	185	553	Bronze
	FMP, Quantico								
35.	PRETOSKA, Michael A.	Cpl.	90	93	87	97	186	553	Bronze
	Philadelphia								

#### Pistol Competition

Stg.	Competitor	Rank	50yds S.F.	25yds T.F.	25yds R.F.	Aggr. Score	Medal
1.	*BARRIER, Thurman E.	Sgt.	156	193	179	528	D/PS
	FMP, Quantico						
2.	*LEE, William A.	Mar-Gun	164	187	175	526	D/PS
	FMP, Quantico						
3.	*POPE, Mark A.	Cpl.	153	191	181	525	D/PS
	Quantico						
4.	EWTON, Hascal L.	Sgt.	162	186	171	519	Gold
	Portsmouth, Va.						
5.	BROWN, Victor F.	Sgt.	163	180	173	516	Silver
	Boston						
6.	*SCHNEEMAN, Robert E.	Sgt.	152	186	171	509	D/PS
	New London						
7.	*SLACK, Wilbur B.	Cpl.	160	181	168	509	D/PS
	Washington, MB						
8.	*CLEMENTS, Broox E.	Sgt.	155	185	168	508	D/PS
	Portsmouth, Va.						
9.	SHOUP, David M.	Capt.	160	181	166	507	Silver
	Quantico						
10.	PHINNEY, Waldo A.	Sgt.	167	172	167	506	Silver
	Boston						
11.	PLUGE, John	Sgt.	140	183	177	500	Bronze
	Quantico						

\*Distinguished—not entitled to medal.

July, 1938





### FLOOR SHOW

A salesman was passing through a small town and had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired, "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope; nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any pool room or bowling alley?"

"None of them either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Wall, come on down to the drug store. Thar's a Marine home on furlough."—Suggested by *Kablegram*.

In some parts of the South the Negroes still lean to the old-style country dance.

At one dance, when the fiddlers had resined their bows and taken their seats on the platform, the master of ceremonies took his place.

"Git yo' partners fo' de nex' dancee," he yelled. "All you ladies an' gennulmens dat wear shoes an' stockin's, take yo' places in de middle of de room. All you ladies an' gennulmens dat wear shoes an' no stockin's, take yo' places behin' dem. An' you barefooted crowd—you jes' jig it roun' in de corners!"—*Columns*.

The Inspecting Party had nearly completed the rounds; and the weary police sergeant had writer's cramp from jotting down so many things that were wrong.

The Colonel's eagle eye ranged along the bulkhead. His finger suddenly pointed upward. "Sergeant," he roared, "what's the reason for those cobwebs in the overhead?"

"I don't know, sir," mildly responded the sergeant; "unless there are spiders in the barracks."

"I don't often eat such a dinner as I've had today," complimented the political guest.

"We don't either," replied the Officer in Charge of the Surf station.—*USS Coast Guard*.

Rastus:—"What do you think of my new gal, Sambo?"

Sambo:—"Dat gal's all right, sho' nuff, but her figger jes' don't rhyme, dat's all."—*Tennessee Tar*.

The dramatic critic was approached by the producer whose show had opened the previous evening.

"You were very severe on my play," said the producer. "What was really so bad about it?"

"I didn't like the way you handled your lights," replied the critic.

"What was wrong with them?"

"You kept them on!"—*Lampoon*.

### JUST LIKE 'EM

Freddie and Jessie had been playing one of those old-fashioned games with forfeits, and the girl had been ordered to give the young man 10 kisses.

"Let's see," said Jessie, pausing for breath, "that's seven, isn't it?"

"Only six," corrected Freddie.

"Seven, I think."

"No, six."

"Seven!"

"Six!"

"Look here," said the girl, wearily, "sooner than have any argument, we had better start all over again."—*Kablegram*.



Him: Meet me at the Monticello.

Girl: The Monticello! Say, that's a nice place.

Him: Yeah, and it's close to where we're going, too.

A man was buying some meat when a second man entered, obviously in a great hurry. He rudely interrupted the other man's order.

"Give me some dog food," he said, and added to the first customer.

"Hope you don't mind."

"No. Not if you're that hungry," replied the other.—*Tennessee Tar*.

The daughter was speaking of precious stones.

"Dad," she said, "what is your birthstone?"

"My dear," said the father of seven, "I'm not quite sure, but I think it's a grindstone."—*Great Lakes Bulletin*.

### AND IN CAME THE ADMIRAL

One of the funniest stories I ever heard about the Service was the one about the Marine Orderly, who upon new Marine Orderlies reporting, decided to play a joke upon his shipmates. He was orderly to the Admiral, who had, so he thought, gone ashore for the day.

The Marine opened the Admiral's locker, took out the complete Admiral's dress uniform, donned it, lighted one of the Admiral's cigars, sat himself down at the Admiral's desk and buzzed for an orderly.

The door opened and in walked the Admiral.—*Tennessee Tar*.

"Could you give me a job, sir?" the young man asked.

"But aren't you the fellow I saw trying to kiss my daughter last night?" asked the store manager.

"Er—yes, sir. But I didn't."

"Well, young man, I don't want any failures in my store. Good day!"

—*Gargoyle*.

Mother (from upstairs): For mercy's sake, John, turn off that radio! That woman has the most awful voice I've ever heard.

Father: That isn't the radio, dear. It's Mrs. Brown, who's just come to call.—*Tit-Bits*.

During a lecture the professor said to a student, "Did you follow me?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "except when you were between me and the black board."

"I try to make myself clear," snapped the professor, "but I can't make myself transparent!"—*Wasp*.

Policeman: How did you come to be in possession of that jar of honey?

Tramp: I'll admit I don't keep any bees, but what's to stop a guy squeezing the honey out of the flowers himself!—*Ram*.

The family doctor, while on a vacation entrusted his practice to his son, who had just completed his internship. On the father's return home, the young man told him with great satisfaction how he had cured Miss Blank, an elderly and wealthy patient, of her chronic indigestion.

"Congratulations, my boy," said the old doctor, "but that case of indigestion is what put you through college!"—*Log*.

Collegian: It certainly was a swell party. Last thing I remember was Johnson getting into the grandfather clock and trying to telephone his girl.—*Hooked*.

THE LEATHERNECK

## IN RETROSPECT

Two ex-Navy veterans were swapping yarns and experiences. Boasting of his wide-spread travels aboard ship, one declared:

"I'll bet I've wrung more water out of my socks than you ever sailed over during your whole hitch!"

"That's what you think," came the reply. "Just the water they gave me to drink on days I spent in the brig would sail more ships than you ever saw!"

—Foreign Service (V.F.W.)



She: "Did you notice anything funny about John's niece?"

He: "Yeah, they're kinda knobby."

Social Worker: "Do you owe any back house rent?"

Relief Seeker: "We ain't got any back house. We have modern plumbing."

—Minneapolis North Star.

"Are you an Englishman?" asked one guest of another at a house party in Edinburgh.

Later the host took aside the guest who had asked the question and said, "If you thought he was an Englishman, why humiliate him? And if you thought he was not an Englishman, why insult him?"—Ozark.

A beggar asked a woman for a piece of bread. On handing him a piece of stale bread she noticed tears flowing from the poor man's eyes.

"I suppose it reminds you of the home-made bread your mother used to make," said the woman.

"Not at all," replied the man. "It reminds me of the time I was in jail."—Ram.

"Now, if I write 'n-e-w' on the blackboard," said the teacher, "what does that spell?"

"New."

"Right. And if I put a 'k' in front of it, what does that make it?"

"Canoe."—Rifled.

1st Cat: I know a man who stays home with his wife every night in the year.

2nd Cat: That is what I call love.

1st Cat: The doctor calls it paralysis!

—Bamboo Breecza.

Guest—"That steak you gave me for dinner was so tough it talked back to me."

Waiter—"Well, you're a better man than the chef. He grilled it for two hours and it never said a word."—Army and Navy Journal.

## EFFICIENCY PLUS

Last Sunday as midnight approached men quartered at the War Department Theatre, Ft. Harrison, were snatched from the arms of Morpheus by a disturbance at the front entrance. A sentry entered their room, wrathful and with plenty of fancy words to dress up his question: "How do you lock the front door of this place?"

Investigation disclosed that the sentry to prove his worth as a soldier had, in his frantic efforts, broken the lock on the door with his rifle butt in order to gain entrance and lock the door.—Fifth Corps Area.

Old Lady: And how were you wounded?

Veteran: By a shell.

Old Lady: Did it explode?

Vet: No, it crept up close and bit me.

—Embassy Guard News.

"I hear Jones is being divorced by that German war bride he brought back from the A.E.F."

"What's wrong?"

"It took her 20 years to find out she couldn't cash the cigar coupons he gave her for a wedding present in Coblenz!"

—Foreign Service (V.F.W.)



"I see in the papers that a guy ate six dozen pancakes."

"Oh, how waffle!"

## IN THE CLEAR

Newspaper headlines of a possible new war in Europe aroused a discussion between veterans of the last war.

"You should be happy you came through the World War in good health," one pointed out.

"I suppose so," was the doleful reply, "but maybe the guys who got hurt will turn out to be the lucky ones."

"How do you figure?" came the query.

"If Uncle Sam starts drafting for another war—they've got government records to prove they're disabled and can't go."

—Foreign Service (V.F.W.)

Mrs. Smith was reading a letter at breakfast. Suddenly she looked up suspiciously at her husband.

"George," she said, "I've just received a letter from mother saying she isn't accepting our invitation to come and stay, as we do not appear to want her. What does she mean by that? I told you to write and say that she was to come at her own convenience. You did write, didn't you?"

"Er—yes," said George. "But I—I couldn't spell 'convenience,' so I made it it 'risk.'"—Kablegram.

## FRENCH VERSION

The Chasseurs Alpains, those classy French fighting men, who helped to train the Marines who first went to France, could never quite get accustomed to the sea soldier lingo. One of them, who served as a sort of handy man around the sick bay, had learned the meaning of the sea-going phrase "shove off," but when he had his first chance to use it he was—as the saying goes—not there.

"Hey, Frenchy," said a corpsman, "have you seen the pharmacist's mate around?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," said the Frenchman, struggling to remember the elusive phrase, "he have—what you call—pushed over."—Our Navy.

"You look all in today, Bill. What's the trouble?"

Bill: "Well, I didn't get home until after daylight this morning and just as I was undressing the wife woke up and said, 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' So, in order to save an argument, I put my uniform back on and came back to the station."—Great Lakes Bulletin.

A fond father visited a college to see what progress his son was making. In response to his inquiry, the professor said: "Your son will probably go down in history. . . ." "That's good news!" exclaimed the father.

The professor lifted his eyes and continued: "But he might be better in geography and the other subjects."—W. Va. Mountaineer.

Sawbones: Does that top sergeant still run a temperature, nurse?"

Nurse: Don't be silly, doctor, every soldier in my ward runs a temperature.

—Foreign Service (V.F.W.)

Marine: The U. S. Marines have been entitled to bear arms for one hundred and sixty three years.

Scotty: Hoot Mon, that's nothing; our regiment has been entitled to bare legs for the last eight hundred years!—Tennessee Tar.



"Was her marital trouble incompatibility?"

"No, just the first two syllables."





### WANDERLUST

By Beatrice Plumb

It isn't the call of the open road  
That clamors to be heard;  
It isn't the roar of a mountain stream  
Nor yet the song of a bird.  
The voice I hear and needs must follow  
Calls from a still and leafy hollow.

It isn't the glory of sunlit trees  
That calls to me each spring,  
But always the soul-healing peace of them  
That sets me journeying.  
Some seek their God in wild, wide spaces,  
I, in the tranquil, little places.

It isn't the call of the woodland trail,  
Though footpath ways are mine,  
I answer the voice of a temple bell  
That calls me to a shrine.  
I leave the world, its fret and friction,  
To find the hush of a benediction.

### PAID OFF

By E. A. Dickson

I'm beginning to long for the Marine Corps  
And I'm right ready to shout,

That maybe you curse, but some things are worse,  
And one of em's being out.

Oh man, those days in the Marine Corps  
My worries were small and few,  
An' I didn't fret, over bills, you bet,  
When the first of the month were due.

Oh, I had three squares in the Marine Corps,  
An' a half-way comfortable bunk  
With no one to say, "Pay your rent today  
Or shove with your little trunk."

They called me to meals, in the Marine Corps  
An' I always had lots to eat.

Say, I get worse chow, in the lunchrooms  
now  
Than slum and monkey meat.

I wore good clothes in the Marine Corps  
All bought by the gov'ment.  
They wasn't so swell, but they looked right well  
And they never cost me a cent.

No, it wasn't so bad in the Marine Corps  
An' I'd sure call it a treat,  
To hear "Ten-shun,"  
An' the sunset gun  
While the Music blows retreat.

### ADDENDA TO CYPRESS AND MYRTLE

By Constantine M. Perkins

*Inspired by "Cypress and Myrtle," by Frank H. Rentfrow, published in the April LEATHERNECK, with apologies to the author and the homage of the writer who has thus presumed to prepass upon what he considers a perfect poem.*

Such is our destiny—fate must dis sever  
The liege of a soldier, the lure of his heart;

There is a chasm between them forever,  
There is a fiat compels us to part.  
Yet stronger that lure than fiat or fashion,  
Consuming, compelling and beckoning still,  
Like moth to the candle, the flame of my passion  
Though it may kill.

But to you that sacrifice? What is my anguish,  
What is my heartache, my sorrow to you?  
Nought but the moment!—No longer to languish—

Then to look elsewhere and find Love anew!  
Mine is the Cypress and yours is the Myrtle,  
A flower to fade and forget in an hour;  
And when it is withered the pang and the hurt will  
Pass like a shower.

The Cypress—macabre—never can wither;  
The Myrtle, hymeneal, gone with a breath  
Like the light that beckons and bids me  
"Come hither!"

The latter for Love but the former for Death,  
The death of desire, the interment of hoping,

In ceremonies shrouded, unconfined, exhumed  
A spirit unshriven, unknelled, it is groping—  
Yet, unentombed.

And it is immortal! Time cannot assuage  
Whithersoever I wander the world;  
No heart anaesthetic can blot from Life's page

Nor loose its tendrils round which they are curled.

I shall follow adventure where'r it may lead,  
Hiding the scar which shall always remain:

The wound will re-open, afresh it will bleed  
With exquisite pain.

L'Envoy

Exquisite pain—for I can but remember  
The rapture with which my being was filled.

Ere yet it had chilled like the dying ember  
Whose shroud and whose grave is the sense it had thrilled.

Ah! What is so dead as a joy that has perished,

A passion outlived, a scheme overthrown;  
Save the bankrupt heart which lov' has once nourished,

Now, cold as a stone.

### SCANDAL TO THE JAYBIRDS

Anonymous

Come and listen to a ruma from the halls  
of Montezuma,  
And a whisper from the shores of Tripoli;

It concerns those noble fellows, who—  
recruiting slogans tell us—  
Are the first to fight on either land or sea.

They are rough and tough and ready, and  
their aim is ever steady,  
As attested by their medals that they wear;

But, oh, roll your tongue with candor on  
this juicy bit of slander—  
For the gyrenes once wore powder on  
their hair!

Now a can or two of talcum in the Corps  
is always waleum,

For it circumvents the need of any bath;

More than soap the sergeant trusts it, in  
his skivvie pants he dusts it,  
Leaving Oh, la, la! the springtime in  
his path.

But when gyrenes sailed in frigate, sloop  
and barkentine and brig, it  
Was expensive thus to pansy up the air—  
And you'd find them sweetly flustered  
'round a barrel of flower mustered,  
When the leathernecks wore powder on  
their hair!

They have carried out their mission in a  
do-or-die tradition,  
And they built a reputation for the Corps;

But to me the thing that mattered has  
been cast aside and shattered—  
For they never use the flour anymore.

When our work on earth's rewarded, when  
the golden streets are guarded,  
And we draw the small store halos we're  
to wear—

When the roll is called up yonder, shall  
we then, I often wonder,  
Meet the leathernecks with powder on  
their hair?

### TODAY

By Douglas Malloch

Sure, this world is full of trouble—  
I ain't said it ain't.  
Heck, I've had enough an' double  
Reason for complaint.  
Rain an' storm have come to fret me.  
Skies were often gray.  
Thorns an' brambles have beset me  
On the road—but say,  
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',  
Makin' trouble last?  
What's the use of always keepin'  
Thinkin' of the past?  
Each must have his tribulation,  
Water with his wine.  
Life—it ain't no celebration.  
Trouble? I've had mine—  
But today is fine!

It's today that I am livin',  
Not a month ago.  
Savin', losin', takin', givin',  
As time wills it so.  
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow  
Fell across the way.  
It may rain again tomorrow,  
It may rain—but, say,  
Ain't it fine today!

### THE LEATHERNECK



# PICTORIAL FLASHES



St. Helena Church, Beaufort, S. C.

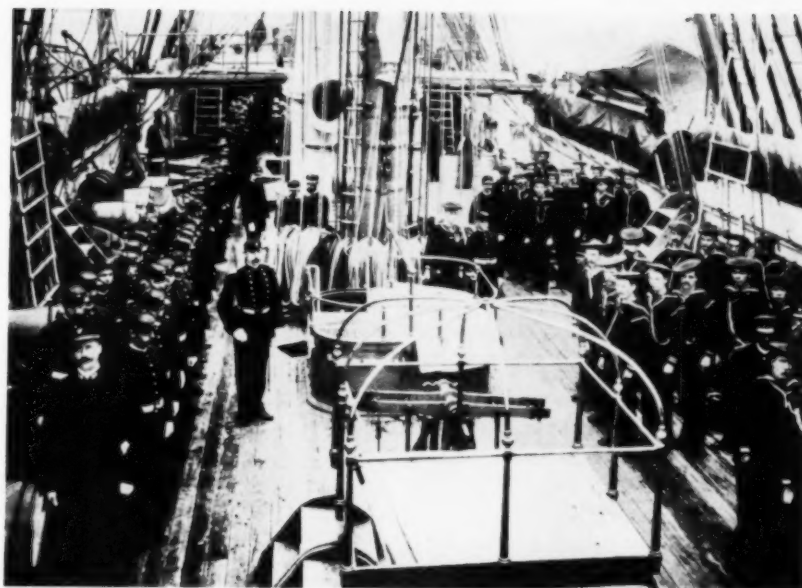


Photo restored by Tager

Aboard the U.S.S. Enterprise, Date Unknown



The Sixth Marines Return From Overseas



Three Pagodas at Kashing



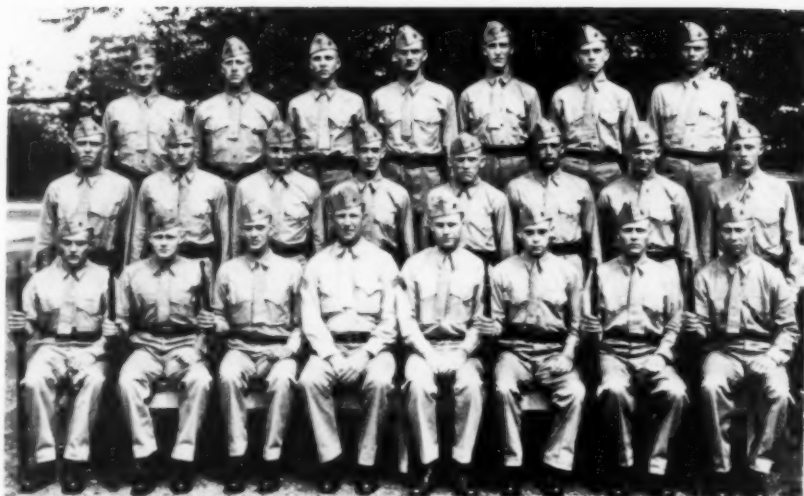
Expelling an Ambush in Bush Warfare Problems



Inspection of Co. "C," 11th Bn., FMCR

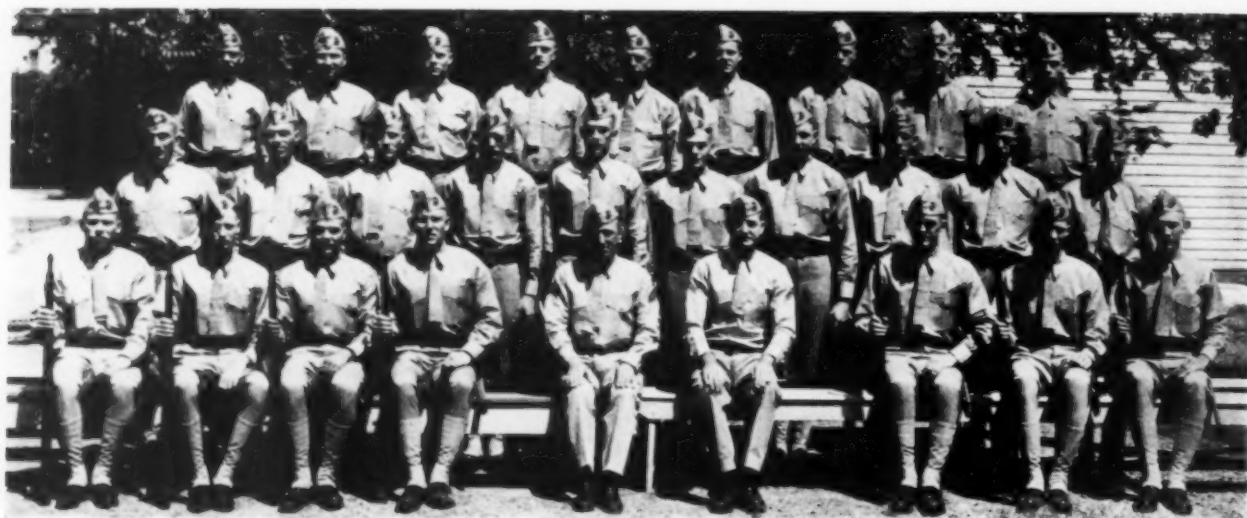
July, 1938

# WELCOME TO THE RANKS OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES



Platoon 12, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Watson and Cpl. Hall.

Photo by Henry



Platoon 10, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Kliszes and Cpl. Allen.

Photo by Henry



Platoon 8, San Diego. Instructed by Sergeants G. R. Ingersoll, G. Bishop, L. I. Brandt and Cpl. J. D. Fleeman.

# BROADCAST

in which  
THE LEATHERNECK  
publishes news from all posts



## BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS CO., FLEET MARINE FORCE

San Diego, Calif.

By Jack

**A**FTER a long absence Brigade Headquarters again breaks into the lime-light. With a very unpleasant but successful trip across the deep blue Pacific behind us. The trip out there was not so bad, we made it in the record time of twenty-one days, compared to the slow trip most old timers remember, when it took from one to three months to cover the same distance.

The duty in China for Brigade Headquarters was not very strenuous but the fact that we had to stay on the job and be ready for anything made it everything but pleasant, and there was hardly a man in the company who was not more than willing to do his part in making preparations to leave.

We arrived in San Diego the 29th of April, just eight months from the time we left, and were quartered on the top side of barracks No. 1, with the Sergeant Major's office, and Staff offices on the lower floor, which was for many years the applicants' barracks, and recruit depot offices.

Everything has been running so smooth since we returned that the only thing we can find to growl about is the fact that we have to walk all the way to No. 5 Mess Hall three times a day forchow.

Approximately half of the company went to the Rifle Range at La Jolla the first of May, and are slated to stay until the 9th of June, the rest of us will probably leave for the range upon their return, but will not have to stay so long we hope.

We have had several furloughs and transfers in the company since our return to San Diego, among the men lucky enough to have money for a furlough are: Sgt-Maj. Lane, Sgt. Rutledge, Cpl. Smith, Pfc. Trippy, Pfc. Hill, Pvt. Sanborn, Pvt. Reinhart and Pvt. Swanson.

Pvt. "Nemo" Derwae, just returned from the Naval Hospital where he was operated on for appendicitis. We are glad to have you with us again, Nemo,

even if we do have to listen to you tell about your operation, and look at the scar. Sgt. Nolan is in the hospital, but we hope to have him with us again soon.

Cpl. Samuel E. Lewis, and Pfc. Joseph W. Utz sewed on the new stripes since we returned. Congratulations, and thanks for the cigars.

Cpl. Ralph E. George joined the company from the USS Nevada and relieved Sgt. Nolan as property and police Sergeant. Pfc. Perry Black joined the company again after having been transferred while on the USS Chaumont to go to the Hospital at Mare Island, we are glad to have you with us again Black, and expect a lot of mail since you are back on the job as mail orderly.

Will see you again next time.

## H.Q. CO., FIRST BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES

By B. F. Kisso

The veterans of the late Chinese "incident" are taking life easy since their return to the beloved states. After squaring away at the Base, every one took off to see if things had changed during their eight months of absence. And—then cruel fate struck the outfit. Transfers galore. Major Martenstein left for Quantico. Lieutenant Mills went to the 2nd Battalion, 10th Marines. Private Gimbl, badly bitten by the air bug, is now located at the Naval Air Station. The intelligence section lost Corporals White and Cohen, but received in exchange an ex member, Sergeant Kummerer. Howdy!

Captain Leland is the Battalion's new Executive Officer and Adjutant. The New Communication Officer, Lieutenant Staey, knows his drills also. Shades of boot camp!

Corporal Dorsett, Pfc. Houle, Keys, and Roach have come under our wing. The fellows don't appreciate our society or are they a little peeved at the idea of learning to work again? Just fooling, pals.

Ah! Our NCO's are peculiar people. Sergeant Major Welshhans will find a perfect position while on the rifle range this year. Age limit? Office scoring is poor unless decent swivel chairs are furnished Sergeant Major. First Sergeant

Farley, our personnel Sergeant Major, will again do his firing with us. Best o' luck, pardner. First Sergeant Smith is busy fighting the typewriter while his stooge, Kregoski, is on furlough. Incidentally his new son will be a husky Marine from appearances.

Corporals Chiappetta and McGuire have come to our notice. Chip got his new plane up and since then his mind has been floating somewhere, maybe it blew out of his ears while landing. Mac completed his course in Selected subject. You are a better man than I, Mac, Burst any blouses since you last Front and Centered for the diploma?

You can't do with them and you can't do without them. Women!!! They are surely hitting the Company hard. Are we all so good looking that they want us so badly? Private White disappears as soon as liberty sounds. Who runs to Los Angeles every chance that comes along, Gilson?

Private First Class Little went into the shower, thinking about the cozy house he was fixing up for the better half, meanwhile forgetting to close his locker. He came out singing. To his astonishment his clothes were gone when he looked into his locker. Did she believe you, George, when you arrived two hours late? How does it feel to be a man with heavy responsibilities?

Pfc. Allen, Mays, and Private Stone are having a contest, every afternoon they stroll down to the pier and fish for anything that crawls, creeps, floats, oozes, or swims. The fellow with the largest haul gets the rest. Pleasant odors float in the barracks when they return. A bath, once in awhile, might help that ripe odor, fellows.

Sergeant "Swede" Lindquist returned from the rifle range with a bad case of eye strain. The targets were shaking too much for his concentrated aim. Well, that good conduct medal should boost up your pride, Swede. Congratulations.

Now the alibis are getting dusted off for seasonal use. Listening to the blarney flying thick and fast is all right because those alibis might be useful in the near future. This Battalion is scheduled to go to the range on June 9. With all the limbering up we have had here and will have out there, we should have exceptional results on record day.

## CO. A, FIRST BATTALION

By Brightwork

Ringside seat to a war! Maneuvers in Pacific waters! Victory parades!—and A Company finds itself getting a "breather" for a spell! Though we are snapping in to fire the range with the rest of the Battalion. Members of the company who are to act as coaches while at the Rifle Range



have already turned in some excellent scores.

Our Company Commander Captain Monahan is at present on well earned leave; having guided our company all through the Shanghai incident along with Lieutenants McGill, Leek, and Woodhouse.

Now that we are back at the Base many transfers have been in order and many new faces are beginning to appear in Company A—but all are wearers of the fourragere—so what!

Southern California sure looks good to us after being aboard a transport—not to mention a couple of "battlewagons"—the southern accent that most of us acquired while on maneuvers is due no doubt to that "Mississippi influence"—"How are you all?"

Many lads lie themselves to the Los Angeles area over the week-end—attracted no doubt by various things and such—cherchez le femme.

And so, friend, even if Memorial Day isn't Father's Day, I ask you, did you remember your Pappy?

### BUSY BEE BUZZING

By Sullivan

On the 29th of April Company B returned to its base at San Diego after having completed an eight month tour of duty on both land and sea.

Arriving in Shanghai, China the 19th of September with the Sixth Marines, after a record breaking trip aboard the USS *Chaumont*, Company B was one of the first units to take over perimeter control from the Fourth Regiment. Its duties along the now famous though malodorous Soochow Creek called for not only the best in soldiering qualities but also afforded the men a splendid opportunity to display, on several crucial instances, a fine brand of military diplomacy.

Despite the fact that our quarters were not all that they might have been this matter was soon remedied, due entirely to the fine spirits and cooperation prevailing among both officers and men and the superb leadership displayed by our Company Commander, Captain Harry E. Leland.

As it was to be expected many of the long timers were selected for transfer to various units. Some joined the Fourth Regiment, others were detailed for duty in Peking and our well remembered Top Kick "Pinochle" Henderson received a last minute call for duty in Shanghai.

One of our greatest losses came about with the transfer of Lt. Henry B. Cain to Company B, Fourth Regiment. We were fortunate however in having the vacancy filled by Lt. Charles S. Shelburne, formerly of the Fourth Regiment.

It was with much rejoicing and a few sighs of regret that we boarded the USS *Chaumont* for what we supposed would be a speedy trip back home, only to be informed that we were to take part in the Fleet Maneuvers. From then on life aboard the *Chaumont* was just a merry-go-round. If you've ever rode the good ship *Chaumont* you'll know what I mean. Some of the boys are still dizzy from that nine mile chow run. Sammy Vernick even tried to quit for keeps but that famous twenty-seven inch waist line couldn't stand the gaff.

The roll of First Sergeant has finally simmered down to Top Kick Adriaensen, former rifle shot. He has all the earmarks of a number one "Top." He bats a mean breeze, passes the buck with finesse and gets a receipt every time. If this column

(Continued on page 58)

Squad		1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th	21st	22nd	23rd	24th	25th	26th	27th	28th	29th	30th	31st	32nd	33rd	34th	35th	36th	37th	38th	39th	40th	41st	42nd	43rd	44th	45th	46th	47th	48th	49th	50th	51st	52nd	53rd	54th	55th	56th	57th	58th	59th	60th	61st	62nd	63rd	64th	65th	66th	67th	68th	69th	70th	71st	72nd	73rd	74th	75th	76th	77th	78th	79th	80th	81st	82nd	83rd	84th	85th	86th	87th	88th	89th	90th	91st	92nd	93rd	94th	95th	96th	97th	98th	99th	100th
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# THE CANNONEERS HAVE HAIRY EARS

**H.Q. AND SERVICE BATTERY,  
SECOND BATTALION, TENTH  
MARINES**  
By Muscles

**6**ACK from Fleet Problem XIX, we are now preparing for our annual artillery practice at San Clemente Island.

During the past month a few of the boys have been promoted, namely Sgt. Godwin, Cpl. Linehan and Pfc. Claney. Sgt. Godwin and Cpl. Linehan put out the cigars, but not Claney. He picked the wrong horses as usual. "Clockers" Fischl, Richardson, Deck and Dunstan figure betting War Admiral to place in the match race, would be fairly safe, as the race is called off, these handicappers are now preparing to "break" Del Mar.

Since Sgt. Tinar is on leave, Sgt. Godwin is the man who cracks the whip while the boys wax the deeks.

The shoes of FM Cpl. Shreve have been neglected lately as the music now spends his leisure hours polishing the new car-moblie of his. Fischl (the worm) has also acquired a speed wagon (full price \$57.00). The song he sings now is, "Who wants to go to Tia Juana?" When you're all dressed and in the car he charges four bits apiece round trip. At that he claims he is losing money.

It also might be known that we have soft ball stars in our battery. "Slinger Dutch" Frank J., "Tripple Play" Polasek, and "Hit Ahomer" Webb. From what I hear they are undefeated.

Privates Osborne and Moroh (pronounced Ma-rue) are complaining that the boots on the other side of the barracks are getting up at reveille and making too much noise, thus cutting off 45 minutes of sleep. Just like a bunch of boots, imagine hitting the deck at reveille.

**I WONDER:**

When Dunstan and Deck will learn contract.

When Fischl will ever find the occasion

to say, "it's on me."

Why Cutchin came back from furlough so soon.

If Linehan will ship over.

If Bratlien is in love.

If Murray knows anything about watches.

If Moroh can read and write.

If I will be locked up.

**BTY. D (75MM PK HOW),  
2ND BN., FMF, MCB**

**San Diego, Calif.**

**By Tischetter**

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is your friend and reporter, or shall we say the Old Tussle, who, with pardonable pride, has given you this very interesting summary of the manner in which this outfit has acquitted itself during the last month, since we came back from maneuvers.

This is our annual broadcast of the activities of the Battery and we are going to try to give you an interesting and accurate description of the manifold duties and activities of our Battery.

Everybody, from the Battery Commanding Officer down, has been busy getting in shape for San Clemente Island for our annual target practice. Most of the old timers are familiar with their duties but a little brushing up won't hurt anyone.

There are also rumors that we will fire for rifle qualification out there and we hope it is real soon, as the whole Battery is already losing money and that's saying a lot. When our efficient company or Battalion clerk (Doe) has to stay in over the week-ends, something should be done about it. We take pride in introducing Pfc. Watson, the most forgetful man in the Marine Corps, and the Battery representative to a famous Bar in downtown San Diego.

We also take pride in introducing Cpl. Howard Pearson, well liked by everyone in the outfit. We'll sure miss you. Sorry to see you go, so remember the Old Gang in San Diego.

From the Battery Administration we have the following news for you boys, the new pay bill will be acted upon by Congress during June. But I wouldn't advise holding up a pay roll for this month nor lose any sleep over it.

In the Battery we have several of the boys known as the Champion Handball players. Pvt. Peksa as instructor knows the game from 'way back. He also won the sleeping contest for the Battery.

Pvt. Ladner, or "Bubu," one of the big things in the Battery, by profession a corn docter, and one of the best high cannoneers in the outfit, drinks his whisky straight and his coffee black.

Anyone in the market for a motorcycle see Cpl. Stricklen—you may get a bargain.

Things we would like to do:

Pvt. Van Horn would like to be an aviator.

Pvt. Bounds, Sleepy, would like to catch up with his sleep.

Pvt. McCart—increase the enlisted man's pay to \$50 per month.

Pvt. Barney would like to be a telephone operator.

Last but not least, the Rover Boys are at it again. Why can't you pick on something your own size, Lako?

March Order.

## SALVOS FROM BATTERY E

Easy Battery is back to normal after making up for time lost aboard the USS *Utah* on a round trip to Honolulu. San Diego took a fair beating from the smoke-stackers, but drastic action was necessary to dull memories of darken ship, air bedding, eating from mess gear, etc. It is only in the last couple of days that the outfit has been able to stand with any degree of calm, the canned Hawaiian music that Griffin's radio pours out about forty hours a day. That is all over now, and we are preparing for small arms and artillery practice, scheduled to start early next month at San Clemente Island.

Some of the men evidently saved a few herbs while on maneuvers as Mareoni

(Continued on page 58)



Platoon 7, San Diego. Instructed by Sgt. D. S. Staley.

## MARINE BARRACKS, MARE ISLAND, CALIF.

By Pat

The Office of the Post Quartermaster, at this station, feels that it rates some of the ink required to print THE LEATHERNECK by reason of the following events:

1. On 31 March, 1938, the property account was closed for the transfer of all property from Captain H. V. Shurtleff, AQM, USMC, to Captain W. S. Brown, AAQM, USMC by reason of the pending transfer of Captain Shurtleff to the retired list.

2. The usual monthly ration return was forwarded to the Quartermaster for the month of March, 1938.

3. Semiannual settlements of clothing for the period ending 31 March, 1938, were forwarded to the Quartermaster.

In connection with the above, the following replies were received from the Quartermaster:

1. Certificate of Balances—Audited and Filed.

2. Ration Return—Audited and Filed.

3. Clothing Settlements—Three (3) corrections of which two (2) occurred in China and 1 occurred aboard the USS Tuscaloosa.

That, dear readers of THE LEATHERNECK is SOMETHING! It has never been the pleasure of the writer to see any previous letter or card stating that a Certificate of Balances had been "Audited and Filed." In the fourteen years' experience of the writer, there has always been one or more corrections to be made in the property account, in connection with a Certificate of Balances by a post or station, but the efficient and industrious effort put forth by the various enlisted men in charge of the three departments have finally prevailed and brought in three perfect reports. The goal to which all Quartermaster Personnel has secret and open desires to achieve.

The enlisted men handling these various duties well deserve what credit they may receive. Each has most studiously and industriously applied himself to the work at hand, striving as always, to achieve just such a degree of efficiency in their respective duties. Such work should not pass by unnoticed, so let's give them a hand, credit where credit is due.

The enlisted crew handling these three departments under the supervision of Chief Quartermaster Clerk A. E. Potts, USMC, is composed of the following:

Public Property—QM. Sgt. William L. Williams, USMC; Sgt. Paul B. Cowles, USMC.

Ration Return—QM. Sgt. Charles G. Bannon, USMC.

Clothing Accounts—QM. Sgt. Leon E. Matthews, USMC.

The above enlisted men are serving under the personal supervision of Chief Quartermaster Clerk A. E. Potts, USMC, who has a record of many years of excellent service in the Quartermaster's Department and has proven himself a most able assistant to Captain W. S. Brown, the Post Quartermaster.

It is the belief of the writer that it will be most gratifying to Captain H. V. Shurtleff to learn that his tour of duty as an Assistant Quartermaster had terminated in such an excellent result. His application to the work at hand has induced the enlisted personnel to present him with this most rare and excellent final report.

(Continued on page 59)



### WARDENIGS

#### Naval Prison Detachment, Portsmouth, N. H.

On Sunday, 15 May, Colonel Robert L. Denig, USMC, accompanied Rear Admiral Cyrus W. Cole, USN, commandant of the Navy Yard, to services at St. John's Church in the city of Portsmouth for the 300th anniversary observance of the coming of the Church of England to New Hampshire. Tribute was paid at the services to Admiral David Farragut, Ensign Emerson Hovey, USN, and Lieut. Frank E. Booma, USA, all of whom were communicants of St. John's Church.

On Monday, May 30th, the Marines from the Prison Detachment furnished a platoon of men, commanded by 2nd Lieut. John H. Gill, USMC, which together with a platoon from the Navy Yard Barracks,

gymnasium, Maintenance and Manufacture and Repair buildings have recently been painted white with green trim, greatly improving the appearance of the lower reservation.

Through the efforts of Colonel Robert L. Denig, the Detachment can boast of one of the finest equipped school rooms on this coast. Large scale drawings of the correct methods of scouting and patrolling, small arms nomenclature charts, etc., adorn the walls, and there is a growing collection of examples of camouflage, trench types, barb-wire entanglements, etc., in miniature.

Major C. H. Morse, USMC, reported for duty at the Naval Prison, on 1 June, and has been assigned duties as Executive Officer.

The following named men joined the Detachment on 24 May, from Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va.: Sergeants William E. Quarter and John J. Ward; Corporal Fred Ontjes; Privates first class William J. Kowall, Jr.; William A. Lassiter, Jr.; Walter A. Moraski and George J. Pidgeon, and Privates Julian Aughtmon, Lawrence R. Dambrino, Henry Klein, Vernon L. Millirons, Rodney Piper, Keith M. Smith and Demar R. Stokely.

Private Vito Perna, who won a bronze medal in the Eastern Division Rifle Competition at Quantico, has been transferred to the Marine Corps Rifle & Pistol Detachment at Wakefield, Mass., as a shooting member. Private Herman L. Poole, also accompanied the team to Wakefield as a messman.

Sergeant Ernest G. Griffin and Private Earl M. Powell, have returned from the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., where they were members of the Elliott Trophy Team representing the Prison and Yard Detachments of the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

### MIFFLIN MUD

#### N.A.D., Ft. Mifflin, Pa.

By I. See

After six weeks of preparation and standing-by for the A & I, that august gentleman descended upon us on the 19th of May. We were ready for him, and, as indicated by the A & I report of the inspection, he found everything to his liking. The excellent appearance of and the proficiency in training are due to the unceasing efforts of Captain Lakso and Platoon Sergeant Smith.

On Saturday, last week, a firing-squad for the funeral of an ex-service employee of the station, was furnished by this post. This detail was handled by Sergeant Egan with Field Music Murphy doing the honors with taps. Slightly upset by an occurrence at the grave, Murphy was not at his best; however, he acquitted himself admirably on the following day when he sounded five faultless taps for the benefit of an American Legion Post. A firing-squad, in charge of Corporal Goff, assisted the White-Shantz Post of the American Legion of this city in Memorial Day Services for the War Dead. Mem-



Col. R. L. Denig, Commanding Naval Prison Detachment, Portsmouth, N. H.

formed a company commanded by Captain Ralph C. Alburger, USMC, for participation in the Memorial Day exercises in Kittery, Maine, and Portsmouth, N. H.

In the morning, a parade was held in Kittery, Maine, and volleys were fired and taps sounded at the following points. Navy Yard Cemetery; over the water at Navy Yard Bridge; Kittery Memorial Park and at Orchard Grove Cemetery. The Prison platoon was the firing platoon. At the conclusion of these exercises, one squad proceeded to York, Maine, where volleys were fired and taps sounded at the York Cemetery.

In the afternoon, a parade was held in Portsmouth, N. H., following which impressive ceremonies were held in Portsmouth Memorial Cemetery, volleys again being fired by the Prison Marines.

Marine Gunner Chester A. Davis, USMC, made the Memorial Day address at the ceremonies held at Kennebunk, Maine, on Monday, May 30th.

All buildings of the Marine Detachment, including barracks, Ship's Service,

bers of this detail report that the Legionnaires treated them royally.

In addition to producing a welcome increase in the pay of five members of this detachment, the Rifle Range at Cape May produced some interesting things; namely, two philanthropists, three "John Gilbert" mustaches, high score for the range to date, and several rain-tans. Pvt. Lamoreux came in for the high-score honor. Robinett returned from the two-week sojourn under the dripping skies at Cape May with a "Sharpshooter" mustach and a three-dollar increase in pay. Sergeant Egan's inability to distinguish between a nine and an eight resulted in a generous \$24 donation to the coffers of Uncle Sam. Pfc. Hershner fell by the wayside at three hundred slow when he parked a three on a shipmate's target for a \$24 loss. I am sure that Uncle Sam appreciates the philanthropic gestures of his wards. It all helps to offset the public debt. And, Egan, how would you like to have some of that \$24 to help offset that \$6 telephone bill incurred while you were at Cape May? Two of the four men now on the range are expected back with an increase in pay. Before leaving for the range, the other two, Fld. Ck. Ford and Pvt. Sockwell, "talked" a wonderful score, confirming it by sterling exhibitions in preliminary .22 caliber practice.

Three members of this detachment are seriously considering entering the cross-country walking contest in the coming Olympics. In training for this contest, three of our huskies, Pfc. Corley, Pfc. Hand, and Pvt. Kramer, were recently observed practicing the "heel and toe" art on the 600-yard stretch of road from the main gate to the barracks, for the benefit of the railbirds. A check of the watches indicated that the boys were in the pink of condition, making the distance in a trifle less than eighteen minutes flat. To prove that something was wrong with the watches, the same three, while going on liberty later on in the day, covered the distance in four minutes. Well?

Every post has its Izaak Walton; Sergeant Hansen is ours. Recently he has been indulging in the art of snaring unsuspecting denizens of the deep, with more or less success. Last Sunday he returned to the station with a large catch of funny tribesmen, thus proving his prowess with the rod. In common with every other fisherman, he delights in relating his battles with the inhabitants of the deep; but he very carefully omits all reference to the attack of seasickness while out on this trip. Tell it all, Hansen.

Pearls of wisdom are always falling from the lips of our genial platoon sergeant. Latest one: "You are not a short-timer until your clearance slip has been signed 'clear'." A rather apt definition of a short-timer.

By the time that this is printed, two of our shipmates will know whether the unemployed census was a joke or not. Fld. Ck. Collins and Cpl. Boek were discharged on the 4th of the month. Both young men, fortified by the resolution and courage instilled by four years of Marine Corps training, sallied forth to try their hand on the outside. Good luck, boys. Hope that you both find well-paying jobs.

It has been often said that the best way to spoil a person is to heap praise upon his head. Proved again was this saying. Recently several members of this detachment were complimented for their

(Continued on page 59)

## HINGHAM SALVOS

N. A. D., Hingham, Mass.

By R. L. S.

The month of May has come and gone, bringing about a few changes in our detachment personnel. Pvts. Gibson, Daniels and Creech were selected for Sea Duty and have departed from our ranks for another dose of "boot-camp" via Norfolk, Virginia. By the way, Gibson, after all that "feuding" with Creech, neither one of you ever did realize your ambition, did you? No "system" Creech, no "system." Roessner, Waltz and Story are now members of the "General and Special Orders Club," after having come through a "cruise" in troubled China, unscathed, although Roessner still insists that its blood on his bayonet, and not rust.

1st Sgt. O. P. Olson returned from furlough on May 16, and has resumed his duties as First Sergeant of the detachment. Plat-Sgt. Fleck, down to a mere shadow these days, is "back in swing" as a Commander of the Guard (sentry-searching to you) after having performed First Ser-



Marine Gunner Chester A. Davis, who made the Memorial Day address at Kennebunk.

geant duties in a most adept manner for three months. Former Pfc. Adams finally "gave in" and accepted those corporal stripes, for which congratulations are in order. All those who didn't get a cigar, "sound off." Pvts. Razumand Polotaye were paid off and we all wish them luck in their search for civilian recognition on the cruel "outside."

On May 30, three squads of Marines, under the guidance of Sgt. William G. Ferrigno, participated in the Hingham Memorial Day parade. A letter of compliment and appreciation was received from those in charge of the activities, and it is apparent that the Marine detachment added much toward making the ceremony a complete success. Our first two range details were very successful, returning to us from Wakefield with eleven out of thirteen men "in the money" and 100% qualification, which is quite an enviable record in any man's army. Everyone is busy these days in anticipation of a visit from the A & I and painting details are the topic of the hour. Our sporting activities have been

somewhat curtailed for the time being, but when our various teams do resume their schedules, we expect them to give a good accounting of themselves. Nantasket Beach has opened in all its glory and there is no need to tell the "liberty hounds" what that means. The night doesn't pass when we are not represented somewhere along the boardwalk.

When Pvt. Daniels was transferred to Sea School, Gable lost one of his best friends, so Gable put in for Sea School also. He got it and by now he is probably on his way to Norfolk, Virginia. Ah, folks, friendship is a wonderful thing!!!

Who was that Pfc. who pulled a "Sprague" and fell out for a group picture in dress blues without any gilt collar ornaments on??? These "recruits" will never learn, will they Robinson??

Congratulations are in order for Cpl. and Mrs. McBee, they being the proud parents of a baby girl, born at the Chelsea Naval Hospital. Perhaps now he will stop holding conversations with himself. By the way, Mac, did you ever find that "assistant" you were looking for??

I overheard Sankus threatening to buy a gallon of gas the other afternoon. With expenses what they are, I imagine he often finds himself wishing he were back in those Siberian salt mines.

I wonder—How much longer Pate and Lawson (What! No gravy?) are going to continue to play those child games? If Fitzmaurice is ever going to pay his clam bill? If it's true what they say about Wuller?

## DOVER DEVIL-DOGS

N.A.D., Dover, N. J.

By Morgan

Time marches on! The Devil-dogs growl again.

Have noticed recently that a certain member of our detachment has quite a few finger-nail scratches on various parts of his body. Maybe it could be domestic troubles.

Our soft-ball team seems to be getting along very nicely. Had a rather tough break this week when Williams got his shoulder hurt. We wish you a speedy recovery, Willie.

The two details that have been to the range came back with a 100% qualification. Most of them got into the money end of the deal. May our good luck continue.

Pvt. Giove seems to be the most studious member of our family. We hope that prosperity will follow in your way, "Wop."

Now that spring is here, Pvt. Stanislawski is out snapping in for the six-day bike races in 1940.

Our staunch friend, Pvt. Scarlett, has decided to try a cruise on the S.S. "Outside," lots of luck, "Crimson."

It seems as though we have a rather mysterious character in our midst. Wonder who it could be?

Our Pvt. "Rebel-Rip-Stitch" Lineberger states that henceforth he is a sworn patron of "High-Point Apple Jack."

Pvt. Ingrassia is leaving us for duty at Boston, Mass. So long, "Wop." It has been swell knowing you. Pvt. Cotthaus also decided that a change of scenery would be good so he will also be leaving us for duty at the Great Lakes.

Pfc. Kelly is the famous golf chump of dear old N.A.D., we understand.

Our mutual friend, "Spunky" Worman, seems to have become a rather prominent you man "in these here parts."

So long, Mates! See you next month.



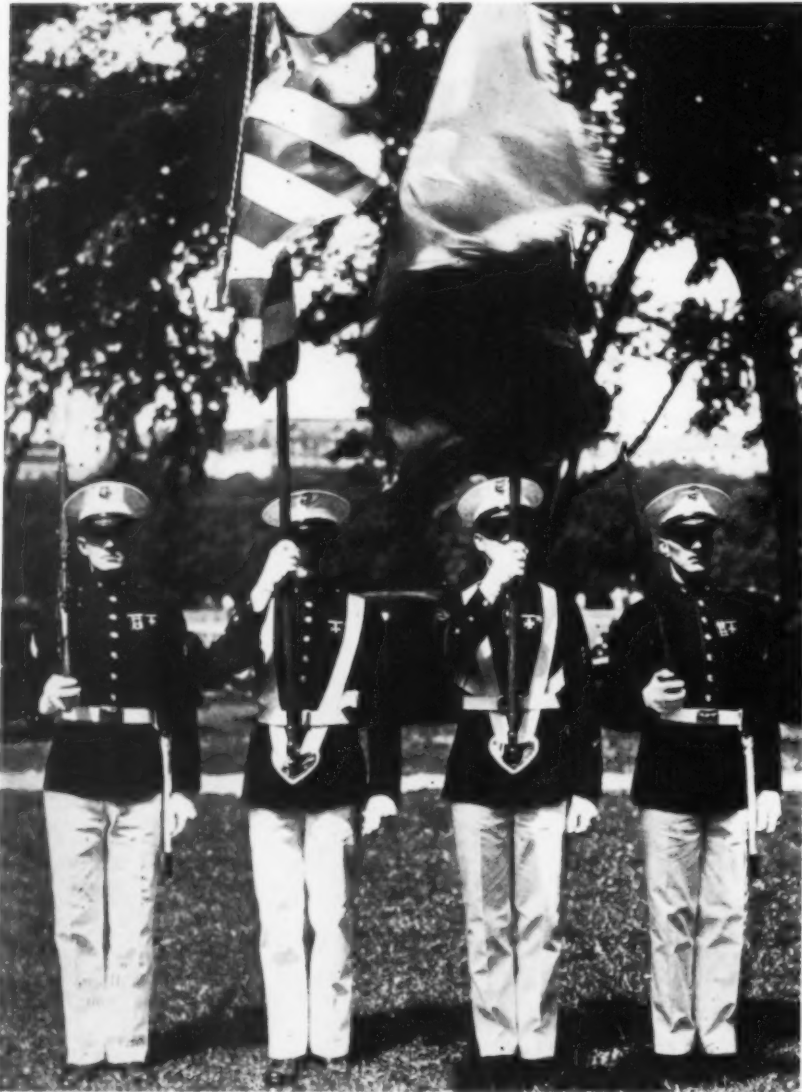


Photo by Tager

#### CAPITOL COLOR GUARD—MCI, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Left to right: Cpl. George B. Sunderland, Sgt. Albert B. Forrester, Sgt. Orris A. Gates, Cpl. Lloyd F. Metz.

## CAPITAL CAPERS

By Leo J. Werner

### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Washington, D. C.

**T**HE Marine Corps Institute has a birthday. Seventeen years of age and as young and agile as only that age can insure. How many can remember the year, or even the month, that the word went out to the Corps that an education was to be provided without cost to the Marine? The MCI has come a long way since then, but it is in the intervening years that the interest lies. The changes in personnel and command, the tremendous rise in enrollment and student body, until today, the MCI boasts of having catered to the educational wants of over 65,000 persons, ranging from private to rear admiral. We of the Institute, are being

guided by a bright star, which, like the sun, will never set on the students, wherever they may be.

The hot weather is upon us and Washington becomes more torrid than Florida, without the citrus crop. The Fourth of July is just around that famous corner, and the usual dress blue details will be the order of the day. The 14th of July is a famous French holiday, on the order of our 4th. Many of the Marines meet people from their own states, as the summer draws over half a million tourists to the nation's capital.

Indoor baseball is all the style, including the casualties. The rifle team is back from Quantico, and its members ready to coach at Camp Simms in August and September. Your correspondent predicts a top score of 345 at Camp Simms this year.

Now for the statistics: Promotions include Tubb, Roy R. to Sgt., Littrell, Lincoln S.; Shank, Glenn P.; and Wallen,

Eugene G.; to Corporal and Diliberto, Charles O., to Pvt. 1st. There will be several more promotions while this article is in process of manufacture, but those results will be told later. Joinings include, Swain, Charles; Lang, Gerhard, and Wilson, John R. P.; also, Robinson, Laurence B.

Schools, colleges, and universities by the hundreds are donating their thousands of graduates to the world of science, commerce and the military this summer, and to those who are anxious to forge ahead, or even keep up with the times, a course in the MCI is at your finger tips. Mr. Baker gave a lecture to the personnel and was roundly welcomed. We who are among the books and schoolrooms, cannot see the forest for the trees.

### BARRACKS DETACHMENT

A continuous coming and going of men is evident these days in the Barracks Detachment. Enlistments must have been very heavy in 1935. Remember? Those joining are Sgt. Albert P. Maltz, Pvt. William E. Meadows, and by reenlistment, Corporal Charles W. Keeton. Our police sergeant was promoted to Cpl. Congratulations, Faubion.

The rifle team returned from Quantico with laurels and medals. However, our ace shots will be leaving us. Sgt. Orr is to coach the plebes at Annapolis and MacMahill is going to wear the blue of the Police Department. M.C.O. No. 113 is not being held these hot days, but after the range season, the newer aspects of combat will be studied. The Marine Corps Schools at Quantico, Virginia, will be pleased to enroll any N.C.O. for either its basic or administrative courses. They are sent by mail and no charge is involved. The Marine Corps Institute also offers courses by mail without charge.

The July 4th details will be at the Washington Monument and one or two other places. The new submarine *Seal* will be on view at the Navy Yard about July 30th. At this writing, nothing is known about the results of the examinations for Commission. However, I hope all thirteen make the grade. Anyway, next year is another time and we will welcome them back. The maintenance detail has the reservation looking like a Dutch parlor, so spick and span.

The indoor baseball team is very busy and misses the services of their star catcher, who has departed for Newport. The military news is heavy from all parts of the world and it is believed to be overplayed. However, the range season opens in August and Sgt. Fabian will probably be in charge of the targets. This is a busy assignment, is messy, but is handled excellently.

To those who saw "Robin Hood" at one of the local movie houses, and would like to emulate Errol Flynn, there is an Archery Court in West Potomac Park. It isn't easy. Cpl. Sweetser will take on all comers in that sport.

### UNITED STATES MARINE BAND

The weekly concert at the foot of the Capitol steps is the tourists' first glimpse of the President's Own Marine Band. Thousands upon thousands see in person the musicians they have heard over "The Air Waves." Requests for autographs, photographs, and information, come from every state in the Union and Foreign lands. Almost every bit of music and original compositions can be prepared for presenta-

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### THE LEATHERNECK



## LIGHTER THAN AIR MARINES

N.A.S. Lakehurst, N. J.

By the Company Brains

Inasmuch as this post has not been represented in *THE LEATHERNECK* for a long period we'll try to give you the low down.

Our Commanding Officer at the present time is Lieutenant Colonel Moriarity, having recently relieved Lieutenant Colonel Galliford. Captain Ackerman is our Post Quartermaster, joining us from Philadelphia, and relieving Captain Yost. Lieutenant Ferris is our officer in charge of drills, who at this writing is awaiting transfer to Quantico's F.M.F. ("A toast to your strength, sir, you'll need it, I KNOW"). Quartermaster Sergeant Greenberg is still handling our quartermaster department (and doing a very good job of it). Our first soldier is W. M. Cooke, ably assisted by S. F. Mariano (or should I say vice-versa).

So much has transpired since last writing our local news to *THE LEATHERNECK* that it is hard to think back and know just where to begin to get it all in this column but for the most part, it has still been "Up ship and down ship." At the present time we are in the midst of range details, coming out with no experts, as yet, but quite a few sharpshooters and marksmen.

It looks like we will get that long needed baseball diamond, it is now in construction and will be finished about the first of July, the station is looking forward to many great victories over the local teams this summer.

In the way of joinings we have recently gained Privates Melchert, Bloomquist, Esposito, Smith, Satterfield, Sieber, from the F.M.F. at Quantico. Privates Shoppman, Dupree, Pukas and Gentile from Norfolk. wonder why Nemece has come back to Lakehurst, could it be that hope of every young Marine that comes into the service, that first stripe. Oh well, time and time alone, will tell.

### BOSTON BEAN POT

Navy Yard, Boston, Mass.

The Dope

Yes, sir, here I am again on the air and I'll try to see what we have in the dope bag.

We lost a very fine man to the outside last week. After doing thirty years of faithful service, Sgt. Richard F. Coleman was placed on the retired list. We all take pleasure in saying good-bye to this fine man.

Plenty of free beer was put out last week when Pfc. McDonnell made corporal and Pvt. Ichelberger made one stripe. We wish them luck in making more, as the beer was fine.

Captain Kirkpatrick will be leaving us soon upon his retirement. We hope he enjoys life on the outside as he did in the service, he will surely be missed by the command.

Overheard in the mess hall the other day, we learned that "Tail-spin" Mika is getting ready for the outside and wrote to China about a job in the Chinese army. He received the following answer: "My dear Mika.—Me no savvy, maybe we can do give you one job as we long time no see Japanese. Maybe you can do so chop chop, you come. Sign—Major General One Hope Sing."

Flash—if anyone wishes to know how to get down any stairways without walking, just ask Bough. He is running around here with a cut head. Stanilois has a new slide in baseball, he calls it the back flip. He tried it in a game the other and what a flip!

"Smoky Joe" Gerrior has the title of king of the chow hounds, and can he eat! Just the other morning he ate ten hot cakes and still would not leave the table until the mess sergeant chased him out.

The following named men are due to leave the service this month: Cpls. Harold M. Smith, John P. Dannehy and Ruggiero; Pfc. Harrison, Fontaine, Levy and Belucavitch; Privates Kzolowski, Zemotel, Stanilois, Gerrior and Mika.

### PORTSMOUTH POTSHOTS

Portsmouth, Va.

By Walter Winchelski

FLASH . . . Platoon Sergeant James D. Houston, who started his career as an office boy in Post Headquarters at Quantico, Va., and worked himself up to personnel clerk in the same office during a period of four years, has finally yielded to the call of the sea. Houston's dream has always been to get on a ship having the itinerary of a Dollar Liner, the grace-

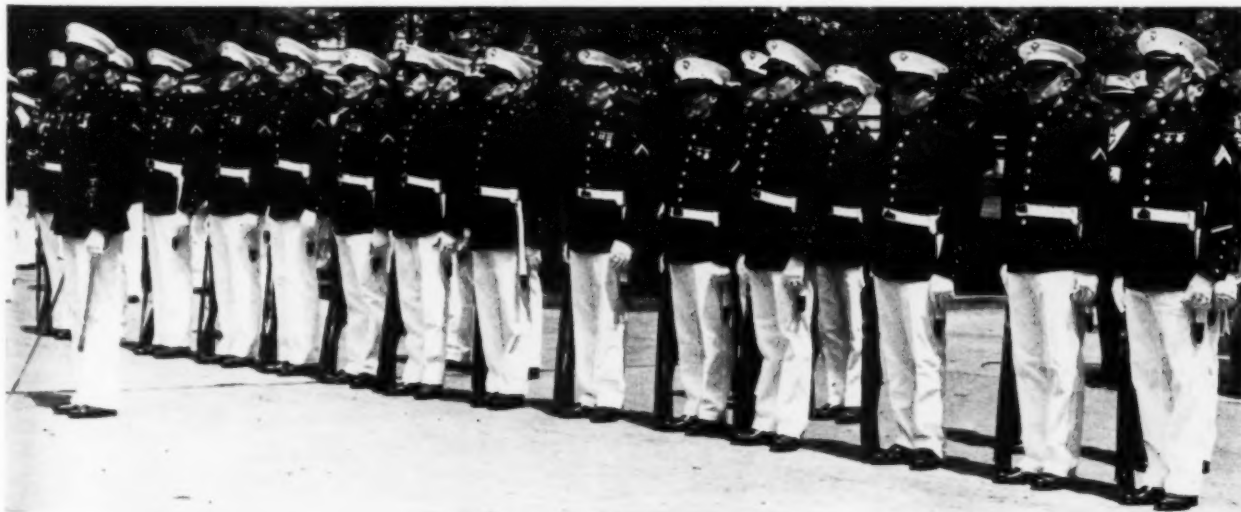
fulness of a palatial yacht, and the size of the Queen Mary. By the time this article appears in *THE LEATHERNECK*, Houston will be well stowed away aboard the USS *Nashville*, recently organized at this post. Another Platoon Sergeant who recently answered the call of the sea is Wade H. Lee. Lee is well remembered by the boys who passed through Parris Island in the past four or five years as the man who used to sing Lullaby songs to them in tucking them in bed. Platoon Sergeant Lee has been assigned to the MD USS *Honolulu*, and it is rumored that the crew of the *Honolulu* will be wearing grass skirts as the uniform of the day to keep up with the customs of the land of Waikiki. Another man who will look good in a grass skirt is First Sergeant William Seylor, also assigned to the *Honolulu*. First Sergeant John J. Sedlak was assigned to the MD USS *Nashville*. With Marine Detachments of the *Nashville* and *Honolulu* already formed, men are still coming in from every post on the East Coast for the Marine Detachment, USS *Boise*, due to be formed at this post in the near future.

FLASH . . . Gunnery Sergeant Sidney Patterson returned to this post after spending a month's vacation on the rifle range at Quantico, Va.

Sergeant Fred (Snowshoes) Schoessow, who recently returned from the Quartermaster's School, has taken over clothing. With the coat, service summer having been done away with, Sgt. Schoessow has recommended to the Post Quartermaster that we should do away with all articles of clothing at this post. Sergeant Joe M. Stowe was promoted to that rank on 27 May, 1938. Congratulations, Sergeant Stowe, make mine a "John Burns." Sergeant (Hungry) Betko extended his enlistment for two years for duty aboard the *Honolulu*. Sergeant Haseal L. Ewton has returned to the Sea School, that makes it the third time within a year Ewton almost made a ship. Corporal Bitter, Gaylord, Hayden, McElfresh and Wolford joined this post from the Fleet Marine Force for further transfer to sea duty. Corporal Sharit joined from Parris Island also for sea duty.

Captain Ralph D. McAfee joined this post from the Marine Corps Schools and

(Continued on page 60)



Marines at the Naval Academy for June Week

Photo by Tager

## RECEIVING STATION MARINES

Philadelphia, Navy Yard

By J. P. Gale

Is my face red! the fellows around this Detachment are having the time of their lives and gloating to their hearts' content. Remember the song "The Love Bug Will Bite You If You Don't Watch Out"? That is what yours truly hears every time one of the boys passes by. I will have to keep from razzing the boys about their loved ones, because I am right along with them.

Bravo, Cpl. Gates and Pvt. Gettis have returned from the hospital during the past few days and things are running along smoothly so far. Within the course of a few days however we will be paying off a few more of the boys which will leave our status quo just about where it was upon the completing of my last article.

Things around this Detachment have been running along smoothly for quite some time and when nothing happens, there is really nothing to write about. One thing of note is that Pvt. Kovalko has finally rid himself of that mess hall complex and has taken it upon himself to do regular duty. You should see him when he is on duty, regulation to the ninth degree. On his first watch, which incidentally was an eight to 12, he awoke yours truly with lusty voice when he called out the names of the prisoners for a working party. As most of us know, working in the mess hall will improve your vocal cords, and Kovalk is no exception. Now can you imagine anyone disturbing the peace and solitude of your correspondent. Horns to him that disturbeth my rest and peace. I will never rest until I can have my revenge.

This month we have been blessed with a replacement. Private Henry Tonn joined this Detachment from the MB, NOB, Norfolk, Virginia, and was welcomed with open arms. We sincerely wish that quite a few of you fellows would put in for the Receiving Station, Philadelphia, Pa., as we could use all the men we can get.

It has been called to my attention that I should mention that this Detachment has a new recruit along with our many lotharios who sit down and write letters pages and pages long almost every day. What, you cannot guess who? Well, far be it from me to give you a second hint. As it was, this was forced upon me by most of the boys, so you will have to take down your hair and figure it out for yourself.

Giz Adomovitz was paid off on the 31st of May and we all were on hand to wish him luck on his venture upon the civilian life which he has chosen in preference to our beloved Marine Corps. May we meet again Giz and the beers be upon you.

Hard Head Higgins is now in the mess hall along with "Got a light?" Bastian. I hope that they will be as good as the rest of our past messmen and do not let us starve to death. No, do not get me wrong, we are not "chow hounds" by any means, but we do relish a little snack every now and then. Cpl. Joe Palencar was in the pink of condition when he joined this Detachment from Quantico, due to the fact that he is seldom away from the electric stove and the coffee pot, he is putting on quite a few inches in his waistline. When he is on watch, you can bet that you will not have very much coffee as he will have consumed most of it himself.

Our little sparrow, Jesse Ulmer, is work-

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## YOWLS FROM YORKTOWN

Naval Mine Depot,

Yorktown, Virginia

By Scoop O-Bree-N

Aloha! Pfc. Foy having established a record at this post, endurable, nine years at the Naval Mine Depot, from Pvt. to Pfc. in the Army of the Peninsula. Sgt. (Sunshine) Johnson and Niel, were week-ending here from Quantico. Cpl. Oakes, six years on the peninsula, shipped over for Quantico. Cpl. Hoiby Gault, Pvts. Pine Log Anderson, and A&I Ciletti returned from Pittsburgh where they attended the wedding of Ciletti's brother. Due to the large replacements joining us from the FMF, the P-X has stocked the well known Pop-Sicles including the double shank, 2 in 1 Banana Pop-Sicle, Sgt. Demetrio, chief instructor, Pop-Sicles at the trail. Capt. Slingluff, Ret., a visitor here in Yorktown for the summer months. We recruits, 20 years and under now take a back seat. Gunner Murphy says to all questions, "Be careful, my blood pressure." Major Meigs fishing over the holidays—the ones that got



away were nil, the trout running, but the other way. Pl-Sgt. Beardsley (Lord Cornwallis), outside worker for the Barbecue, (knocked for a loop) rain. Fourteen men from MB, Norfolk, paid us a little visit for some fishing, and a nice letter received from Colonel Henly for the hospitality shown, thanks, come again, open House, at the Yorktown Garrison. Our roster now carries the name of Sgt. (Moon) Munari. Gunner Murphy will have some support about the old 28th M.G. Co., Shanghai, China. As skipper Wayt would say, take a memo, Hudson. Sgt. Lindsey, running for Mayor of Lee Hall, Va., 1940, Republican ticket, he will cast his vote in Phila., Pa. Cpl. (Tiny) Burnett, back from patrol in N. C. Cpl. Jenkins has the ring in circulation again, according to the records, it has worn down since first purchased. Cpl. (Tonna) Jones says the mail must go through, as the drive shaft of his sturdy truck broke down, shades of the old 44th Co., Jones on horseback delivering the mail. Cpl. Kubick visiting us from his strenuous duties of Mayor of Lackey. Cooks, Ding-

(Continued on page 60)

## INDIAN HEAD TOM TOMS

N.P.F., Indian Head, Maryland

Since the last issue of THE LEATHERNECK our small Post has said good-bye to three men by discharge and farewell to four men by transfer to Sea Duty. Seven men reported for duty from the Asiatic Station via the *Chaumont*. Our Elliott Trophy Team returned from the Matches at Quantico where they made a very fine showing considering the competition. Shooting members were Lt. W. J. McNenny of Quantico, team captain, Cpl's Clark, Hilderbrand, Ivy and Pvt. Street. Welcome back and congratulations on work well done. Kinsey, Kiff and Stubbs have gone to the Old Soldiers Home at Dahlgren, for duty.

Our eighteen short timers are all up in the air over a rumor that the shipping over money is to come back on July 1st.

The soft ball team has started to click. With our regular pitcher Somers away shooting, Bennett has taken over with great results. The team is giving him good support and we are all behind the team.

On Memorial Day our New Inspector of Ordnance, Captain Haines, the Executive Officer Comdr. Mayer, our Commanding Officer Major Cartwright with their families were present at the Barracks as well as the families and girl friends of all hands including the hospital corpsmen, the following games and contests were held:

Event	Winner	Prize
Egg race	Somers	Bill fold
Bag race	Somers	Zipper bag
Potato race	Eck	Flashlight
3 legged race	Street	Cigar lighter
	Moyer	Cigarette case
Cracker eating contest	Cook	Razor
Pie eating contest	Gorombey	Bath towel
Shoe race	Moyer	Civilian belt
Women's relay race	Miss Landre	Bottle hand lotion
	Miss L. Buck	Bottle cold cream
	Miss Mason	Jar cold cream
Men's relay race	Street	Box of starch
	Shisko	Bar soap
	Cook	Package of clothes pins

50 yard dash

for women Miss Dudley Compact

Obstacle race Cook Polo shirt

4-inning soft ball game between the married men and single men, the winners, the single men by a score of 11 to 8.

After the above games a beer party was held and all hands left with smiles on their faces, a good time was had by all.

A word about the garden, now that a pipe line has been run to the garden we have no fear of the dry weather this year, radishes, onions and peas now adorn the table from the garden with beets, squash, tomatoes, peppers, okra, carrots, corn and melons on their way.

A few men have been leaving the Barracks each evening to gather frogs from Mattawoman Creek, the weather has not been favorable for this pastime as yet. However we look forward to a mess of frogs legs at the first change of weather.

The golf clubs furnished by the Post Exchange are getting a good workout this year as every evening finds several Marines on the course which is in excellent condition this year.

On May 25th we said farewell to Captain Wilson, our former Inspector of Ordnance who left to commission the USS *Nashville* at Philadelphia.

THE LEATHERNECK

## MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD

Charleston, South Carolina

Colonel J. A. Russell, USMC, Commanding  
Captain S. A. Milliken, USMC, Post  
Quartermaster

First Lieutenant Lloyd H. Reilly, USMC,  
Adjutant

Second Lieutenant M. M. Nohrden, USMC,  
Duty Officer  
By "xYz"

Here we are again! "xYz" bringing to you the activities of our post.

The mighty baseball team has won a few games and in two counter attacks have mercilessly defeated the team that put them to shame the first game of the season. The club defeated the Post Hospital Team, consisting of the Hospital Corpsmen, Dr. Evans, and Dr. Davis, to the tune of 34 to 0 in only four innings of play. The game was called off because Dr. Evans just couldn't bring himself to use his stomach any more as a substitute backstop for his glove. What fun????

Brogli, our detachment clerk went fishing and he can be heard mourning the loss of the big one that broke his eighteen pound test line. Whatta whopper! Well, it is a conceded fact that the big ones always get away. Incredible!

We had a grand and glorious Field Day and some of the contestants are still saying I'd have won, etc. No new alibis, and it's a cinch that all of us can't be the winner.

Here are the events contest by contest that furnished fun and comedy for the contestants as well as for the spectators.

**SHOE RACE:**—Field Music Chick came in first—perhaps his shoe was the largest and all he had to do was dive in and grab the largest shoe he could find. Brogli, our fisherman, was right in there with the best of them and came across the finish line second.

**POTATO RACE:**—No. 2 Event. Simmons, the post gardener, pulled a fast one by rushing to the farthest potato and then to the next. One of the rules for this contest was that each of the contestants had to drink a bottle of beer, gather the spuds, and then drink another bottle of beer. I've heard of funnel gangs, but those "spud picker uppers" beat anything ye scribe has ever seen or hopes to see. The starting whistle sounded, up went the bottles and it was "bottoms up" personified.

**WHEELBARROW RACE:**—The team of McCurdy and Purcell were out in front at the finish. Our great fisherman (Brogli) and Dukes came in second.

**SACK RACE:**—This was the fourth shindig and Dukes looked like a Mexican Jumping Bean as he came jumping, hopping, bobbing, or whatever one calls such acrobatics, to first place followed by Seekinger, and Hoy.

**THREE LEGGED RACE:**—Again we cheer as the team of Brogli and Dukes put their best foot forward to leave the other contestants between the starting point and the finish line. Wings and Spakes came in second.

Only a few more events, Sixth coming up. **Obstacle Race:**—Rabbits would have hid their heads in shame to have seen the way the boys hurdled the obstacles, overcame difficulties and came scampering to the finish. I believe McCurdy was the winner. And who should come galloping in second? None other than Russel Graddick, with the one and only one Manly M. Johnson trailing him for third place.

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## FOURTH MARINES, SHANGHAI

### IN THE REVIEWING STANDS OF THE FIRST BATTALION, FOURTH MARINES

By J. A. Daniels

THE first thing I want to mention is that the Henderson leaves here on May 23, and when it moves down the Whangpoo it will be carrying about 370 jaded veterans of the present Oriental upset. How the rest of the boys are moaning! Besides being swell people these home-goers were fiends for doing watches, they even used to fight to see who could stand the 1-5's on those chilly nights last winter.

Captain M. G. Brown, the battalion adjutant, is leaving us as is Captain W. E. Burke. They are bound for the land of the free and the sit down strike.

Company A, commanded at present by Lieutenant Krulak, still maintains a thirty man outpost at Yangtzepoo with the remainder of the company performing battalion guard duty.

Company B, has been as busy as the fingers of two dummies in a violent argument. The Baker lashup sees quite a bit of the Golden Stream and they will presently, with the approach of warm weather, be able to find the way to the banks of this brook by merely closing their eyes and following their noses.

Company C will belong to the ages within a few days. Casualty Company is being disbanded and we secretly feel sorry to witness its passing. The outfit was originally made up of men from Cavite and it created a fine impression from the time it arrived here, during the hottest part of the unrest, until the present.

Company D has gone to Chingwantao for

six weeks of long range firing with the machine guns. Most of the machine gunners in this company were gathered from the various units in the battalion.

Headquarters Company has lost its commander and first sergeant in one wallop. Lieutenant Swenceski was transferred to Company D to gather some machine gun experience and First Sergeant Marts has been in the hospital for a month. Lieutenant Rhodheffer has taken over the wheel and at present is trying to bang out 315 on the range.

Sgt. Felter has been netting first sergeant and fell right into the slot as if he belonged there. Sgt. Laurel Keany is making this trip home on the Henderson and will have the company of Sgt. Joe Pekarich to keep him from chewing his nails. I can't tell you anything about myself, you'll have to see my lawyer. I do know that I am getting *fatsu* (which is what my little slant-eyed brothers say when they think you are nuts) with all the rumors of promotions, pay increases and a few other things.

### YE OLE A CO., 4TH

By "Art" Nelson

Due to a state of animosity that exists over the dynastys of the Orient we have found it rather hard to submit any news for our readers in the dear ole states, but with a few pictures and scandal we will be with you from now on.

Under the guiding hand of Captain W. E. Burke, our company commander, we have turned in good marks on the MCO No. 113 exams in which we excel, but oh how we love it!!

We have acquired the names of gypsies



Orchestra of the Fourth Marines



on account of our moving from one billet to the other—if they take to trailers in the states why can't we live up to our own customs even out here?

Each company spends ten days on that vast and beautiful spot called Soochow Creek. Probably you have read of the Garden Spot of the Orient sometimes called the Gateway of Shanghai—well that's where we spend our time patrolling. Did you say patrolling what?—well that is where my perplexity overwhelms me, nevertheless it keeps us out of mischief.

Wherever First Sergeant Cecil D. Snyder is located, every man in A wishes him the best of luck. "Red" left with the Sixth Marines last month after spending eleven months with us, and we sure regret his leaving.

We have back with us Platoon Sergeant Reeves who has been roaming around from one company to another. Bill has the Second Platoon under control and how the men do snap out of things—they excel in everything now. All we want now is to keep him with us for the remainder of his time in the Orient.

Congratulations, Lindsey. You made the highest score on the range this week, turning in a score of 322. Considering the weather conditions while firing on that day, well, you did very well.

Such a quaint lad is this fellow Kozak, and dear me how he does trip the lights fantastic. He does things that no person would suspect of such a modest and shy fellow. I understand he gives dancing lessons in the hop, rumba, shag, big apple, and several others—that's the reason most of the fellows haven't been out much.

Corporal Respass claims when firing the rifle that if he gets out of the black he can't see a thing. Maybe the sights on your rifle aren't lined up right, Garland.

Streeter has a habit of reading the Bible to the mass formations before going in to chow—leave it to Streeter to be a pantheist.

Yancey, our Arkansas hillbilly, has just received his diploma for a course in Service Station Salesmanship. What I'd like to know is how can you sell gas and oil to an oxcart.

Our corpulent Corporal Peterson has a controlling interest in Hai Alai as his frequent visits seem to net him quite a perquisite.

A short time ago sight-seeing trips for the benefit of the Marines were made possible through the Navy Y. The trips were made through different sections of the shell torn area of Chapei which proved to be of great interest to all. The shattered remnants of Hongkew and Chapei bore silent testimony to the fact that here a great toll of lives was taken and a tremendous amount of property destroyed. It aroused our curiosity to be able to go poking around in the ruins and digging out little odds and ends but this was soon stopped as several duds were found and the danger that was liable to incur in the jarring of them would have been quite disastrous. Rumors were that firing had started again, therefore ceasing our trips. Many pictures of ruins in every phase including humanity were taken that will impress many. These pictures give a vague idea of the destruction that was caused by poorly aimed shots. Things have quieted down a great deal, in fact it is hard to believe that a state of hostilities had existed, but all in all we were impressed by everything that took place and were thankful for the experience and knowledge gained.

We don't want to dwell on serious things, so let's turn to the really human side of life—in other words it's best to be optimistic.

Imagine Sergeant Reeves getting all frustrated when talking to a beautiful young lady—well it sure did surprise me because he is known for his suaveness when in the company of beauty.

In our company we can boast of a second Vallee—Butch Murphy croons and has often been mistaken for Rudy. Oh, dear! if only I had a voice like that.

Time is short and we must go to press, so pardon my promiscuous writing, knowing we will bring more and better news next month.

## COMPANY C NEWS

By R. D. McClintock

It has been several years since a C Company, 4th Marines, news column appeared in these pages. In fact, it has been sev-



The remains of the Administration Building, Hongkew, after a series of severe shellings.

eral years since there was a C Company, 4th Marines. I believe it was in '34 that the last C Company was disbanded. At that time it was designated as 27th Company, and old-timers will remember its being billeted in the Kelly & Walsh building on Ferry Road.

The present C Company came into existence last August, when 102 enlisted men and two officers arrived from Cavite on the S.S. *President Hoover*. At that time Captain R. P. Coffman was the company commander, and First Lieutenant M. A. Cramer company officer.

Since that time there has been many changes, both in officer and enlisted personnel. At this writing, First Lieutenant W. A. Kengla is the company commander, and Second Lieutenants H. B. Cain, Jr., and W. G. Robb are the company officers. First Sergeant J. J. Matsiek is the company "top-kick," and Platoon Sergeant A. Bertko the acting gunnery sergeant.

The company has been well represented in the field of sports since arrival in Shanghai. The softball team made good account of itself, and one or two were represented on the 4th Marines football and rugby squads. In the field of boxing we have only one representative, G. L. "Tommy" Moore, who has enjoyed only mediocre success, but has proven that he can get in there and take it as well as he can dish it out.

The volleyball team, under the capable leadership of Sergeant J. R. Coleman, was entered in the Navy Y.M.C.A. tournament for the Paul Brown trophy. Winning the B division without any real difficulty, the team suffered defeat in the final play-off at the hands of the H Company team, who showed real playing ability and championship caliber.

During the recent hostilities, for which the company was originally sent to Shanghai, the outfit as a whole took an active part in the duty along Soochow Creek. Many a sandbag was filled, miles (or so it seemed) of barbed-wire were strung, and sandbag emplacement after emplacement was thrown up. Then the duty settled down to watch-standing, with a whole war going on to watch. There was many a narrow escape, either real or imagined, and all in all it was an experience that few will forget.

And so, with this brief introduction, we bring this column to a close, and will be seeing you again one of these days.

## SECOND BATTALION

By "Rugby"

OUR greetings are extended to those who do not know us, to those who have read about us, to those who have been with us, and to those who will be with us and those of you who will never be one of us.

Changes have been a plenty. Tours of Duty expiring to many of our Officers and Enlisted personnel since last USS *Chau-mont*. Lt-Col. R. Winans, our Ex Battalion Commander & Number One Base Ball Fan going to the 6th Marines. Major H. N. Stent left us after coming back from a little trip for wild game. Going to the 1st Battalion Fourth Marines here in Shanghai. 1st Lt. W. Asmuth, Jr., Company Commander, going to the 6th Marines also. His leaving has left a vacancy in our Basket Ball and Hand Ball Team. The Officers and the Enlisted personnel wish

them a pleasant tour of duty in their new post.

Joining us, comes Lt-Col. C. B. Cates from the 6th Marines, whom most all the old timers know already. He used to be our Fourth Marines Athletic Officer and now is our Battalion Commanding Officer. Major G. D. Hamilton came to us also from the 6th Marines and is now our Bn-Executive Officer. Second Lieutenant G. C. Funk just changed from Co. E to Hq. Co., and is our Bn-4, Bn Mess & Police Officer. Second Lieutenant B. A. Hochmuth, came from the 6th Marines and is our present Company Commander, Bn-1 & Bn-2. Second Lieutenant R. B. Wilde also came from our own G Company joining Hq. Co., and is our present Bn Communication, Gas and Athletic Officer. Being an athlete of Basket Ball fame our 2nd Battalion teams this year should give some of



the teams a very stiff run for their money in beating us to the top. The Officers and the enlisted personnel extend their welcomes to you and hope your tour of duty out here with them will be one to be remembered.

Enlisted personnel we lost, Corporal Steve J. "Power House" Vuicic, of Basket Ball, Foot Ball, Rugby and Hand Ball Fame. He was known to all hands and every sporting fan alike for his brilliant work and fair play in all games of sports that he participated in, while here with us. He is a great loss to the Company he was in, the Battalion and also to the Regiment.

Old Folks Field Music Sergeant "Pappy" H. A. "Meadow" Sherman, will also be missed. Being the 2nd Bn's number one Field Music, who did keep the Battalion's Drum & Trumpet Corps in full swing. He was also one of our stellar athletes, taking part in Foot Ball, Rugby and Wrestling. Everyone misses old Pappy, especially out on the side lines of any game that is being played, for he was a real rooter for the home team.

### ORIENTAL FLASHES, CO. E

There is an old proverb saying that silence is golden and also one saying that absence makes the heart grow fonder. However, the lid is now off and the gossip may begin to escape. At the time of this writing, E is occupying the right sub-sector of Sector "C" along the much famous Soochow Creek. Four on and twelve off seems to be the order of the day.

Since the reporter is a new addition to this company and this being the first column that he has attempted to write for nigh two years, don't expect too much. Most men of the company are indeed strangers, but before many moons the "Buzzing Boy" will know of their many actions.

Last week when the *Sacramento* sailed for Manila, aboard were two former members of this command, namely Pvt. Boyd and Pvt. Tapp. Both are to return to the states on first available ship for medical surveys.

Little Joe Turner has again hit the spot light. This time Joe shows the boys how it should be done at the Lafayette Skating Rink.

We saw none other than Eddie Eldridge, showing his party of beer consumers, a few of his clowning tricks at the club a few nights ago. It appears that he is good circus material.

According to one of the hall walkers, Room 12 doesn't need a radio; Foltz sings the blues.

Since moving into our new billet at 372 Haiphong Road, Mess Sgt. Johnson and his bean pushing messmen have been working overtime getting the new galley in shape for those well known 2nd Bn chow hounds.

Anyone can readily see why Powell's parents didn't reason with him. It takes far less time to swat him.

The following named men have applied for a tryout with the Shanghai Rifle Association: Sgt. Lange, Pfc. Wegner, Privts. Baker, Fairchild, Brown, Rumley, Watts and Breakfield. It seems that Pvt. Breakfield has always been interested in gun powder. Perhaps he developed it from a strange fascination in his childhood days of throwing firecrackers in his baby sister's carriage. I wonder if Sgt. Lange's bowling could have any connection with gun powder? He seems to have a sentimental attachment for the big black balls.

Perhaps it is because they look so much like the old fashioned cannonballs of other days.

A 100% contribution from Co. E netted \$61.00 for the Salvation Army.

There is much joy as usual for some; sorrow for others. Remember there is always other boats, men. Although the next may not be until October or November. We are losing two of our sergeants; Lange and Mortensen. Did I hear Lesch say he would like to make this one? Perhaps back to Quantico is Lesch's desire.

Who said, "Chits are the curse of Shanghai?" Some of us will soon know and will gasp for breath on pay days. Why? Why, because we have a swell new club, opening down on Bubbling Well Road. Many of the old men will, no doubt, remember the new location, having for some time been known as the International Race Club. This is the club that the Fourth Marines have long been waiting for. Much appreciation on our part goes to Colonel Price and the committee of enlisted men, of which Sgt. Major Davis is chairman.

As for sports, much enthusiasm is being shown on the base ball subject. Men can be seen out on the Hart Road field every afternoon getting into the swing of it. We have high hopes of retaining the Regimental title.

Chuck Haines, who we are proud to have in our company, is the holder of the Lightweight Belt of China. I am sure that many of the old timers who were formerly of the Fourth, yes and the "Boys" of the Sixth will remember him as the hard working boy who has gone a long ways and worked hard, disposing of all opposition to win the title. This he did in less than three rounds at the expense of one Gaspare Alessandri, a fast, hard-hitting, Italian soldier. Shanghai will see the Champ in action again sometime this month.

And with that my unlucky public, I close the news bag. Until next month, I say adios.

### COMPANY F, SECOND BATTALION

Due to the Sino-Japanese hostilities, it has been many months since you last heard from us but we will now take up our pen again and hope that it will do the rest.

During the past few months, the second battalion has occupied the right sub-sector

of sector "C," though we still patrol along the south bank of Soochow Creek.

We have had very few changes in our company of late. Captain Cutts is our company commander and is doing an excellent job of piloting our company over the rough spots.

The company will get a chance to fire the range as soon as the Hangkew range is opened again. Several of the men's qualifications have long since expired and they are anxious to fire again.

First Lieutenant Fairweather joined our company from the Sixth Marines and is a welcome addition to our company staff.

We lost several of our ace baseball players on the last transport but we have a few good prospects that will fill the vacant positions, given the right amount of practice. Though it is still early for baseball, it won't be long before we start. It is very likely that Don "Ma" Beeson will be the manager of the Second Battalion team as last year.

The battalion is moving to a new billet on Haiphong Road. Companies E and H have already moved, Company F will move the latter part of April. We are not anxious to leave our present home but the new billet will be as good or better when we get it squared away.

### GEORGE COMPANY

By Black Jack

Tears come to mine eyes as I pen this article, as this will be the last column submitted to this worthy magazine telling you Marines round the world all about George Company. This company has had a short life, but my friends, a very interesting one indeed, and now that the knife is being put to us we will be disbanded before the month is out. The men of the company will be scattered among the other companies of the Fourth Regiment, life-long friendships will be broken up, this is too much for me folks, I shall have to take time out for a Burleigh.

The good old USS *Tulsa* Detachment will go ship-side within the next few days, and I bet my good friends there will certainly miss me, I know "Horseface" Majewski will be brokenhearted to leave me and the dear *Walla Walla*!

St. Pierre, the lad who made good in the Army, and who will make good in this outfit is at present on dear old Soochow Creek, protecting American lives and property. He plans to receive a Soochow Creek



Hotel Soochow under construction—located at Soochow on the Smell



Chinese headquarters until October 27, when they retreated under heavy Japanese fire

medal so that he can send it home to the folks telling them of the trial and tribulations of a Marine in Shanghai.

Cpl. McMasters, the over-extended boy on the *Tulsa*, has been the host of three mighty fine looking ladies of the orient for the past few months and he says, quote—"It seems mighty funny and strange to me," unquote.

Sgt. Balletti, the sixteen year man, has decided to retire here in Shanghai. Balletti is going to see the Mayor about taking out Chinese citizen papers next week.

The dear old *Henderson* will take many of our men to the states, the "*Henny Maru*" making stops at Guam will probably drop Cpl. Christensen so that he will be able to get a brand new set of molars to show off to the gals.

"Truck" Jacobs, the clown of the company, has been seen making arrangements for building a shack. We will miss Jacobs, and we know he will be an asset to the company that he goes to—a laugh a minute.

Pvt's. Richmond and Dawson, the Chaplain's stooges, now there is a strange friendship indeed, the shadow reports that what he has discovered cannot be printed!!

So long mine dear friends, I hope to see you all in Bk'lyn Navy Yard soon. I wonder how my friend Baker is. And dear old Sands Street!

## ORIENTINGS FROM H CO.

By T. O. Lane

Well, as the old proverbial adage has it, "Much water has passed under the bridge" so time has passed, and with the passage of time many new things have been brought about, and, there have been many new men. Many of the old timers have back State-side.

A Chinese newspaper has it that the Marines out here are going "High hat" on the Shanghaianders when they get situated in their new club on Bubbling Wells Road. Well, in view of the fact that all of the Marines' dances, social activities (rather many of them) and most of their educational classes are to be held at the club and not at the many other places in town, is it any wonder that we are to be condemned to the regime of the "High hats"??

Our "new club" the FOURTH MARINES ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB was the erstwhile INTERNATIONAL CLUB and it is, as it was then, the ritziest "spot" in town. I daresay that there isn't another place in town that's capable to accommodate on such a wide a basis, and lastly I defiantly state that there isn't another enlisted man's club anywhere that will exceed it, and if not that much.

If company's new billet is situated out here on Haiphong and Gordon Roads. Although not as near Shanghai's recreation centre as we were before, it's not much further than a twenty minute ricksha ride away. Despite a few complicated and mazed corridors and an equal amount of difficult panels we are happily getting "squared away!"

The architecture of the billet is suggestive to the old Chinese intricacies, as the old Chinese puzzles or as to the backwardness of the Chinese language. Really it really affronts a person with "why" and "how." Why they made the buildings in such a difficult way, and HOW they ever done it. However we are getting a kick out of it all and all in all it's assuredly going to make one swell home.

Another fine Cates Basketball Cup series has passed and we add our compliments to H company's hoopsters for the sterling fight they put up to gain the cup for the season. The following named are responsible for its winning. Sgt. Guidetti (manager), Sgt. Trees (coach), Ferra (trainer), and La Pointe, Goze, Palmer, Solomon, Case, Rook, Lewis, Province and Spillman. They deserve a great deal of credit for their fine efforts and sacrifices while they were at the Creek. At present they are giving a fine account for themselves in the city tournament.

Mr. William Hathaway, Physical Secretary of the Navy "Y" should be commended for his fine work of promoting these contests.

Another clan of our company's athletics deserve some of the laurels, too. That's the volleyball team. The Paul Brown Volleyball League sponsored by the Navy "Y" was brought to a fitting close last week with a supper in honor of the victors held in the library of the "Y." The two

teams who participated in the finals, and a few notables were the guests of the sponsors. A large shield was presented to the winning team and each individual member was presented with a smaller one. Now the Paul Brown Shield is adorning the mantelpiece in our company office.

We have a one-third turnout for the coming trackmeet. Which is a mighty fine turnout for the number of hands in the company and according to the company's stable artist, "Slug" Marvin, that what has gone out is mighty prospective material. Well, I guess that that is about all for this month, so next month you'll probably hear of another score of victories (so to say).

## A NEW MARINE POST IN NORTH CHINA

Camp Holcomb, Chinwangtao, China  
By Coleman and Silva

Chinwangtao, the first and last stop all Marines make before going to Tientsin and Peiping.

Well it seems as if the U. S. Army went home leaving the Marines to take over the duty of all China.

By splitting up, the American Guard of Peiping covers North China in small details.

Chinwangtao, a volunteer detail was sent here, 20 Marines in all to take over the duty that 400 doughboys faced.

It's a swell post with the toughest bunch of Devil dogs, not to say anything about our Platoon Sergeant Crecion, who is in command.

The duty is 24-hour watches, 4 on and 8 off, not bad, eh? Of course regular routine makes a good post and a good Marine, so no getting away from it.

Liberty, well if you speak Chinese and like a dirty city you sure can have a swell time in Native City (Now restricted). But who cares for liberty when you have mountains behind you Japs to the left and right and the open sea in front?

As we have no music here, the sentry on watch rings a hand bell to awake and sound chow for all hands.

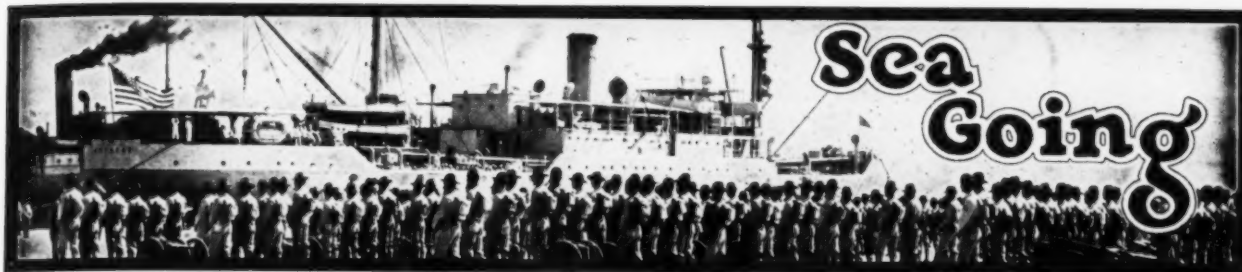
Well, as a new post is coming to life with 20 Marines to make it a go it looks as if Pioneering days are not over.

Guess some of you have some buddies over here and would like to know something about them, well here goes.

Platoon Sgt. Crecion, who left A Company in Peiping to take over the command here, soon will be heading for home. Cpl. Hatfield and Cpl. Curless, the men of open spaces who like action, but want to give the youngsters a chance, so to the bunks they go, and say when I was in Nicaragua and Haiti, those were the days. Pfc. Mussett, a true Marine who spent 2 years in Hawaii, wonder if he misses those Hawaii nights, do you Mussett? PhM2c Doler who has been with the Marines so long that he even looks like one. Jojo, who is always saying when am I going home. What's wrong, kid? Got a girl there? Lucas, good chow and lots of sleep makes a man, so says Lucas. Neef, a good Mechanic and Carpenter at heart. Engles, all sea stories are told by old timers, ask Engles. Huddleston, the man from Tennessee, way down yonder, son? Sure enough. Gregory, Washington his home State, what's the best State in the Union, Gregory? Coleman, kid Brooklyn, just kid Brooklyn. Red Miller, a belly so big and hair so red makes a good mess Sergeant. Is that true, Red? Silva, the old timer from California who says Sea Going is

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## THE LEATHERNECK



## BRODIE MEN OF THE BROOKLYN USS Brooklyn The Wolf

Another month, another issue. Captain Victory has left us to attend gunnery school on the west coast. We wish him the best of luck. Lieutenant Flournoy has taken command of the detachment and is well liked by the men.

Pvt. T. M. Coggins is now on leave but will return before this is published. Upon his return, he is leaving us to enter Annapolis. Good luck, Tom, and remember we will be rooting for you.

Cpl. Arndt certainly is a Barney Ross fan. On the night of Barney's last fight, Cpl. Arndt was more completely dazed than Ross (only twenty cents, but some punch!).

Cpl. Abernathy, Pfc. Jones, Pvts. Dujsik, Arrington, Callahan, McClain and Tpr. Amici have been doing quite a bit of tramping of late and in different directions. Again the Marines cover the town.

Since Cpl. Meisenheimer doesn't care to be called just plain "funeral face" we must address him as, "Mr. Funeral face."

Again my weakness calls me. It is time to eat my share of the old Navy chow.

## LOU'S LEATHERNECKS USS Louisville By Chi, Bacon

Flash—extra, the USS Louisville leaves San Pedro on June 21, on an Alaskan cruise. Ports of call, Port Angeles, Washington; Sitka, Juneau and Ketchikan, Alaska; and returning via Portland, Oregon; Seattle, Washington; then to Bremerton to enter the Navy Yard for overhaul. During the overhaul period the guard will go to the range and all hands will be shooting for that expert rifleman's pay. Here's hoping we all get in the money. Most of the guard will be getting leave while in the Yard and will miss going over the side to scrape the bottom.

Promotions: Sgt. Wilkins to platoon sergeant, Pvts. Curtiss and "Cowboy" Silny to privates first class.

Replacements: Pvts. Burgdorf, Day, Drake, Kennedy and Thomas. Welcome aboard, fellows. All of you are quite wise in your selection of ships as the Louisville really goes places.

Separations: Captain A. T. Mason's new assignment is at headquarters in Washington, D. C. Second Lieutenant R. A. Evans goes to Quantico, Virginia. The guard regrets the loss of two exceedingly fine officers and extends a cordial greeting to our new officers, Captain Dreyspring and Second Lieutenant Kelly. We hope our new officers enjoy their new station, also the Alaskan cruise.

Sgt. Driggers, the mail orderly, knows in advance when I receive a letter because he always has the mail all sorted out in

his mind ahead of time. Has Cpl. Tallentire changed the object of his affections for a senorita or is it a mere infatuation? Cpl. "Ace" Bestwick is the man about town as usual. Cpl. Worthing and Pfc. McEwen do plenty of night lifeing in Los Angeles. Then there is Pfc. Morgan romancing in Long Beach with a cute young lady. Pancho Panders, the toughest gringo in Mexico, has a secret love in L. A.

Unusual happenings: While in Samoa, Pvt. "Chief" Courville returned to the



Capt. A. T. Mason and 2nd Lt. R. A. Evans, soon to leave the USS Louisville for new duties.

ship in an outrigger canoe paddled by a native. It seems that "Chief" was unable to get a water taxi.

Embarrassing moments: Pfc. "Santa Anita" Anton, during quarters, dropped his rifle bolt on the deck when doing inspection arms.

## NEW MEXICO SALVOS

By "The Toad" Wolger

The July issue of our magazine will be read by us in Bremerton, Washington. We'll arrive in Bremerton around June 20 or 21st. Many of the fellows are happy to be in the northwest for the next three months but there are many who will be leaving their "true loves" down south. According to dope that came out in late May the fleet is going east in January so the New Mexico keeps up her record of spending very little consecutive time in Long Beach. Yes! Sir! Always wondering where the "Wonder Ship" is going next??

We spent a week anchored off San Clemente Island the third week in May.

The blue jackets fired the rifle for qualification. Marines from our guard served as coaches. Pellerin, Wooderson, Mitchell and Duke drew the famous "Annie Oakley" kits and were stationed as permanent coaches the whole week. The guard did very well in their coaching and were instrumental in qualifying many of the men.

Four more "plank owners" were transferred in May. Pfc. Pence, Taylor, Ugar and Pvt. Beattie were all transferred to Marine Base at San Diego. They spent quite a while seagoing now they are happy we hope that they have got their long yearned land duty. Good luck is wished to them all. To replace these men the following Privates reported aboard from Sea School, San Diego: Gilbert D. Lucius (Riverside, Calif.), Kenneth Bieghler (Strasbourg, Colo.), Warren Tomlin (Englewood, Calif.), and Jerome Gordon (Fresno, Calif.). Radioman C. C. Olsen (Rockford, Ill.), also reported aboard in May.

Memorial Day weekend was spent at Hermosa Beach. We paraded in the morning and it was a good parade as it was short. Many of the fellows are making plans for a few liberties at this beach when we return in October. Notably, Ferris, Kepper, Roberts and Hankins. Ah! Yes! Omar Twitty was seen doing a bit of unusual quarterdeck libertying for him. Yes sirree the gal in yellow fell for him in a big way.

1st Lieutenant Marvin Starr was detached to Fleet Marine Force at Quantico. His replacement, 2nd Lieutenant Marvin Floom, reported aboard from Quantico. 2nd Lieutenant Lewis Pickup was detached to the Marine Barracks at Bremerton, Washington. All these changes took place in late May.

Dick Wooley was a member of the crew that tied for the championship of the fleet racing cutter crews. Two days before the race he weighed 169 but lots of training in the boiler rooms brought him down to 153 for the weighing. He did look like a skeleton for a while but his large appetite soon made up for the difference. He takes quite a kidding from the guard but he and Stidham, our heavy race boater, are about the best conditioned men in the guard.

Carpenter, Ukmar, Roberts, King and Osborne went to the range in May and all returned as sharpshooters. Platoon Sergeant Carl Haynes was the coach. A detail followed but later issue will have the dope on them. Pl. Sgt. Haynes also acted as coach for the later detail.

Quite a few short and long leaves were taken after the return from the cruise. Leger headed for Louisiana, Collier for Chicago, Daughtry for Los Angeles area, Bunton to the wilds of Phoenix, Arizona, Wolger for "Climate Best," etc., Calif.

(Continued on page 67)





**WRESTLING TEAM, MARINE DETACHMENT, USS MISSISSIPPI**  
Front row, left to right: Pfc. Brumfield; Pfc. Collins, Coach; Lt. Mitchener, Trainer; Pvt. Green. Rear row, Cpl. Melton; Cpl. Bivins; Pfc. Alford; Pfc. Dunnam; Pvt. Bogenreif, all proud winners of the USS Mississippi Wrestling Trophy for the Marine Detachment.

## FIFTH DIVISION SPOTLIGHT

### USS Lexington

By A. Rice

Well, fan mah trigger if it isn't time to fall into the ole sittin' position and rattle off a string of rapid fyah' on mah, ole printin' contraption!

Heah' comes the silhouette! Kinda hazy tho'. Say there, podner, man that thar' fifth division spotlight. Gotta see who this jasper is befo' I starts blastin' away at 'im. Wa-a-al! Bless mah skivvies if it ain't Pvt. "Horn Toad" Matson, the x-terror of all Minneysota. Why do I call him "Horn Toad?" Wa-a-l, here's the low-down:

*His clothes were tora and dusty,  
his body stiff, and sore.  
His brains felt worn and rusty,  
as he hit the hay to snore.*

*Oh clean, white sheets, I love you,  
my "bunkie-wunkie" too.  
Said Private "Horn Toad" Matson,  
with beard like Fu-Manchu.*

*His peaceful snooze was shattered,  
the midnight air was rent,  
By screams that left us battered,  
as "Horn Toad" left his tent.*

*The awful things to us he said,  
while running down the road,  
For putting in his nice, warm, bed,  
that wriggling, "Horny Toad!"*

Splat—Without a doubt, this small, unimportant word can't help but remind we members of the recent rifle range detail of the old "well, here's mud in your eye" toast. But, splat it is ah reckon and that's just the way our detail hit the mud on several glorious, rain-soaked mornings, in the prone position. Mud-pies, galore!

However, credit is due Sgt. Bellovich who without a doubt, proved himself the "ar-

teest wiz zee rifle" by successfully performing various, necessary operations upon our shootin' irons which naturally kept them operating smoothly and accurately. Thanks, Sarge!

Y' know, boys. It's really marvelous how Corporal Posey can handle that Browning. He expends only fifteen of the twenty rounds he is allowed at a time because he can still make expert without using the rest.

Pfc.—A. C. (meaning private first class, almost corporal) Erlich has gone sheep crazy and broke out a bottle of private stock perfume which I have named "mucho loco." "I'll say it does!" Chimed "Hairbreadth" Harry Harrington, whose shirt had also been "christened."

Truly a shame that Corporal Lee and Pfc. Evans had to go and get transferred. Well, here's luck to them and may their new grazing grounds be rich.

## OKLAHOMA RENEGADES

### USS Oklahoma

By Spence D. Gartz

The guard is changing almost as fast as this famed California weather. During the past month seven of the "olde tymers" shoved off for various ports.

Sgts. A. R. Johnson, A. G. McClure and W. H. Sparling moved out to give the younger generation a chance; Johnson going to San Diego to go out on sixteen, and then to the old "humstead" in Minneapolis; Mae also went to Diego, but via the scenic route of Tampa, Florida; "Asia" Sparling, fed up with seagoing had to ride the Missy to Bremerton, Ha.

Cpls. Jimmy Fields reported to Diego, while E. B. "Hashbrown" Vassar will add ballast to the USS Houston after a two-week leave.

Pfes. H. H. Rule is going to dazzle the femmes of Hometown, Colorado, before taking up the duties again at Hawthorne,

Nevada; Gub Coghlan is going back to Mississippi to plow up "dat co'n-field" before showing up at Diego.

The lack of replacements is keeping some of the old faces aboard, and are they championing at the bit.

We're shoving off on June 8th for the Islands via San Francisco and Seattle on the annual ROTC cruise. This trip will include Hilo, one of the scenic wonders of Hawaii, which we missed on the regular cruise.

Lt. B. W. King is ably carrying on the duties of Capt. W. W. Davies, who was detached to Headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. W. T. Wingo is being detached on June 8th to the Marine Barracks, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, N. H.

The detachment deeply regrets the loss of these fine officers, and wishes to take this opportunity to wish them "Good Sailing" at their new posts.

N. A. Tucker, S. Boucher and "Doc" C. C. Humbley are now signing Sergeant to the pay-roll. Congratulations, men, and make mine Budweiser, Doc.

The newest Corporal is Si Kemp, who is still trying to spear those line-drives out in left field.

U. M. "Old Crimson" Reddick is spending his spare time sewing the single stripe to everything but his sliders.

The soft-ball team is working out daily for the game of the year which will take place next week—when they face the Rebel Marines from the Tennessee. If the score is favorable we will announce the line-up; if not, you won't even hear of the score.

Three members of the range detail were seen reading "New Stories and Old Alibis" by Gun. Sgt. J. L. Reynolds formerly of this guard, and now at San Diego.

After finishing that tome Pfc. Heinecke was caught rehearsing his speech (with gestures) in front of a full length mirror. Make just one of the stories original, and all will be forgiven.

It's an old Irish game, at three hundred yards, from standing to prone.

We'll drop you a line from Hilo—S'long.

## WYOMING WANDERINGS

### USS Wyoming

By Wilck

Since last heard from we have been back in the Navy Yard for a few minor adjustments, then up the Bay to Annapolis, where we are now at anchor waiting to take aboard some four or five hundred Middies for their cruise to Europe this summer. The USS Texas and the USS New York are making the cruise with us.

Several privates have joined the detachment during the month, and there have also been several promotions; Sergeant James H. Edmonson, Corporal Woodrow W. Corbett and Private First Class Homer E. Tinklepaugh are up in the money now with their ship warrants. We hope they are able to stand up under them for a year and make them good.

Second Lieutenant David L. Henderson is due to join us almost any time now. Hope he gets here before the third of June so he can get in on this foreign cruise.

Maybe we are lucky in getting away from home ports for a while. It seems as though about one out of every three privates that went on leave or special liberty for a few days got into some kind of snarl or something, mostly female, and mostly permanent too, as they are making out allotments and not for insurance either.

Not much this time, but you'll hear from us over there next.





By Eugene C. Frey

Hi, Ho! Hi, Ho! We whistle, not while we work, but because we are off to Europe on the Middy cruise. After having been slated to make this cruise for the past two years it looks like the real McCoy this time. In 1936 we were all ready to shove off when someone in Washington decided to send the USS *Oklahoma* instead. Then, again, in 1937, scuttlebutt had it that we would make the cruise—but foiled again—the *New York* made it while we cruised up and down the coast with Naval Reservists.

Captain W. B. McKean was relieved as Detachment Commander by First Lieutenant E. J. Dillon, so we take this opportunity to bid Captain McKean farewell and wish him luck at his new post, Quantico, and to welcome Lieutenant Dillon as our new Detachment Commander.

Before the *Wahoo Maru* heads out to Europe, Second Lieutenant Umstead will relieve Second Lieutenant O. B. Brown. Good luck, Lieutenant Brown, and welcome, Lieutenant Umstead. Gy-Sgt. Fowel was replaced by Gy-Sgt. Mitchell.

I think that just about covers the changes and transfers now for the cigars. Pfc. Funk to Cpl. and Pfts. Cappel, Crunk, Bagley and Engle to Pfc. Congratulations, boys.

Pfc. France took that long-awaited furlough to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and there is little doubt whether or not he will return married. Sgt. McConville, our police sergeant, was having such a swell time in the big city that he wired in for a three day extension on his furlough. Crunk, Crowley, and Primus, the three Fordham Flashes, are on furlough in their native city.

Dutch has turned Norfolk upside down looking for Tommy Toohig's tool shed—but no luck. Kowskie and Chalfin were so anxious to go swimming in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, that they forgot to disrobe. Oh, well, khaki dries out rather fast in the warm sun.

Cpl. Bibb took over Sgt. McConville's duties as police sergeant while Mac was on furlough, and when Mac returned he hardly recognized the place with the angle irons painted and the rosy-red deck. Rider wants to know what they did with the pot—the one they used in the barber shop to cut hair for the Admiral's inspection. The Admiral's inspection is not the reason for Mac, our police sergeant, to request an extension on his furlough. Oh, no!

"Casanova" Birosak had to admit defeat when "Hash Mark" Frye came back with the story about taking Beef's girl friend home from Sands Street. "Georgia" Gravitt spent half of his liberty in New York hunting for an exit in the subway. Crowley has been warned to stay off the streets in the big city because Walt Disney is looking for someone to take "Dopey's" place in the cast of *Snow White*.

Time, tide, and tummy ache wait for no man, so we will say *Au Revoir*. Tune in next month to this station for "The Wahoo Marines in Paris."

## NASHVILLE SPINDRIFT

USS *Nashville*

The gray Cruiser slowly docked with a proud grace that caused the waiting Naval and Marine Divisions to stiffen with pride.

And June 6, 1938, was history to her—the USS *Nashville*, newest 10,000 ton pride of the Navy. And at this moment, each man that was waiting to board her, was privately vowing to do his part in making hers a glorious history.

A few quick commands and the divisions filed on board.

Men scurried here and there and before it seemed possible, the crew was in line, waiting for the commands that would officially commission this new greyhound of the seas.

It was a tense moment for officers, men, and spectators alike.

The clarion notes of the bugles sounded. "Officers Call," "Assembly," "Adjutant's call" and "Attention."

"All hands aft," commanded the Executive Officer. "Divisions right face—left face—about face—hand salute—sound off."

At this point, the Admiral's flag broke from the Main-mast and it was hard to suppress the cheer that trembled on our lips.

The watch was set, never to be relinquished as long as the *Nashville* stays afloat, or honorably retired in the years to come. Immediately afterwards, the officers retired to the Captain's cabin to congratulate Captain W. W. Wilson, the new skipper.

After the ceremonies, the many visitors were shown around the weatherdecks and super-structure of the ship.

Down below, the scenes began to be uproariously funny as we "green" Marines assembled our gear and attempted to square away in the sea lockers. The mysteries of a ship's bunk began to seem like knot at Sea School.

You "Old Timers" know that the bunks and quarters of a Man-O-War make an upper berth of a Pullman seem like a mansion until the boys begin to cooperate and call signals like a football team.

However, by watching fellows like Sharit and Rodden wiggle their way around and practically stand on their heads while squaring away, we got the knack of it and managed to have everything somewhere by supper.

The first meal aboard made us forget all fond thoughts of shore. The skeptical ones insisted on waiting for one more day before going into a rhapsody. Next day for dinner, we were presented with at least half a chicken each. That dispelled the last misgiving and the hatch-ways took on a new meaning. We now sleep from meal to meal (with duty sandwiched in between times).

The first night was something to write home about. The roar of the ventilating system and other gadgets (you name them) would wake the boys frequently. With the sound of a bell or phone, one or two of the boys would struggle out and attempt to shave and often be through before discovering it was only 2 a.m.

Others, completely lost, would wander around the ship, often ending up outside the Executive Officer's quarters or an engine room.

Our detachment is commanded by First Lieutenant J. P. McCaffery, with Lieutenant W. W. Lewis second in command. The detachment itself numbers only twenty-nine (29) including officers.

Our "top" is First Sergeant J. J. Sedlak. Being a line soldier for many years, he cherishes a particular fondness for records and has been heard to murmur in his sleep about "so and so's clothing record should be checked."

Platoon Sergeant J. D. Houston was present when the detachment was "born" in Sea School at Portsmouth, Va. It was he who so tenderly nourished us from infants into scintillating, sea-going Marines.

However, some of us had two "Professors" who managed to stick close enough to be with the detachment from Parris Island, Portsmouth, Va., and now in the USS *Nashville*. We refer to his eminence, Professor (Sgt.) Butler Metzger, Jr., and his honor, Corporal G. A. "Baby-face" Sharit. Both these Non-coms hold degrees of "Bootism" from the MCI. Sharit knows his way around Philadelphia and so far has successfully dodged all attempts at shadowing.

We also have Corporal J. L. Fountain and Corporal N. V. "Giant" McElfresh and Corporal F. J. Smith, all of Quantico. Smith is the champion handball player of the unit and has an annoying habit of taking games by coming from behind with a cannon-ball smash that lands two inches above the deck.

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Idaho Marines during landing exercises

Walters-Valenta Photo



Field Music 1st Class Valenta in his private stateroom aboard the USS Idaho—  
All right, if you're going to spoil it for us, it IS the Admiral's cabin.

## IDAHO SPUDS

USS Idaho

By Lindsey

Since the last broadcast we have quite a few new faces in the guard—and what faces! The *Sirius* brought to us the following men from San Diego: Pfc. Hall and Pvt. Doyle from the Destroyer Base; Pfts. Howell and Engebretson from Base headquarters and Pvt. Kenney from the Naval Air Station. From the *Arizona* we received Sgt. Belon and Pvt. Howard who came from the La Jolla rifle range and San Diego respectively. Pleasant cruise, boys, and welcome to the *Idaho* family!

Since our arrival here in the Bremerton Navy Yard there seems to be quite a few new stripes. Cpl. Howell to sergeant, Pfc. McMullan to corporal and Pfts. Kouba, Cutler and Lutnick to privates first class.

Sgt. Gerald W. Willhour is leaving on the *Colorado* for Mare Island and will be well on his way by the middle of the month. We're all going to miss "Ole Willie" and best of luck at your new station!

Quite a few of the boys have been back home giving the folks a treat. These include Pfts. Olney and Gadley back to the Indian Camps and tribe of "Chief Wahoo" here in Washington; Pfts. "Stud" McCune and Cowdery back to Texas; Pfts. Lutnick and Kouba to the windy city; Field Music Irwin across the bay and Cpl. "Hank" Haugen to parts unknown. The boys all report a pleasant leave and are ready for some of the 12 by 4's they are going to get.

The guard as a whole, seems to be just a little elated at the prospects of east coast maneuvers in early 1939 and the opportunity to visit the New York World Fair. However, we do have a few of the "Hollywood Romeos" who don't want to go.

First Sergeant Sparks, with the aid of his able-bodied clerk, French Trahan, has settled down and is doing a nice turn at the old wheel.

We are soon to lose Second Lieutenant Richard, but will be consoled over the loss of one swell guy by the prospects of receiving another, Second Lieutenant Gra-

ham. Captain Swanson has been ordered aboard as our Commanding Officer to replace Major Gilman who left us some months ago.

This "man of the month" business seems to be quite an affair. All fingerprints seem to be pointing this month to our one and only Pfc. George "Bobo" Brooks of Morton, Mississippi, USA. The "Parsen" seems to have been possessed with the desire to see the world while attending a Methodist Seminary in Mississippi. "Bobo" goes to bed nightly at ten minutes after hammocks and vows he is a full-fledged Rebel. He has the "ear-markings" of a 30 year man and says the Navy chow is the basis for a "new deal Marine Corps" with PWA hours, CCC ideas and CIO wages.

Our soda jerker, "Chubby" Garrett, has left us and the ship's service for the San Diego Base where he will soon be paid off to return to Bristol, Virginia, and take unto himself a wife. Best wishes, Chub.

## COLUMBO CLEAVINGS

USS Colorado

By C. R. Weppener

It may be unusual weather when California has floods and such that sweep away half of the countryside but the members of the Guard of the good ship *Colorado* are thankful for the fact that we are based in sunny California, the land of the eternal sunshine (floods and earthquakes).

After spending the wintery season in the great northwest and spending a fair portion of it under a drizzling sky, the scattered clouds that dot the blue skies down here serve as gentle reminders of all that we have been through in the past three months.

The overhaul period is finished and we are back in active duty ready for anything that may come along.

Right now the big event that looms on the horizon as far as the guard is concerned is the Battenberg trophy race which is scheduled for the middle of the coming month. Sergeant Joe Beckett, despite his threat to never enter another whaleboat as long as he lived, couldn't resist the appealing lines of the new

whaleboat that our executive officer obtained for us while we were in the yards. The snappy lines of the new craft and the clean cut of the bow had him itching to stand on the stern sheet and feel the lift of the water beneath him as his ten willing slaves strove mightily to break their ashen oars. And that brings to mind the fact that the oars are new, as well as the boat. Lieutenant C. F. Chillingworth, aided by our coxswain, picked out the new oars with an eye to beauty as well as practicability.

Thanks to the First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander H. J. McNulty, we have had every opportunity to work out and will be fit as fiddles for the coming race.

Due to an injury received while in the yards, we are without the services of "Man Muscles" MacDonald this trip but we hope to have him back later in the season. His running mate of last year deserted the ranks of the whaleboaters for the call of the range and has just returned from San Diego where he competed in the Western Divisional matches. Although he failed to make the list for the eastern matches "Chesty" Bruner was really laying them in there and he gave some of the big boys plenty to worry about right up to the last shot.

The pressure got Mark Billings in the finals but he returned to the ship while we were still in Bremerton and cleaned up everything in his weight and rank in the pistol matches including a mighty nifty medal from the Seattle Police department.

James "Pappa" LaRue was also in the south with the rifle shooters and came back with the glad tidings that Corporal Oderman took second gold in the matches and also got his last leg on the goal of all riflemen—distinguished rifeman. Oderman stayed south to go on with the team for their eastern encounters.

And so it was that the whale boat lost three good stove breakers. The other two who are missing this season are Pfc. Steve Stevenson who transferred to San Diego at the completion of his sea duty and First Sergeant John A. Burns who is busy as a wet hen with a flock of ducks at the water's edge. The Top is studying for examinations which may soon lead to his promotion to the rank of Marine Gunner and the entire guard wish him the best of luck and hope that he comes out on top.

Pulling off-stroke alongside of Corporal Estenson, whom we are to lose soon after this race, is Pfc. John Gordon, one of the grunt and groaners of the ship's mat team. John is finding out that he gets just about as much a workout behind that oar as he did bending arms and legs of his opponents.

Richard Graham, music of the first water and the only swing bugler aboard ship, is paired off with Orville Whitley who is pulling like a veteran of several seasons despite the fact that this is his first time in a boat.

Vic Canevello, of the Chi Canevellos, is pulling a wicked oar alongside of Edgar "Stumpy" Pruett, who last week proved that even an anti-aircraft shell can't dent his hide. Stumpy was nicked on the hip with a maverick load but outside of a few minor contusions, abrasions and slight lacerations, failed to take the count.

Behind him on the starboard side sits the one and only "Red" Shisler, the fighting Irish potato masher. Red was seen on the lake at Camp McKean, south of

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THE LEATHERNECK

## VINCENNES VIGNETTE

By Hurley

With maneuvers over, and a week of rest under the crew's belt, we headed for open sea again on Monday morning, hanging around San Clemente Island firing a few runs and returning to Long Beach on Friday. The following week we put to sea again to fire night and day spotting, returning to Port Thursday, for the fog hung low and there was no firing.

Friday morning at 1000 we were under way for Mare Island Navy Yard to have the bottom of this piece of iron scraped. At 1100 Saturday morning the USS *Vincennes* went under the Golden Gate Bridge for the first time. The Golden Gate bridge is the most beautiful bridge in the world. It has a main span of 4,200 feet—700 feet longer than its nearest rival, the George Washington bridge, New York, and nearly three times as long as the span of America's first great suspension bridge at Brooklyn. The gate bridge has a sixty-foot road way, six lanes of traffic and a ten foot pedestrian way on each side. Preliminary surveys and test borings were started in 1929, ground broken for the bridge in 1933. Today, uninterrupted traffic flows across the most beautiful bridge in the world. At the Golden Gate man has met the age-old challenge of the mighty barrier of treacherous tides that lie between its shores, with the Golden Gate Bridge, a Majestic highway suspended 'twixt Earth and Sky. Built for Strength; but beautiful in every line, a symphony in steel and stone, harmonizing in every detail with its glorious surroundings. Speaking of bridges there is another great bridge on the starboard side, as we clear the Golden Gate, and that is the San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridge. She is a twin suspension bridge each span 4,630 feet long, joined end to end, and having at their junction a common anchorage consisting of great concrete monolith, topped by a steel shroud, which rises 282 feet above water and rests on rock bottom, which is 220 feet below low tide. The bridge has two decks, upper and lower deck carries two tracks for electric cars and three lanes for heavy trucks, while the upper deck carries a highway for six lanes of traffic. The piers of this bridge, fifty-one in number, set new marks in engineering frontiers, going deeper below water than any previous substructure has heretofore been built.

We tied up alongside dock about 1430, with Mare Island on the Port and Vallejo on the Starboard and San Francisco about thirty-five miles up the bay. Liberty call sounded over all circuits and by the time the gang-way was lowered into place, there was "Pop" Campbell, "Gunner" Rawlings, "Jerry-the nipper" Rapp, and "school-boy" Behrendt going over the side. What no Gallagher! The following day being Sunday we found "Mother-boat" Evans in San Francisco hunting China-Town and finding what? Nobody knows yet, but we have an idea that she was a blonde.

At 0700 Monday morning we shoved into dry-dock and all hands were over the side and going down with the water, with scrapers and wire-brushes in their hands. A little harmonizing was started in late afternoon, with "Pop" Campbell, the leading crooner, doing the vocals. He made a grave mistake when he started "Swing Low" for the mess-cooks were on the right flank and we were all doing the swinging before the day was over, while two coats

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## USS ENTERPRISE MARINES

By E. C. Poirier

Make room! A new detachment is reporting in for its place in THE LEATHER-NECK. It's the USS *Enterprise* detachment composed of three Officers and seventy-eight enlisted men. Our Officers are Captain W. M. Mitchell, Second Lieutenant Schmitz and R. M. Dean, Jr. We also have with us First Sergeant B. F. Hearn, Jr., and Gunnery Sergeant Julius N. Hansen, Jr. First Sergeant Hearn hails from recruiting duty in New Orleans where he has been for the last eight years, whereas Gunnery Sergeant Hansen who joined us from Quantico appears to like his sea duty O. K. except running up and down the ladders which seems to be tough on little men.

I won't name every member of the detachment this time, because you will get to know them as you read about them from time to time, but if you really must know them all, just drop Sergeant Coma May a card and I am sure he can tell you. Did you ever see a Police Sergeant who didn't know everybody? Everybody knows him.

We should get some sunlight through the starboard port holes, but it doesn't seem to penetrate through Sergeants Murray and Thomas who are always looking through them. Privates Burton and Armstrong are always growling about this, because they say the guys who wash and clean the portholes should rate looking through them occasionally.

We are looking forward to a pleasant shake down cruise soon to South America-to Rio. This cruise won't start 'till July. Between now and then you *Enterprise* Gyrenes better save all the money you can, because you can use it down there. Pahdon na southern accent! This means crossing the Equator, and King Neptune is standing by to give us the works!

Privates Johnson and Bland are both good cooks, the best in the Navy, and you can bet your life that we stand in good

with them—who wouldn't? Johnson, don't let the Suffolk girl find out you can cook. If she does, you're hooked!

Does Matera like spaghetti?

Imagine Sergeant May, the police Sergeant, smiling every time someone locks his keys in his locker.

Private Burton is determined to be a real seagoing Marine, says he quit going ashore, as a matter of fact he hasn't started yet.

Is there a volunteer for the gangway watch on Saturday or Sunday? All together, one at a time.

Fyffe (Our hello girl) enjoys work at central station, especially when a call comes in for a guy named Smith and the party calling doesn't know which division Smith is in. Fyffe is a finished conversationalist.

Green enjoys much liberty in Portsmouth. Who is she, Green?

Private Beggs went ashore one night to church which was fine, but a couple of nights later he went back to church. Getting religion all of a sudden, Beggs!

A certain girl was waiting at the Portsmouth Ferry for a certain boy. Why didn't you show up, Hall?

Privates Johnson, Beggs, and Poirier were going to the "Village Barn" twice a week while they were over at the Navy Yard, but neither has gone back since. I often wonder whether they quit on account of coming aboard ship, or was it a social handicap.

Is Sergeant Murray and Corporal Snyder going Hollywood? They were seen cutting pictures out of Hollywood Magazines and putting them in their caps. Now if you two boys really must turn your attention to the women that much, we can fix it up for you. Maybe if we should write Sally O'Day of the "Port of Lonely Hearts," she may be able to help you out; or just drop by the First Sergeant's Office and ask him for an application blank. He keeps extra ones just for guys like you.

Two of our men turned up with black eyes. No, they didn't donate them to each

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Photo furnished by Sgt. D. J. Young

### MARINE WHALEBOAT CREW, USS NEVADA, 1926

Standing, left to right: Pfc. Berkebile, Cpl. Young, Pfc. Sundin, Pfc. Aebly, unknown, Pfc. Febiger. Kneeling: Pvt. Marin, Pfc. Ederheimer and Pfc. Martinez.



## QUINCY LANCERS

USS Quincy  
By Maddy

Just because we weren't in THE LEATHERNECK last month is no sign that the Quincy Lancers aren't still around; and just to prove that I'll tell you what we've been doing the last couple of weeks:

We were told when we found out that we were to fire the range here in Mare Island that we were getting a bad break, (fish tail winds, etc.). Every one who mentioned it said that we would be lucky if we qualified. So after a day of weed cutting and target making, we got down to the serious business of firing the BAR and despite the fact that we fired it for Record on Friday the 13th, out of the twelve men who fired it we had ten experts and two sharpshooters. Then came the regular rifle firing. Well, to make a long story short, on record day we had ninety-two per cent qualification and out of twenty-four men firing there were two experts and fifteen sharpshooters; five of the boys were marks-

men and two unqualified. We were very lucky though, because in the nine days that we fired practice we only had one day that was very windy. We also fired all other infantry small arms weapons enumerated in MCO No. 113. We all enjoyed the two weeks off regular duty (even though we cut numerous weeds), but still we were glad to get back again.

Most of the men are looking forward to furloughs in June and July, so here's hoping everyone has a good time. It's really nothing but fair to get off the coast and give the home town girls a break, but don't be disappointed, fellows, if some of the fairer sex have broken their promises and gone back on their word that they would wait forever, and now have new "friends."

Some of us wonder why a certain Marine turned down the ship's service book-keeping job, but I'll bet a little girl down in Texas, unknowingly had a lot to do with it!!! I wonder who that blond headed Marine is who has been seen putting finger

waves in his hair; incidentally he is in line for the next Pfc, even though he has been out of boot camp only four months; nice going, Kimbrough. And what happened to Cpl. "Two Gun" Johns who needed forty-eight at two hundred rapid to make expert and only got thirty six? There is a certain Private who is impatiently waiting the return to Long Beach where a "friend" is to be awaiting him. I wouldn't call his name but he gets some mail addressed to Mr. Lippert. And what Platoon Sergeant fired every bit of two-ninety-eight (I'll get some EPD for that), well anyhow he did not get lost in between the two and three hundred lines as I heard that a certain First Sergeant did last year. You should of seen "Five Knot" Rehberg run when someone called seconds on the sandwiches at the range the other day. We all wonder what happened to Cpl. Latimer on the night of May 25th that left him so bewildered that he fell out for quarters without a field scarf the morning after.



## FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE


Brigadier General Richard P. Williams, USMC, Commanding

### BRIGADE SPECIAL TROOPS, FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Major Benjamin W. Gally, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

#### BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

By Gurian

 HAVE been threatened (?) with dire consequences should a certain name appear in this article. So it is with a bit of apprehension that I pound out these words on my typewriter, words that may well be my obituary.

We've got the last laugh on Laser. He was paid off on May 31, and as we predicted two months ago, he shipped over the next day. Jordan is another who shipped over, beating Laser by one day. Nice going, boys.

Jones boasting that he can beat anyone playing a-c-ducy and willing to bet on it, but quickly backing down when Lowrey offered him two to one odds that he could beat him in checkers. You talk too loudly, Jones, and too much.

Seen at the last dance of the season . . . Watson wandering around with a huge grin on his face . . . despite the fact that a certain young lady gave him the cold shoulder . . . Sloan sitting in a corner

. . . and taking no part in the fun . . . while his pardner "Red" Utstler trips the light fantastic . . . Dallaire going to town in a great big way . . . hate to see these dances come to an end . . . oh, well, October isn't so far off.

Odds and ends . . . Wonder how "Knucklehead" Lambert can sleep so much . . . there's a man for you . . . he even confesses that he likes to sleep on the floor . . . how lucky . . . News leaking in about Carl Johnson, Young and Miller doing the Big Apple at a certain hot spot . . . wish we could have seen it . . . those fiends who turn on the radio for that hilly billy music . . . at five thirty a.m. . . one of them is Sealf . . . the identity of the others remains a deep mystery . . . Phillips taking part in the Memorial Day Parade . . . Burnham coming back from furlough . . . and wanting another one . . . it could be love . . . it must be love . . . it IS love . . . The groans that went up when pay day was announced for the sixth . . . instead of the third.

Warner is back with us. He decided that he liked Quantico after all and so he

left the 2nd AA Bn., in Parris Island (now on the West Coast) to join the 1st Anti-aircraft Bn., which will be formed in the near future. "Eight-ball" Eck is also back, and we thought we were rid of that guy.

Nine thirty p.m. Soft music coming over the radio. Ah, it was beautiful. Suddenly a bunk scraped on the deck, a sleepy figure raised his head and a gruff voice growled: "Pipe down, you guys." Meekly, oh, so meekly silence reigned again. Oh, yeah? Ask Thomas and Weed about that.

Time marches on and so does "Chuck" Fuller. He gets paid off soon and according to him he will not ship over. That's another of the many things we wonder about.

Nelson has earned for himself the doubtful name of "Liberty Hound" and we are sure that no one ever deserved that sobriquet more than he does. How that man loves his liberty.

Be with you next month if nothing happens to me in the interim.

#### FIRST ENGINEER COMPANY By "Tiger"

Greetings. The Engineer Company brings you a report on our activities for the past month.

Our First Sergeant and twelve other men have been at the Rifle Range for the past two weeks in connection with the Eastern Division and Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Competitions. Our company was well represented by Corporal Lucander. He placed 13th in the Eastern Division Pistol Competitions, and 18th in the Marine Corps Pistol Competitions. Lucander was already

a Distinguished Marksman, and by placing in these two matches makes him a Distinguished Pistol Shot. They tell me he even has a special suitcase to carry his medals in.

Now for the promotions. Captain Brown, our Company Commander, has received and accepted his commission as Captain. Kampen has been promoted to sergeant after many hard years of work. Congratulations are in order, I believe.

Captain Brown is also being detached to the Second Engineers, in San Diego. He has been our Company Commander for the past year, and no officer we have ever had has been better liked, or more respected than he.

Private Mercer is in Post Sick Quarters, but we are expecting him back any day. Private Bushey is still in the Naval Hospital in Washington, with that broken arm of his. He has been there two months, and seems to be enjoying the rest.

Sergeant Jedenoff and Corporal Garbeth are back with us. These men have been attending school at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Sergeant Jedenoff has taken over our lithograph machine, and Corporal Garbeth, the water purification unit.

Sergeant Gae has rejoined us from Brigade Headquarters Company.

Private First Class Clarence M. Porter has become Mr. Clarence M. Porter now, as he has been discharged. We certainly did hate to see Porter go. Those were pretty good cigars he passed out too.

Privates Love and Stanley are still boxing in the basement. They are both in swell condition and one of them, that is if he has any luck, ought to win the pin weight championship. The only thing that will hold them back is their weight. Love weighs 178 pounds and Stanley 163. They may have to knock off a few pounds, but we think that they will succeed.

It doesn't look like these three-day liberties are good for Private Mitsch, as he says that he lost ten pounds.

Until next month, Adios.

## TANKO TOPICS

By T. L. Galford

Tankards aweigh, my boys, the Tank Company is sounding off once more.

First we have some changes in personnel which should be mentioned. We have four new members in our organization. Pvt. Schriver, Phillips, and Wright, came to us from C Company, First Battalion, Fifth Marines. Judging by the smiles on their faces they like the change of duty very much. Pvt. Rose joined us from Paris Island after finishing recruit training. It seems that he had formerly served in the Army for nine years. He then tried civilian life for a while. What was the matter, Rose, didn't you like the cold, outside world?

We have had three promotions since we last made this column. Tech. Sgt. Cagle was discharged as an enlisted man to accept appointment as Marine Gunner. Congratulations, Mr. Cagle, from the entire company, it was a well deserved promotion. We also wish to congratulate "Curley" Raper upon his promotion to corporal, and as I cannot congratulate myself we will just let that pass. Good work, Joe Schwab, I told you you would make something or other out of Raper if you kept chasing him around the tank park long enough, and so you have.

The Tanks are all repaired except "poor

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# FIFTH MARINES FIRST MARINE BRIGADE, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Colonel Samuel M. Harrington, U. S. Marine Corps, Commanding

## FIRST BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel William T. Clement, USMC, Commanding

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

 SINCE our last offering, there have been changes and more changes in our personnel. Detachments, transfers and joinings. The most important detachment was that of Lieutenant Colonel Allen H. Turnage, our commanding officer of the past year. It has been a genuine pleasure to all of us to have served under so fine an officer. Upon leaving our organization he turned the command over to Major William T. Clement, to whom we extend a hearty welcome and best wishes for a pleasant tour of duty as our CO. In the mad scramble we also lost our company commander, Captain Thomas D. Marks, to Company A. Were we sorry to see him go? Just ask us! However, we intend to work just as hard for Captain C. C. Brown who relieved him.

We have quite a few Marines here who are aspiring to that fondly remembered civilian life again. As each one gets short he takes a furlough to see how tough the going is. The bane of our quartermaster department, Cpl. Marek, is in New York now trudging the pavement in search of employment suitable to his exceptional abilities. Between you and me, it's an even bet that he says "I do" again and tries to become a quartermaster sergeant.

The sheiks of the company (meaning the Comm Plat.) have been running into difficulties of late in the vicinity of Richmond. It seems that there is no end of fun to be had down there, but my, how they pay and pay for it. Freddie Setliff got disgusted listening to the moaning and took off for the hills of Oklahoma where he will soak up the good old "corn" and swing a few folk songs. That is, if they don't shoot him when he comes walking up the trail in his "store-bought" shoes.

### A COMPANY

By Bench Mark

Did somebody last month say something about the "Flowers that Bloom in the Spring?" It couldn't have been me for it has been so cold here during the past month that even I, Bench Mark, have shivered and shook in some of the best people's homes, no less. The cold has been coupled with a fine, driving rain which is said to be very good for the complexion. I wouldn't know myself. I haven't been able to stay out in it long enough to find out.

As soon as this week is over, most of the boys will have finished their annual fring for record, and I must say that they have not compiled a very enviable record for new Marines to shoot at. Much as I hate to admit it, there have been thirteen men unqualified this year with the rifle. For

the life of me I still can't see how a man can be unqualified with the rifle. Maybe they don't know just how big those targets are and need to pull targets a few times in order to find out. Oh well! Perhaps they will do better next year.

After the record firing, the battalion will more or less settle into the regular routine. The Reserves arrive about 12 June, and we will have to furnish just about every non-com in the outfit to act as an instructor. After the Reserves leave, the Platoon Leaders Class will arrive and it will be the same thing over again. However, that is part of our job and we don't mind trying to teach others what little we know.

I was almost afraid to come into the office awhile ago for the first sergeant was raising Cain with his two stooges. It seems that there are plenty of stooges around but no carbon paper and typewriter paper when it is needed. If I hadn't been good at ducking I wouldn't have made it from the door to the desk in one piece.

Which reminds me, I am having a terrible time, folks. For a time here, whenever the subject of a married man came up, I had plenty of backing from the first sergeant against the two lieutenants and we managed to argue on fairly even terms. Everything is changed now. Woe is me! Now I am alone and friendless. The "Runt" is going to forsake single blessedness and join the ranks of the benedicts and by the time this appears in print "it" will have happened. Not only that but Lieutenant Dowsett left today for a twenty-day leave and when he comes back HE will also be married. And Lieutenant Hamilton, that ex-A Company's dashing, Texas Aggie, is also going home to be married on 7 July.

I wish them all the luck in the world, and let the cigars fall where they may.

Captain Thomas D. Marks is taking over the company as the new company commander. We are all tickled to have him and I am sure that we couldn't have a finer company commander. The powers that be are going to send me to the National Aquatic School to teach me how to swim (a certain party don't believe this) and if I get back without drowning I will see you all next month.

### B COMPANY

May has been an upset month for the fighting B Company, with transfers taking and giving us men faster than a good healthy war could. Shooting the range from five A.M. to two P.M., some of our heroes can't find their bunks at night.

The spring weather which we are having is a bit discouraging, one day it's warm and sunny while the following day we have

wind and rain. We imagine that some of the boys who have left us for the Navy Yards and such, are probably wishing or singing "carry me back to old Virginia." The baseball season is well under way and we are very glad to say that this year will be a successful one for the First Battalion, as we expect our battalion to win the baseball trophy that is now being held by Aviation, last year champions. These are our predictions which we hope will come true, just like the birds come north for the summer. Welcome to B Company is Tpr. Slotterback who at present is suffering from a thumb injury just when he is most needed to hurl for the team. Better get well, Musie, or do something with it, also congratulations on your promotion to music l-e-l, and may we see you on the mound in the next game. Pvt. Wusler has suddenly become interested in the sport called "boxing," but alas it proved to be very disappointing to him, for from what the boys say it happened suddenly in the first round when his opponent landed one on his (Wusler's) chin and Wusler decided to listen to the "mocking birds." How about it, Wusler?

West, our old salt, is busy these days snowing under the salts from the Navy Yards about the maneuvers and the Brentsville days of the year—gone by. We hear that you have shaken the morale of an old Nicaraguan campaigner, and he is ready to go over the hill, but the chow is so good here he can't make up his mind. Be careful, West, you may get involved in something like an accomplice after the fact. We also hear that P'ts. Huff and Shultz are re-living their Boy Scout days by camping out nights fishing and cooking their own meals on the banks of the Potomac River. They even come back with stories of eighteen and twenty fish which they had caught, but we doubt your story very much boys because some of us would like very much to see anyone try to eat twenty fish.

Will someone explain to Pvt. Gifford the fundamentals of the new game "monopoly," he may become interested and stop making complaints about the game. This is truly a comical sight, when you are present at a music lesson given to Pvt. Jones by Pvt. DeFrancisco, on the art of playing a Trombone. DeFrancisco still insists it is a "throwbone." So long, fellows, see you next month.

### C COMPANY

There have been quite a few changes during the past month in this outfit. Quite a few deserving fellows received promotions, but seems like we were unlucky on that, as many of the good ones were transferred as soon as promoted. But we still have some good ones left, even baseball umpires, namely Sgt. Frydrych, recently from the Navy Yard, Wash., D. C., and of course the "young" man Joe Trotter still does his left hand stuff as an umpire.

Our skipper, Captain Earle S. Davis, continued as Brigade Range Officer until Decoration Day, and the second in command, First Lieutenant Shaw, has been busy as officer in charge of the brigade rifle and pistol competitions and a large portion of the company have been serving as coaches necessary to a busy rifle range. But thanks to a hustling spirit, the First Battalion is about through with the annual qualifications. Captain Davis has been relieved as range officer and is now ready to put the boys through some needs.

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## SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., USMC, Commanding

**A**NOTHER month fades into the dim and distant past and spring fever or spring atmosphere, whichever one chooses to call it, is being replaced with that feeling brought about by the coming summer. Baseball takes its full toll of leisure moments while the swimming pool advertises its cooling luxury with shimmering reflections. Yes, the ol' swimming pool is once again open after a winter of idleness and the boys are taking off for a dip nearly every evening despite the coolness that still lingers in the early summer air. But why all of this talk about swimming pool and baseball? Truly, this is supposed to be a column about the Second Battalion. Perhaps I am inspired by the ever lingering memories of the Summer of '37 when the battalion really "took off" and went to town in the ol' swimming hole with one victory after another and the fact that we are looking forward to a repetition of such during the coming season. If the truth



be known, we would like nothing better than to show our readers just why we have adopted the motto, "Second To None." At least Sergeant Major Christian found this out very recently when one day he chanced to drop in on Chief Shaker. The topic under discussion just prior to his dropping in on us happened to be baseball, swimming and other sports that the battalion would soon be competing in. Ol' Chris, with his usual modesty, accompanied by a wisecrack now and then, which, by the way and for some unknown reason, he likes to direct at our chief, doubted the veracity of some of the statements made in regard to said sports. It all ended up with Sergeant Major Shaker escorting Chris into our battalion recreation room, and requesting that he cast his eye over a few of our trophies. Chris was deeply impressed at what he saw and admitted that we were justified in our pride.

Among other topics for discussion in our Battalion Office are the results of a recent dance held in the Post Gymnasium. The dance was a great success in spite of an evening downpour which at first threatened to drop the curtain on the whole affair. The committee for this dance was picked

from members of the Second Battalion and this group of men proceeded to do an excellent job of decorating and arranging.

It seems that our QM Sergeant, Daniel E. Foran by name, is slightly upset over the fact that motorcycle cops play hide and seek along our highways. Now why should any cop get sore when a guy tries to see how smooth a newly broken-in car will ride. It has been suggested that Foran get a patent on that new polishing motion he uses twelve times a day. Yes, twelve times a day, no more, no less. And then there are the many times he merely flies into the Sergeant Major's office, which affords an excellent view of the front, and gazes longingly at his little Chevy. Another tough break and one that will cause Foran heart failure if he should be in the Sergeant Major's office at the right moment, is the fact that our huge Marine Corps "Liberties" have a tight squeeze between parked cars and the curb. Foran believes the street should be widened for his sake.

And now to get on with a little sports review. During the past month all of our companies have organized softball teams and are daily playing inter-battalion softball games which are providing plenty of fun and exercise for all. Our regular Battalion Baseball Team is really going places, winning five games and losing two out of a total of seven games played in the Inter-Post Baseball League. This brings our team into second place with the First Battalion leading the League.

Training in the Battalion is becoming quite a problem due to the fact that we have been transferring many men and receiving few replacements. A regimental order has kept all companies very busy clearing away brush on the combat area for the past two weeks. It appears that we shall be engaged in this type of work for some time to come and don't we just love that!

And so we leave you now and look forward to some more of our favorite pastime, the pulling of stumps and cracking timber as the Second Battalion gradually moves forward through the "jungle."

### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

We start this month's article with a three point landing made by "Mattie" who was one of the first to dive in the old swimming hole and came up with a battered nose. Poor judgment, Mattie—try it again sometime when the weather is warmer.

A few transfers have been effected to various stations giving us again an opportunity to wish the boys well in their new homes.

We have also had a few promotions—To Pfc. we have Bell of Signal Troops; Benjamin of the Sgt-Majors Office; Levett of the QM Department; and Courington, who has since been transferred. Congratulations are in order for gaining the stripe.

Our mess sergeant said the other day that the "Air-Mail Week" was the bunk, and when asked why, he replied, "No sugar reports." Tough luck, M.P.; we can't all be lucky.

We have a new company commander—



Captain Martin S. Rahiser, who joined us 31 May from the Marine Corps Schools, taking over the duties from Captain John R. Lanigan who in a few days will be detached to the Platoon Leaders Class.

The boys on the range are doing some fine shooting, but due to bad weather (which is always the case on record day) some of the prospective ER's had a good excuse when they came through with a SS badge. Better luck next year we hope, eh what?

Our Sergeant Major is making plans to make a thirty-day furlough to see Virginia and possibly a little jaunt to New York in the near future. Don't forget the "Blue Ridge Mountains," Sergeant Major, for they are beautiful this time of the year.

## COMPANY E

By Joe

This has been another typical spring month. The training schedule shows that "snapping in" periods and range firing are taking up most of the time, but the usual FMF working parties on the combat range have been none too few. A shortage of enlisted personnel has caused the guards to come pretty regular, and several weekends have found a few of the boys doggedly walking their post thinking about what they would have been doing on liberty.

Changes are still being made regularly in the company roster. Captain Waterman, who had been our company commander for the past year, was detached on 5 May and assigned to the USS *Arkansas*. He was a swell officer and it can be said without error that the entire command enjoyed working for and with him during his time with this company. Captain W. I. Jordan recently took over the command of this company, and from all appearances this company will continue in the same high plane as heretofore. Among the enlisted ranks the older men in the company are still leaving. Pvts. DeLoach and Stefancsik were transferred to Newport, R. I., and from all indications like it fine up in the summer playground section. Pvts. Richmond and Whelan took the forty mile ride to Navy Yard, Washington, D. C., and are probably well at home in their "white-blue-whites" by now. Cpl. McCauley is now a civilian, and according to "Mac" there is nothing like it. Pfc. Deason, the pride of Alabama, will possibly get away from that southern drawl when he starts associating with the people around Portsmouth, N. H. They tell me that he is already dreading to see winter come. Pvts. Bush and Clements are now in Yorktown, Va., and probably angling for special duty jobs after seeing how often watches can come around in a small post. Cpl. Frank Martin landed a position on the "outside" and transferred to the FMCR, inactive service, with sixteen years service under his belt.

We have recently joined Plat. Sgt. Robinson, Pfc. Globis, and Pvts. Durr, Hudson, Shankles, Thompson, Murray, Bullen, Montigny and O'Donnell. May they all enjoy their tour of duty in this company.

The company soft ball team has been somewhat hampered in getting their games played, but at the present time stand at the head of the Battalion with three wins against no losses.

More next time, but I've run out for this issue.

(Continued on page 42)

# FIRST BATTALION, TENTH MARINES, FLEET MARINE FORCE

Lieutenant Colonel Raphael Griffin, USMC, Commanding

## HEADQUARTERS AND SERVICE BATTERY

By Sailor & Yud

**H**ELLO everybody. Here is the good old H. & S. Bty. back in circulation again. Our last editor got tired of keeping track of the Battery's "Re-meos," so we finally dug up another to take his place.

Flash! The entire 10th Marines en-trained at Quantico one bright early morning in May (the 7th, to be exact) for good old Parris Island for a little artillery gun practice.

The trip on the train was enjoyed by all (all who didn't sleep on the way down). We did hear a few whispers from some of our so-called "Chow-hounds" about the double course dinner which was only an appetizer.

Congratulations to our three new NCO's; Cpls. Lowrey, Sales, and Heitman—also to our new Pfes. Pearson and McLalan.

Due to the tireless efforts of Pfc. McAllister, he was promoted to the rank of Asst-Ck. in short order.

It won't be long before two of our members will be transferred. Pvt. Duffey (Duff) goes to Portsmouth, N. H. Don't forget to give the other boys a break with the women. My good old pal McNiff (McNiff) is going to the Philadelphia Navy Yard. I sure will miss you, Mac. I wonder why he nicknamed his radio set Olga. Let us in on the secret, Mac. It won't be long before our one and only

real Mess-Sgt., Joe Newland, will be leaving us. The boys will sure miss you, Joe.

Well, let's wind up the Chatter-box and see what it has to say.

Our "El Capitaine"—none other than "Knobby" Walsh, is now entitled to the insignia of squeegee and swab crossed, which indicates the authority of his present rank. Wishing you luck, "Knobby," you'll need it.

R. A. Tetu, our present runner and office boy, has discarded his two-wheel scooter bike for a four-wheel drive, pick-up truck (so, Tetu rides again).

Here's that man again (the Bn. Police Sgt.)! None other than Sgt. Pearl, known as "The Mother of Pearl." Our two "Chow-hounds," Peroni and "Posty," are still battling furiously for the title of "No. 1 Chow-hounds." We still place our money on "Posty," but he seems to be eating a losing battle. May the hungrier man win.

Pvt. Lewis, present stand-by truck driver, has broken down after three long weeks, and had his dungarees washed. Pvt. Webb, is now on trial before the Bn. Police Sgt. The charges are—motion, and attempt to creep.

Sgt. Pileher claims that he is in charge of the "Brains of the outfit;" the common fact is, that we know better. What certain corporal whose first initial starts with Tony gets a letter practically every day from Hopewell, Va.? It seems that Tony no sooner got married when he had



MARINE CORPS RIFLE TEAM, CAMP PERRY, 1911

Rear row, left to right: Pvt. Ralph N. Henshaw, Sgt. William A. Fragner, Cpl. Augustus B. Hale, Cpl. Fred Hammond, Cpl. Michael Schutz, 1st Sgt. Thomas F. Joyce, Gy-Sgt. Charles A. Johnson, Cpl. Emil J. Blade, 1st Sgt. Victor H. Czegka, Sgt. Harry W. Greene, Sgt. Claude H. Clyde, Sgt. Clarence H. Hartley, Sgt. John E. Peterson, 1st Sgt. Joseph Jackson. Middle row, left to right: 2nd Lt. C. G. Sinclair, 1st Lt. Littleton W. T. Waller, Jr., 1st Lt. William D. Smith (Team Coach), Capt. William G. Fay (Inspector of Target Practice), Capt. D. C. McDougal (Team Captain), Capt. T. Holcomb, 1st Lt. Ralph S. Keyser, 2nd Lt. Marion B. Humphrey, 2nd Lt. Bernard L. Smith. Sitting, left to right: Cpl. Tom Worsham, Pvt. Walter M. Randle, Sgt. Ollie M. Schriver, Cpl. Calvin A. Lloyd, Sgt. John J. Andrews, Sgt. Archie Lewellen, Cpl. Ray F. Trusler.



Cpl. Fortenberry, of Brown Field, demonstrates the semi-prone position for 500 rapid winks

to go on winter maneuvers, and after being back two months, he had to come with us to P. I. Cheer up, Tony, only a couple of more weeks.

It looks like the new NCO of the Radio Section is giving the thought of "shipping over" deep consideration. What's stopping you, Heitman?

Pvt. Steve Pahlulik and Pvt. Sobek are both fighting for the position as carpenter for the Bty. It seems that Steve has it all over Sobek when it comes to building fly-traps, but Sobek retaliates by making some ironing tables for the Bty. It's still a close race. Pvt. Kirschen's Herculean physique and neatly trimmed mustache has aided him greatly in the battle for first place as the Bty's "Romeo."

Stf-Sgt. Bates and his four "Liberty Nurses" (Cpls. Kludt and Gift, Pfc. Grochowski, and Pvt. Zrudlowski) are still in high hopes of installing self-starters in all Liberties, and throwing away the cranks.

MG-Sgt. Odien and 1st Sgt. Larsen have been seen quite frequently taking vigorous exercises, such as, pitching horseshoes.

Supt-Sgt. Wejta has contracted insomnia so, he has decided to retire on "sixteen." Wish you luck in civilian life, Sergeant.

Thanks to Sgt. Flebotte for his rigid training from which the Telephone Section has benefited greatly.

Here's to Cpl. Boeyen, ace "Bingo" player. Though he seldom wins, he is always found playing.

Pfc. Pearson, present chauffeur of Major Waller's chariot, commonly called "The Puddle-jumper," still utters a small prayer each night for no rain the next day.

Pfc. Roper claims to have pressed more pants than "Posty" has stood Mess Formations. "Posty" is seen in line six times a day.

Pfc. Reilly, the Bn. Clk. who burns up a lot of mid-night oil studying, came in first in the two swimming events in which he entered (free style and back-stroke) at the P. I. Memorial Day Meets.

The only time that we enjoy Cpl. Koene-  
(Continued on page 63)

## BROWN-FIELD BULLETIN

By Tiger Laws

**S**ORRY, folks, but our column for this issue of THE LEATHERNECK must be short and sweet. Did I hear some of you guys say swell?

Brown Field received a certain amount of publicity on the 19th of last month in carrying out a program in honor of national air mail week. Postmaster Moore of Stafford brought a flock of assistants to aid him in turning the Operations Office into a post office. Here air mail stamps were placed on sale and the first air mail collected in Stafford County, to be started on its destination from Brown Field.

The Lockheed was selected as the mail plane with Marine Gunner Shepard as pilot. Several hundred people were present to mail their letters and enjoyed lively tunes played by the Post band.

Opening the program was Captain McKittrick, squadron commander of Marine Fighting One, who led his pilots through a short snappy aerial demonstration prior to the take-off of the mail. Following this exhibition Brigadier General R. P. Williams gave a short talk on the mail in connection with Marine Corps Aviation. General Williams brought out the fact that carrying the mail was no new experience to the Marines, they having done so years before in China, Haiti and Nicaragua.

Major General James C. Breckinridge was our next speaker, using three topics for his speech, the postoffice, Marine Corps Aviation and Stafford County.

At one-half minute until five o'clock Major Levie G. Merritt introduced Mr. Shepard to the spectators and at the zero hour of five P. M. the mail plane was away

with the first air mail bearing the Stafford post mark.

Our one and only runway is out of commission temporarily this month and pilots are forced to use the rough "fairway" area. Local "PWA" labor furnished by the various squadrons should have the field in condition within a few days. The runway is composed of an asphalt substance and must be given repair quite frequently to be kept in operating condition.

The baseball team is already forced from the thick of the baseball race for the first half of league play. The failure was laid to lack of pitchers, with Red Rhea going down under the brunt of the attack. If our boys plan on being up in the lead on the home stretch this fall they must learn to wield a more wicked willow and discover some promising twirlers. For the first time this year all of the players are here from furlough and are given an even break to place up front during the last stanza. Several out of town games to be made via Douglas, after the regular season, have been scheduled.

Here and there with the eyes and ears of Aircraft One: To Hook Armstrong; we saw you the other day when you were sure no one was watching you wash out that airplane. And you are supposed to be a veteran airman. The "Greek" Papen is mighty lonesome without his airplanes. They have taken his men and put them in the PWA. What a cold cruel world these days for the "Greek," the final blow came when he was moved from the line in favor of Tobin, and placed in charge of the tool room. Wonder why "Dutch" Dysinger cleared out of that New York apartment house in such a hurry the other night. They declare he made ten flights in nothing flat. We would all go to the ball game if we could see that Knopf to Bealer to Budrow combination perform. Poor old Abie is in tears due to the fact the company he buys green peppers from just went on the rocks. Sergeant Diebert is greatly puzzled; he planted watermelon seed with little success. Just to be different, a typical characteristic, he planted the paper bag containing the seeds and has vines growing from this proportion of his garden only. "Tennessee" Baggett has already broken three shovels while working on the runway. I bet you could never guess how said shovels were broken?

Mrs. George Cole probably has that Bombing Squadron right up on the top of her list. It took place in this manner. Technical Sergeant Cole, who is a member of the bombers, was given two cakes by his wife to be delivered to the parent teachers meeting. George brought them to the field and placed them on a bench while he went into the office, when he returned there was one and part of the other cake present. After a thorough search it was discovered the person or persons who took the cake had left not the slightest clue. George good naturedly divided the remains of the cake among his fellow members, saying he had brought the cake to the right place. So the dark mystery grew darker. Incidentally it was noticed that "Greek" Papen turned down his share which is something new, also he did not touch his desert at the noon meal which happened to be cake, which brother, is NEWS.

I had something nice to say here about Corporal Galvin but it was censored—too bad—better luck next month and don't forget the Tiger told Yuh!



Field Cook Hunter baits his hook with a 163-lb. Jew fish—he says the fish in Guantanamo Bay won't bite on anything smaller.

## MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS NEWS

By T. A. Willis

By the time this appears in print the Marine Corps Schools will be overrun with the men of the Platoon Leaders Class who gather here for six weeks of military training each year. These men come from universities and colleges from every section of the United States. After three years of training in these summer camps some of the men are accepted as officers in the regular Marine Corps while others are given commissions in the Marine Corps Reserve.

During their stay here the men are given instruction in drilling, handling of small arms, landing parties, battle tactics and many other military subjects. All of their time, however, is not spent on military subjects. Never a week passes without some well planned entertainment being given for them. Dances, swimming parties, plane trips, tennis, handball, shows, and inspection of various military points are included during their stay here in Quantico. In addition to these things the men are taken on sight seeing trips to Mount Vernon and Washington. Everything possible is done to insure a pleasant and well spent six weeks here on the post.

Three members of the detachment have left the Schools since the last copy was sent to THE LEATHERNECK. Private Dale Segrist has been discharged, Private F. S. Benton has been transferred to the Receiving Ship in New York, and Private Earl Rogers has been transferred to the Post Service Battalion. In addition to these men the School is minus the services of Privates First Class Bert McCausey, Frank Grieves, and Private James Regan all of whom are in the hospital with minor ailments.

Several of the boys are home on furlough during this month and everyone is wishing them a very pleasant vacation. Private Jimmy Burousas, Sammy Davenport, E. E. Morgan, and George Allen are all spending their time in various sections

(Continued on page 66)

# Tropical Topics

## GUANTANAMO GOSSIP

By Sniff & Snoop

By the time this article appears in print Lieutenant Colonel Karl I. Buse, our present Commanding Officer, will have been relieved by Lieutenant Colonel Louis W. Whaley. Colonel Buse has been ordered to the 10th battalion of the Marine Corps Reserves in New Orleans to act as the Inspector-Instructor there. Good luck to you, Colonel, and may your tour with the Reserves be a happy and successful one. Chief Pay Clerk Delmar J. Dee will also have departed from our ranks. Mr. Dee has been very active in our sporting activities, especially our sailing races. The absence of our two departing officers will be felt deeply by the Command.

At the close of the softball season the station Marine team has compiled quite a few creditable victories. They have defeated teams from visiting ships including the USS *Babbitt*, *Warrington*, *Yorktown*, and the submarines *Snapper* and *Salmon*. In the "Little World Series" our boys have not fared so well losing three out of four games to the Station Navy team. The series isn't over yet and anything can happen.

The athletes of our camp are welcoming a new diversion, Badminton, which to most of us fellows is an entirely new game. It promises to be well attended as soon as our athletic storeroom keeper "Seabag" Owings gets the court laid out.

The preliminary sailing races are in full swing with the Marines leading the Navy in all three groups. With the completion of the preliminaries the winning skipper of each group will sail in the final regatta.

Our fishing enthusiasts have been receiving fine rewards for their nightly vigils. "Stein" Krause caught a forty-eight pound sea bass the other night. "Butcher" Ham takes the prize through with that hundred and sixty-five pound Jew fish that he caught. His unusually large fish changed the menus for a week from steaks and hamburgers to fish. Personally I'd rather that you fishermen throw the fish back in the Bay after they have been caught. I hate to swap steak dinners for fish.

Private Goffe caused a bit of excitement around here last week. While out horseback riding, he killed the largest snake ever seen in this section. It was a rock python, measuring twelve feet and some odd inches long. As he skinned it Goffe found the carcass of a young doe deer in the reptile's digestive tract. Being of the constrictor species, that snake could have crushed every bone in a man's body, should anyone have been unfortunate enough to have stepped upon it.

*The Inquisition:* Where can temperamental Cantwell find a perfect bridge partner? Is it true that Krause and Ernst are spiritualists and if so what kind of "spirits" do they believe in? What is the name of the dusky shadow that Kaminkow walks around with after taps? Where is this guy called Chenoweth? Is miser, I mean Mister Goldberg saving up for a rainy day or for a flood? Oh! "Gabriel" Wright, why can't you lose that horn? O'Keefe rates at least a swimming medal from the sailing races, don't you think? What gripes Crys in the pinocle games? What would

ever happen to "Braggart" Barr if he should suddenly lose his voice? Has "Scupper" Moore a touch of sleeping-sickness or is he Dream-happy? "Boy Scout" Pope; have you lost your lady fair, my lad? Are "peanut-picker-uppers" Paulk and Pratt worked too strenuously? What became of the ghost on four post? Cobaugh, what do you see in Caimamera? Is it true what they say about Gtmo?

## FLEET AIR BASE

Navy Yard, Pearl Harbor, T. H.

By J. H. Connert

Now that maneuvers are over with, everything is settling down to routine watches, with a few special watches during the Fleet's stay.

Vice Admiral Tarrant inspected our detachment and commented highly on the snappy appearance of personnel. For a detachment of only twenty-five men we have a record of efficiency to be proud of, and we intend to keep it that way.

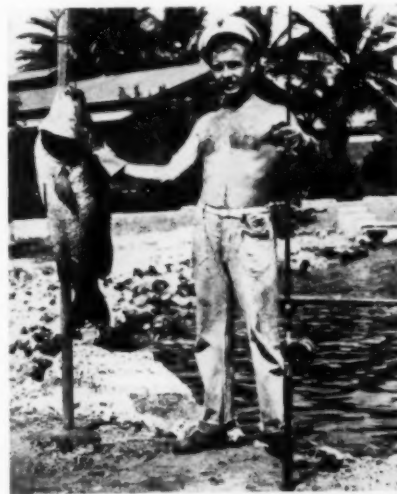
During the stay of the fleet, the USS *Maryland*, was tied up about fifty yards outside of our window, which is practically in our front yard. We were awakened each morning about an hour before our usual time by the ship's bell. "Curse her!"

With the leaving of the USS *Utah* and USS *Chaumont*, they took with them three old timers and one man who had been with us about 8 months. So good luck to Cpl. McManus, Cpl. Melby, Pvt. Engelson and James.

With the going of the "old timers," we welcomed into our midst, Cpl. Wright, Cpl. Sloan, Pvt. Garrard and Eppes.

Platoon Sergeant Thompson replaced Platoon Sergeant Regan, who was transferred to the Old Naval Station, in Honolulu. I hope Sarg Thompson and his wife enjoy their stay upon our small Island home, which incidentally, is a small island. So some of these sea-going men sorta get let down easy when they get transferred to this station. So much for that.

The Navy built new barracks for the



Guantanamo Bay, Cuba—Pfc. Otto Krause lands a 45-lb. bass.



increasing number of men. It is a three story cement building and is built in three parts to allow for expansion, during the excessive heat we have here at times. It has all the latest equipment in the way of locker bunks. The galley is a cook's delight in the way of equipment. Our old barracks have been converted into a bowling alley and a brig.

The new men are just beginning to get used to the roar of these twin motor PBY that are stationed here. Their take off space is directly in front of our barracks and to be able to sleep during their take offs you have to gradually get used to it. There goes the thirtieth one for today, fellows.

### V.M.S.-3 NEWS St. Thomas, Virgin Islands By F. P. Ross

This is Pvt. Frank P. Ross speaking, gentle readers, and I shall endeavor to take the place of your last correspondent, Pfc. A. E. Dickson.

With all jesting aside, we are, in a way, sorry to see Dickson and "Don Juan" Bracei and all the rest of the eighteen boys leave. I say "in a way" because we envy them. Maybe we will never meet again because most of the boys will be paid off when yours truly returns to civilization.

The extension on the barracks is coming right along now, it looks like I will get that corner bunk that Dickson was forever hollering about.

Weather man note: Why is it that the inevitable St. Thomas rain starts at 3:30 and lasts up until 8:00 Saturday morning to stop just in time for our weekly drill to take place.

While we are on the subject of notes, here's one to Tiger Laws. Tiger, we have here a man that we should like to run against your "chief gum elacker" for the championship of the Marine Corps. Our representative is known to us as one Virgil "sing 'em" Hawes. He will give Critz of Air-One a close race for the title, I am sure. I will accept all bets (up to 35 cents) and place my earning on Hawes. Boy, oh boy, I'll bet he'll sing about this unwanted publicity. He's kind of modest about his prowess.

We are in the middle of our gunnery season as this masterpiece goes to press and our line chief, George Smith, is in the lead for the enlisted men I am told. George must be "up the pole" to be able to squeeze 'em off like he has been. How about it, Smitty?

The German training ship, *Horst Wessel*, came in last Friday and stayed for seven or eight days. The Dutch boys really put out the beer while they were here.

We also had a visitor from France last week in the shape of a French gunboat. The Frenchmen came out to the field several nights to see the movies.

We have three very handsome young men running around down here with their heads shaved closer than the proverbial cue ball. If they ever pass a pool room in their present state, they better do so at a fast gallop because the manager will surely take after them with a rack!

We are, I understand, harboring in our midst three of the world's best lovers. These modern Casanovas are reputed to have all the females in the town ga-ga over them. They are as follows, Pvt. O. W. Camp, by far the leader; Pvt. "Frenchy" Hulo and Pvt. Aldridge.

What ex-Marine, Pfc. Hare by name, has been seen on the broad streets of St. Thomas escorting the socially prominent set about town. Pfc. Hare was discharged from the Corps in Quantico and broke his back and three legs to get back here.

### GUAM NEWS MB, Naval Station By Herbers & Ames

Colonel A. E. Randall was relieved by Lieutenant Colonel Charles I. Murray as commanding officer of the Marine barracks, Sumay. Colonel Randall, with his family, went aboard the *Henderson* to make the loop to the Orient and from there to San Diego.

Another new officer is Major William F. Brown, who replaced Major W. P. Richards. Major Brown arrived on the last call of the *Chaumont* and shortly after his arrival, his quarters caught fire. Marine fire fighters soon had the blaze under control.

The enlisted men who joined from the *Henderson* are: Sergeant Charley Stearmer, Cpl. C. D. Pierce, Jr., Asst-Cook, R. B. Maley and Privts. C. D. May, D. T. Polley, J. W. Sanford and R. O. Yardley.

Herby says—A beach party at Recreation beach some time ago featured volley ball, horseshoe pitching and swimming with plenty of beer, soda and sandwiches.

Guam service folk are looking forward to the dance to be held at the recreation hall on May 28. Past affairs of this type have always been a success.

The clippers still come to Guam, and in March one of the passengers was the Honorable Paul V. McNutt, High Commissioner

of the Philippines. The Marines turned out as an honor guard at the landing and a nineteen gun salute was fired.

Attention, Brondus! Staff Sergeant E. P. Goree leaves Guam something to remember him by. He set a new low (68) for the golf course. Cpl. C. D. Pierce relieves Cpl. H. L. "Sparks" Aiker as manager of the Marine amateur radio station. Cpl. Allen wills his ability as a candid cameraman to Pvt. Barnes. Candidates will be considered to fill Cpl. J. E. Liggett's shoes as an assistant telephone operator and first class rifle coach and rifleman. Fans of Pvt. Thomas will undoubtedly miss his subtle cartoons as he is being transferred to Washington, D. C.

In lighter vein—Pvt. Krider, "Abe" to you, recently opened his trading post when he went on watch on the "Mariana Maru." Sumay Marines wonder if "Barney Oldfield" Walton just likes driving the liberty busses to Agaña, or could there be another reason? "Buck Neville" Spurlock rides again! J. Dick's famous drop from the second deck arcade without his parachute will go down in history. Dick claims it wasn't a practise jump. Flash—Corporal Jack Weil receiving folders and letters from an "Are you Lonesome Club."

Names in the news—Welcome to Platoon Sergeant Kennedy and family. As in La Jolla, the chief can still be heard from the 300-yard line.

Oreheids to Platoon Sergeant Kyler, Sgt. Ritehe, Cpls. Allen and Spurlock, Pfc. Moore and Asst-Cook Cromwell, for their recent advancement to those rates. Apologies for the late mention.

Cpl. Pratt is now Guam golf and country club pro. Pvt. "Peanuts" Van Valkenburg, ex-dogface who pounds the typewriter in the sergeant major's office.

A foremost exponent of rural life is J. R. Guffy.

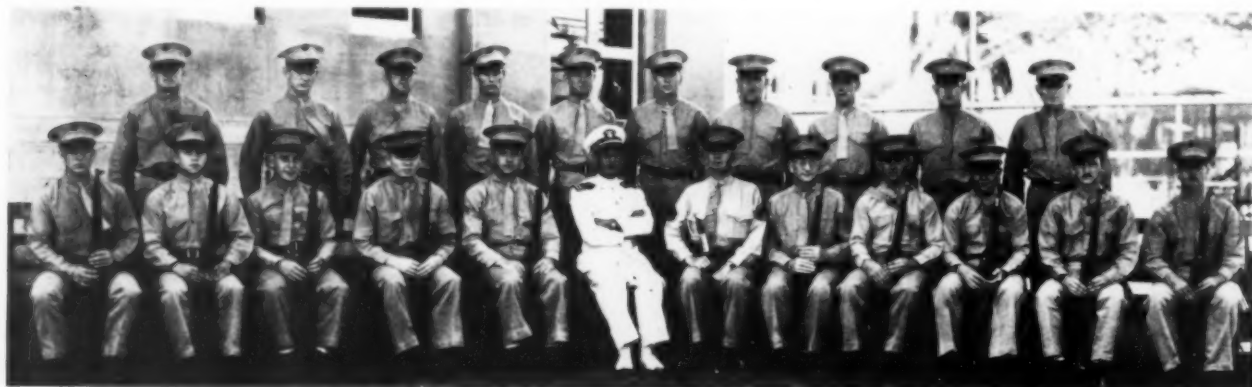
### HAWAIIAN SOUVENIRS

Old Naval Station, Honolulu, Oahu, T. H.  
By J. J. Logan

NEWS NOTE, APRIL 15, 1902:

The fleet left today after a brief visit to Honolulu. On leaving, the boys of the fleet proclaimed that they had had a wonderful time. Proof of their good time can be seen everywhere in the city. In the city center two department stores have missing fronts, three barrooms are collapsed, the sidewalks are torn up, and the gutters are filled with empty bottles, full sailors, and blood.

The dazed citizenry of the Waikiki



MARINE DETACHMENT, FLEET AIR BASE, PEARL HARBOR, T. H.

Lieutenant Cromby, the Personnel Officer, is shown with the detachment. Platoon Sergeant Grady Thompson, commanding.

district report that something resembling a tornado and a Christmas rush seems to have passed over the beach, but here too, it was only some of the playboy Marines and sailors of the fleet cutting up that caused all the commotion.

Final estimates of the chamber of commerce show that this year the fleet cost Honolulu only \$300,000. This was a drop of \$50,000 under last year's figure.

NEWS NOTE, APRIL 15, 1938:

The fleet left today after a brief visit to Honolulu. On leaving, the boys of the fleet proclaimed that they had had a wonderful time. Proof of their good time can be seen everywhere in the city. In the city center two department stores were completely sold out of camera equipment and films, three photographer's shops were practically run over with business, the sidewalks are littered with empty film cartons; and the gutters are filled with tin foil, worn out cameras, broken tripods, and used up light reflectors.

The dazed citizenry of Waikiki district report that they have been hiding in fear from a horde of camera toting maniacs, but here too, it was only some of the Marines and sailors hunting the illusive snapshot that caused all the commotion.

Final estimates of the chamber of commerce show that the city profited \$300,000 worth this year; this was a rise of \$50,000 over last year.

It is difficult to analyze the underlying causes of the great changes in the forms of amusement the men of today have adopted as compared to the forms of amusement of the men of the fleet back in '02, but it is very evident that the men of today are not the iron men their fathers were. Rach, the mad philosopher and barracks room cynic, gives the effect of the change; the cause he leaves to shift for itself. "In the good old days the Marines and gobs spent all their time looking for barrooms, now they spend all their time looking for scenes they can take pictures to send back home, or to paste in twenty-dollar albums. The bottle on the hip has been replaced by the camera on the vest. Somebody spotted a native taking a drink the other day and forty members of our worldly fleet rushed to take pictures of the phenomenon. It's getting so that the only thing you can find in a bottle any more is developing solution." Here Radical Rach moves off on his weary way once again and "leaves the world to darkness and to thee."

But that is the story, men, the fleet has been here; now it is gone. The point is that while it was here, Honolulu was just as peaceful as at any other time. The only people who made an uproar during the entire week were the additional members of the shore patrol that Old Naval Station had to suffer while the fleet was in.

Preceding the fleet to Hawaiian waters came the transport *Chaumont*, the good ship that brought some 1,200 Marines back from the Far East. Among the 1,200 there must have been 750 who came to visit Old Naval Station to see some of their old buddies. Believe me, guys and gals, there were some very happy reunions made. It is good to sit with old friends and talk over old times while you are sipping a bit of the good old—

Now that all the excitement is over, and everything is back to normal, Old Naval Station will resume its regular routine; a watch, eat, sleep, eat, a swim, eat, liberty, sleep, a watch. Deaton will get in his full quota of bunk fatigue,

Gemmeke will start working out with the bag and the rope again, Gunny and Butch the station mascots, will get some rest, and Popeye, the cat, will stop growling. Popeye sat around and sulked everyday because some gob was always sitting in his favorite chair.

Innumerable changes have occurred in this bulwark of law and order since we last reported to THE LEATHERNECK. Platoon Sergeant Regan has taken over the duties as sergeant in charge of the Marines since Charlie Nissen has been transferred to Mare Island to take over the mess there. Incidentally, when the strongman left he was singing lays of love and going around plucking petals out of flowers and humming, "She loves me, she loves me not," in fact, the strongman was considerably weakened by the time he left. It was no secret that he was in the marrying mood when he left, for he told us that there was nothing like having one's own home and little wife to go to when one felt blue (or hungry). He didn't tell us who the little woman would be, but for the sake of Charlie's weak constitution we hope that she can cook. Besides the change in the administration setup, there has also been a change in the food and drink department and one in the executive department; Assistant Cook O. C. Scarborough has taken over in the place of Field Cook Davis and Corporal P. W. Leininger has taken the place of Corporal Garret, who is now somewhere in California. Among the privates of the guard we have Mr. Holt just recently returned from the hospital and Messrs. Kulesa and Comstock who have taken Holt's place. It seems that when Holt came back he talked so much about the good looking nurses that Kulesa and Comstock immediately came down with varying and sundry ailments.

Ah, but it's peace and loveliness we're having at Old Naval Station now. The sun comes pouring down over the land like honey over hoteakes; the beachboys and the beachgirls come over everyday to play volleyball and baseball; the fresh winds from the Pacific sweep in to cool the land down to a soft, lulling warmth; the birds and the flowers are the decorations about the huge sign of spring that nature has painted; Joe Kieffer is going

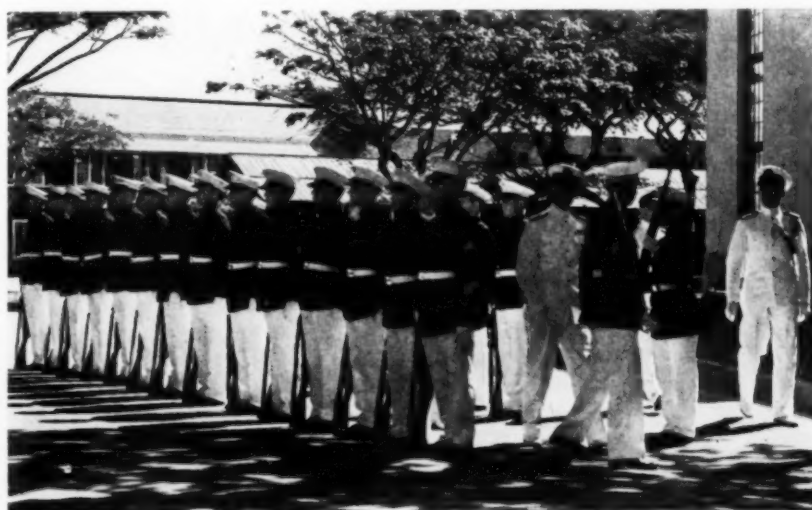
about in his striped slacks and that perfectly lovely aloha shirt (the one with the pictures of a crocodile singing to a butterfly); Plummer is in love (this time it's a good looking blonde, last payday night he was necking a lamp post); the mangoes in the dispensary yard are full ripe and delicious; the coconut trees are heavy laden with large, milk-filled coconuts. Speaking of coconuts, Bedecarrax has broken the news again. This time Bedecarrax is writing a book which will soon be published and called, *The Kakaa-Ko Kid or My Friend*; Amy Nishmuri.

Another colorful event that happened here at the station was the blueing of Armstrong's eyes. It seems that the other fellow had the weight, the reach, and the steel knucks; however, Armstrong did pretty well, for latest reports have it that his worthy opponent is in the hospital with bruised knuckles.

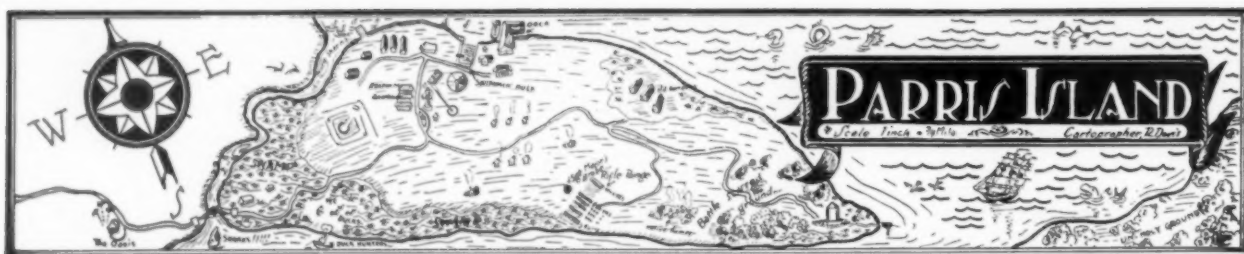
Pulver is another lad that is quite blue in the face these days. Pulver's job, since Kulesa left, is to adorn the mess tables with victuals plentiful and nourishing. With men like Dooley and Truax (stomachs entirely surrounded by appetites), Pulver is kept quite busy while he is on duty, to say nothing of the work he has to do while off duty, for off duty he has the job of evading the numerous gals that strive to be the first to run their fingers through his silken, jet locks.

The evenings around this part of Oahu are soft and romantic, the sun goes down in the golden blue bay with a slow splash, leaving the world to look toward the east where a large, full moon is coming up. It is on such evenings as these that Mauzey puts on his Sunday best and makes his mysterious nocturnal prow. For the past six months it has been the mystery of the barracks where Mauzey has been going, but now the mystery is solved. It seems that when he reaches Hotel and Richard streets he finds a large, sleek, blue sedan waiting for him—sounds intriguing, doesn't it—but read further, dear reader, read further. The large, sleek, blue sedan's door is thrown open and Mauzey, looking around furtively from left to right, gets in quickly and closes the door behind him. The car whisks off.

(Continued on page 68)



Vice Admiral Tarrant inspects his guard of honor at the Fleet Air Base, Pearl Harbor, T. H.



By Sgt. Ying-Ling

**W**E SAY Aloha to our very good friends of the TENTH MARINES this month. This organization is one of our very important units when under fire. They showed excellent training and their usefulness to the Corps during their recent maneuvers at this station. We enjoyed their stay and wish them the best of luck on their trip back to Quantico—come back again next year, friends.

The personnel of the Quartermaster's Department were waiting anxiously for the Headquarters Bulletin for May. We wanted to get the DOPE on the re-organization of the department, and also to know where we stand. We found out after reading the issue. It will undoubtedly increase promotions within the department and assure the men quartermaster work upon transfer from station to station. Warrants of the following named sergeants were changed to read "(Special)—Quartermaster duty only": Davison, Arthur C. Jr., McNeill, Vinson A., Ray, John, Donelson, Harry C., Peper, Fremont H., Wilbanks, John H. Warrants of the following named corporals were changed likewise: Anderson, William C., Eastman, Albert L., Hoffman, James L., Jenkins, Clarence L., Key, Newburn C., Lyles, John H., Ragen, William J. B., DeWees, Charles J., Flanders, Garnett E., Huneycutt, Fred S., Keith, Albert H., King, John T., Nolan, Phillip E. Congratulations

Brigadier General D. C. McDougal,  
U.S.M.C., Commanding General.

Lieutenant Colonel L. H. Miller,  
U.S.M.C., Executive Officer.

Major J. W. Flett, U.S.M.C.,  
Post Quartermaster.

Major J. N. Frisbie, U.S.M.C.,  
Post Paymaster.

men and give the department your best. Major Julian N. Frisbie, our Post Paymaster, was promoted on 17 May, 1938, to rank from 1 May, 1938. Congratulations Major.

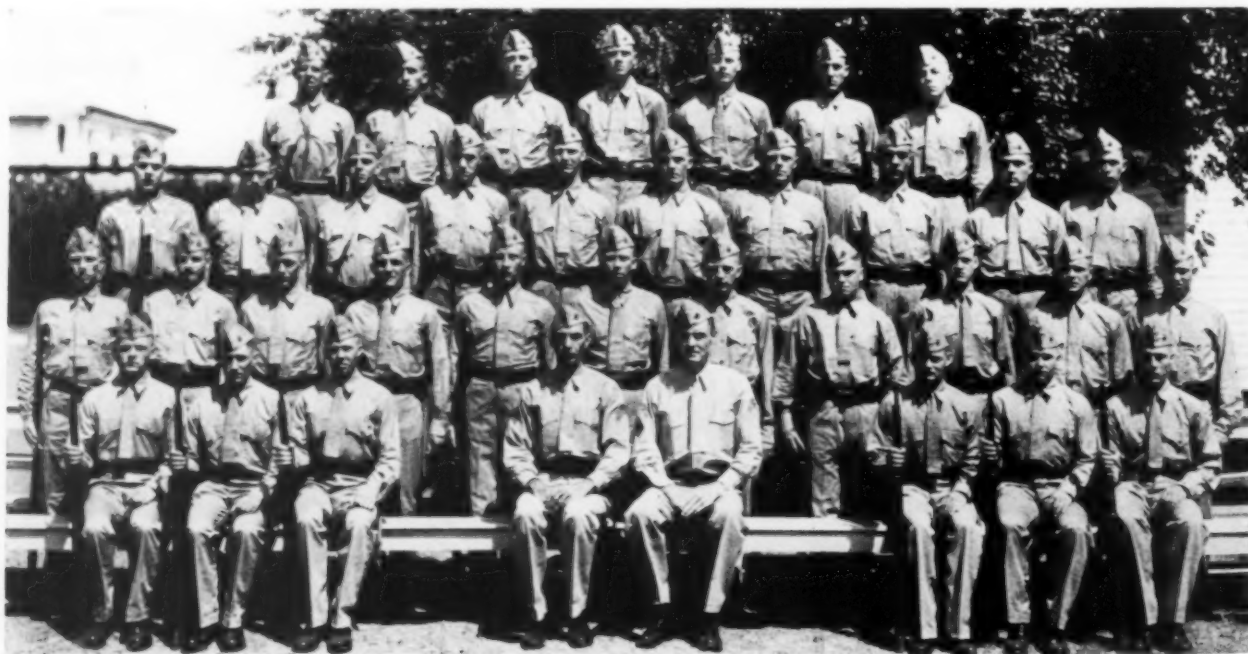
MT-Sgt. Levis E. Giffin, our bandmaster, was transferred to the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., on 24 May. Giffin is well known throughout the Corps as a good musician, and a good fellow. Those who knew him as well as those who worked with him daily will miss him because he was well thought of as a Marine and a Musician. He was always ready to give you a helping hand when you needed music. Seeing and hearing him play the piano at the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club will be no more, not until he returns to Parris Island anyway. He was one of the best pianists as well as being a good all-around musician. Giffin came to this post in May, 1937, and even

though his stay was not so long, he made many friends who are sorry to see him leave, but know that his talents will be exercised in as efficient manner at his new station as they were here. Best of luck, Giffin, and we hope to have you with us again sometime.

Technical Sergeant Leland S. Brigham is Giffin's successor as our Bandmaster and we know "Breezy" will make a good job of it. Brigham came to this post from Pearl Harbor where, it has been said, he had the best band on the Island. Sgt. Brigham is well known throughout the Corps as a good Marine and a good Musician and we hope his promotion to Master Technical Sergeant (Band) will be a speedy one. Let's have lots of good music, "Breezy."

The Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club members picnic held at Niver's Beach on Saturday, 28 May was greatly enjoyed by all, this being the second one of the year. Again Sgt. and Mrs. John Ray starred behind the hot dog plate. Plenty of beer and hot dogs were served and all had a good time. Sup. Sgt. Keifer doesn't think that serving rubber hot dogs to club members is the proper thing to do. He didn't like it because they gave him no mustard with it.

Miss Eleanor Mae Richter, daughter of Chief Pharmacist Mate (Ret.) and Mrs. Carl H. Richter of Beaufort, S. C., was married to Private First Class Harold W.



Platoon 11, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. Patrick and Cpl. Lewis.

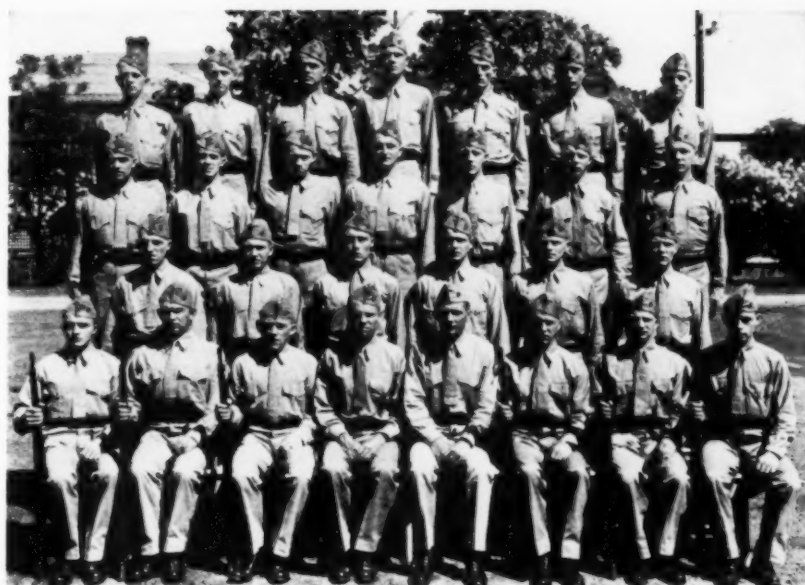
Photo by Henry



Burt, U. S. Marine Corps, attached to the Second Antiaircraft Battalion, Fleet Marine Force, which recently completed training at Parris Island, S. C., whose home is Connersville, Indiana at Ridgeland, S. C., on May 21st. A small reception was held in their honor the following Tuesday night when Mr. and Mrs. Richter received, with Mr. and Mrs. Burt, at the Richter home. Private First Class and Mrs. Burt left by motor Wednesday morning for a visit with relatives in Indiana, after which they will continue on to the bridegroom's new station, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif. Congratulations to you both.

Sergeant Vinson A. McNeill resigned from the office of Secretary Treasurer of the Non-Commissioned and Petty Officers' Club on 1 June. "Mack" being THE LEATHERNECK agent for Parris Island believes that all work and no play makes "Jack" a dull fellow. We are losing a very efficient Secretary, for McNeill spent much of his time, much more than necessary for the office, to make evenings more comfortable for the club members. The results of his efforts were greatly appreciated by the club members. Sgt. John Ray will succeed McNeill. Ray was President of the Club last year as well as being the Steward of the Post Exchange Branch at the club. He is a hard worker and spends a lot of his time at the club turning the wheels of progress. Captain C. R. Jones, our Post Athletic and Moral Officer, was promoted on 6 June. Congratulations, Captain. Would it be possible to get new bowling alleys?

The annual Parris Island Golf Club Championship was held during the months of April and May this year due to the better condition of the course at this time of the year. Previously they were held during the months of June and July. Harry Baldwin, elder son of QM. Sgt. H. B. Baldwin, took medalist honors with an 81. Chaplain E. J. Robbins, USN, and Pfc. Victor T. Garrison being the nearest rivals with an 82 each. Bracketed in the first flight were: Pvt. G. J. Scollin, Harry Baldwin, Sr., Harry Baldwin, Jr., Dr. H. S. Harding, Dr. J. I. Root, Pfc. V. T. Garrison, Cpl. A. R. Murphy, and Chaplain E. J. Robbins. Dr. Root and Pfc. Garrison



Platoon 13, Parris Island. Instructed by Corporals Weaver and Kemp.

Photo by Henry

met in the finals, which was won by Dr. Root—4-3. Bracketed in the second flight were: Mr. A. C. Ramsey, Mr. R. W. Jeter, QM. Sgt. G. R. Nickol, Mr. J. O. LaBrie, Mr. W. F. Sample, Gy-Sgt. G. Cole, PhM2el. G. W. Kneektel, and Pfc. Franks. Mr. Jeter won in the finals over Nickol 3-2. The third flight consisted of: Dr. F. P. Fields, Dr. G. D. Hale, Dr. L. G. Bell, Mr. C. T. Smith, Mr. J. L. McCormack, Pfc. Korunych, Plat. Sgt. O. L. Dyhr, and Tech. Sgt. J. H. Rice. Korunych won over Mr. McCormack 4-3. The Parris Island Golf Team played the Union Bag of Savannah, Ga., on 15 May. Parris Island defeated the Union bag team 16-8, on the home layout. The Savannah team was captained by a well known ex-Marine, Clyde A. DePishon, formerly of the Quantico Golf Club. Members of the Parris Island team playing the Union Bag team were: Cpl. Ray, Mr. McDowell (Beaufort), Pfc. Garrison, Senator Harvey of Beaufort, QM. Sgt. G. R. Nickol, and Dr. Root.

Harry Baldwin, Jr., Chaplain Robbins, Mr. Jeter, Dr. Harding, Mr. LaBrie, Pvt. Scollin, Mr. Sample, Mr. Ramsey, and Mr. McCormack played in a twosome. A return match is anticipated about July 4th at the Union Bag Golf Course, Savannah, Ga. This club is also in hopes of getting a return match with the Quantico Golf Club. The Forrest Hills Golf Club of Augusta is planning on a match at Parris Island June 8th. Negotiations are also underway for a match with The Walterboro Golf Club. We will let you know the outcome of these matches in next month's issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

The swimming meet and field events held at the Recruit Depot drill field on Decoration Day was quite a success as there was plenty of tough competition in trying to win yourself a cash prize. As all Marines know, having money in your pocket on the 30th of any month is just not being done these days. Events were open to all enlisted men and cash prizes were awarded for the following events: Shoe Race, Potato Race, Sack Race, and Wheelbarrow Race. And for the swimming meet: 70-yard free style, 35-yard free style, 35-yard back stroke, 35-yard breast stroke, and diving.

I have not been able to get the names of the winners of these events as yet. The only thing wrong about these events—they don't come often enough, is that right winners?

The following promotions were made during the month of May: Sgt. E. V. Seeser, to Platoon Sergeant; Privates J. C. Kilgore and R. K. Lundy to Ass't-Ck.; Privates First Class L. W. Johnson, O. Manning, and N. B. White to Corporal. FM-1el, E. M. DeMar to FM-Cpl., and Private V. J. DeSimone to Pfc. (See the Sports Section.)

The following named men were accepted for enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps during the month of May, 1938, and assigned to Recruit Depot at Parris Island for training:

Adams, William J.	Fleischmann, A. J., Jr.
Ault, Peter N.	Foust, Roy
Anderson, Bruce R.	Fowke, Walter E.
Aster, William L.	Farmer, Herbert L.
Balushevsky, P. R.	Fortney, Roy H., Jr.
Barnes, James L.	Fuqua, Ralph D.
Bettencourt, J. S.	Forehand, Wm. L.
Blanchette, Lloyd	Galloway, James F.
Bruce, Robert L.	Gary, Lloyd J.
Brown, Samuel J.	Grimes, Virgil T.
Buford, Hugh Don	Graziano, Frank
Bartlett, C. H.	Greenlee, Geo. R.
Bears, Harry A., Jr.	Geisinger, Adolph M.
Booth, William C.	Giles, Edward C.
Boudrow, Wallace A.	Goddard, George F.
Bucchieri, Paul J.	Goebel, Frank A.
Cooper, Robert L.	Henry, Robert A.
Carter, Harold DeW.	Harner, Richard F.
Clemons, Everett W.	Hardway, James E.
Cardell, Thomas J.	Hickey, John S., Jr.
Coffin, Ernest K. R.	Huthinson, J. L.
Cornell, Benjamin C.	Haynes, J. C.
Cucchiara, Alfonso G.	Heeter, Raymond M.
Cummings, Zaven V.	Henderlight, J. W.
Depretz, George D.	Heller, Leonard R.
Dunn, Emmett F.	Ivey, Aaron C.
Dwiggins, Wm. M.	Jawalka, Michael
Drinkard, Carl, Jr.	Jowers, Roy M.
Ewing, Wm. H., Jr.	Johnson, G. M., Jr.
Folk, Roger F.	Joiner, Cecil J.
Feeble, Gino J.	

(Continued on page 66)



M. T. Sgt. (Band) L. E. Giffin, Bandmaster, Post Band, Parris Island.

# SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION, FMF

MAJOR JESSE L. PERKINS, Commanding

## H & S BATTERY, SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTALION

**W**ELL, gang, don't expect too much from us this time, as we are right in the middle of a hectic old time in getting the USS "Anterrible Maru" loaded and ready to sail. Several of the newcomers in the battery are looking forward with pleasure to the trip through the Panama Canal Zone. As we understand it now, we will have a one day liberty in Cristobal on the east side of the Canal, and one day at Panama City on the west side. Many of the old timers in the battalion have our youths snowed as to what they will find in the Canal Zone, but I am thinking that most of our boys will give a good account of themselves when dealing with the señoritas, on both sides of the canal.

Our stay on Parris Island has been a very pleasant one and we wish to take this opportunity to say good-bye, so long, besecinya, etc., to the many friends we have made here. Because of the distance involved, our liberties have been rather few and far between but nevertheless we have become a little attached to the surrounding cities, such as Savannah, Charleston, Burton, Beaufort, and Pocompatigo. It is with regret that we leave, but as always with Marines it is also with anticipation of the new things we are going to see, the new friends we will meet, and in the case of the old timers the renewal of old acquaintances.

Well gang the *Antares* has started her last long whistle, so guess we had better be getting aboard. We'll be seeing you.

## BATTERY E SALVOS

By Charlie

No, we are not wild men yet, but we left Hilton Head Island just in time. Most of the boys enjoyed the sunshine and excellent swimming of Hilton Head's beach and when we left the island most of us looked like the old time North American Indian as far as color of the skin is concerned.

April 18th we conducted a very excellent target practice; one that gave most everyone a thrill. We shot the target down from an altitude of 10,200 feet and only three rounds were fired. We had some distinguished visitors to observe our firing also. They were the Major General Commandant, Major General Holcomb, Brigadier General McDougal and other officers of Parris Island.

April 29th we conducted our last target practice and then made preparation for moving back to Parris Island again. On May 3rd, all equipment was loaded aboard the big Navy barge very speedily. Most of our time since we returned to Parris Island has been spent in cleaning guns, on maintenance of other equipment, and packing for shipment to San Diego via the USS *Antares*.

We are glad to announce that we have received some promotions in the battery. Raymond L. Amos and Claude Plathers to corporal, Lawrence L. Via, Jack Crouse and Joe Grillo to Privates First Class. Pfc. Via was the first Marine in the Marine Corps to pull the lanyard and thus fire a 3" Anti-aircraft gun.

Leaves were given since our return from Hilton Head and now the boys are all getting ready to go aboard the "Flagship of the Fleet Marine Force," the USS *Antares*, on which we sail for San Diego May 25th. Some are going cross-country but most of us are anxious to see the Panama Canal and hope to have a pleasant voyage to the West Coast.

Who said the Marine Corps had no more rugged men? Well, don't let anyone fool you. We have a certain corporal who drove a car through a bridge and landed just 60 feet below and then walked away from the wreckage with only minor bruises. The battery has been thinking of "chipping in" and buying this corporal a parachute, he may need it in his travels. Tom Wrigley was with Setlock but was thrown clear of the car before it took to the air. He also escaped with only minor injuries.

We understand the Brewery has put on a night shift to meet Sgt. Schwalke's

consumption and we are wondering if they will be able to meet the demand.

We have just had a bombshell thrown in our midst. Marine Gunner Beall has just been married. The whole battery wishes to congratulate Gunner Beall and wishes the Gunner and Mrs. Beall all the happiness in the world.

So long, gang. We will see you in San Diego.

## BATTERY F

San Diego, California

By Joe

For almost a year now Battery "F" has not given account of itself in the old LEATHERNECK. In fact this is about the first time since last August that we have been in one place long enough to put in our two cents worth.

The Battery was ordered to Asiatic duty along with the Sixth Regiment. We were aboard the USS *Marblehead* which convoyed the *Chaumont* across.

Very few of the boys had ever been to China before so they were anxious to see what it was all about. It did not take long to get accustomed to the much different duty to what we had been used to. "Tweet" Birdsong and "Snuffy" Smith soon found a dancing school but, confidentially I think they were guided there by Pee Wee Powers who is now in Pearl Harbor.

We are proud, and I think justly so, of the showing our basketball team made in Shanghai. Of the some sixteen or eighteen teams entered in the tournament at the Navy Y.M.C.A. the battery team placed second. "Doug" Palmer brought back a Hai Ali basket for a souvenir. We understand the basket was well paid for.

Several transfers were made prior to our return to the States. Lt. Murry and Lt. Walseth stayed in China for a tour of duty in the Asiatics. Sgt. J. K. Baze, Pvts. McKenna, Martin, Akers, Wilmut and a few more I do not recall went to Peking for duty there. Some of the men who were on the M.P. force in Shanghai remained. Several short timers were transferred to the battery to fill the vacancies. Some of those joining us in China are Cpls. Ehresman, Boston, Paisley and Norris, Pvts. Lee, Massey, Prochera, Julian and others. Some of the men are with us for a regular tour of duty and some are awaiting transfers.

After a long trip back via Manila, Guam, and Hawaii, we are all glad to be back State side again.

The Man About Town, "Wop" Tizzolino, is hitting his stride again. I'm afraid L.A. and Hollywood is seeing quite a lot of him of late. More hidden talent has just come to light, so at almost any time in the evening or night "Pop" Loden, Bob Gilbert, Boston and "Chick" Denner may be found desperately trying to upset a few pins in the bowling alley. With a little improvement they may be able to break a hundred. There are some hand ball enthusiasts around here, too. A novice at the game who has fast gained recognition is Jimmy West. He plays a very offensive game, but he can't beat "Louie-de-Weasel" yet.

Some of the boys have already got a longing to go back and see how the old home towns are getting along. Those who have already shoved off are Sgts. Cemeris and Traw. Cemeris plans to stop in Chi- to visit his parents and Traw would make no statements. Cpl.

(Continued on page 66)



Company A, Second Regiment, Marines, Subig, P. I., 1901

# Miscellany

## 20TH ANNUAL REUNION Second Division Association, A.E.F., July 14th-16th, 1938, Chicago, Illinois

The Second Division Association, A.E.F., will hold its 20th Annual Reunion in the City of Chicago, Illinois, during July 14th to 16th, inclusive, with Headquarters at Hotel Sherman. Plans for the reunion are completed and we can truthfully say that this reunion will be one of the greatest and best ever held by the Association. There is no use for us to go into minute details at this particular time, since the June issue of *The Indian Head*, official news bulletin of the Second Division Association, will be more or less a special reunion bulletin. Those of our comrades who have attended our previous reunions in Chicago, and we have held two of them in that city, should still be able to remember the swell time enjoyed while we were embarked on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Twenty years have now passed since the great conflict, but the friendships that were formed in the trenches, dug-outs, strong-points, or on the way home are still stronger than ever. It is with that particular spirit, the spirit of friendship and good fellowship, that the Association is holding these reunions to bring us fellows together once a year. To those "INDIANS" that have never attended one of our reunions, I say, try mighty hard to be present in Chicago, during July 14th to 16th, inclusive, and you will see for yourself what I mean when I refer to the word "Friendship." We can assure you that you won't be sorry that you have made the trip. Remember, we are getting old, or aren't we already?

To launch the 20th Annual Reunion properly, the Second Division Association will again, as has been the case in previous years, publish the column in the June issue of *The Indian Head* called "The Gang Falls In" in which we will feature the names of our comrades who will be on hand during our 20th Annual Reunion, July 14th to 16th, inclusive. This column has always been very popular with our members, and it is in that hope that we have renewed it.

Therefore, we here at National Headquarters of the Association urge all "INDIANS" who are planning on going to our 20th Annual Reunion in Chicago to notify us by mailing in your name and outfit on a penny postal card to:

The Second Division Association, A.E.F.,  
Post Office Box No. 1330,  
Washington, D. C.

In addition let us know if friend wife or other members of the family are going. This will help those in charge of arrangements, and will also be an incentive to other members of your company to make up their minds. After all, our "Reunions" mean just that, and the greater the attendance of members of our own companies, the more they mean to your Association.

Any former Second Division man desiring to join the Association may do so by mailing in \$1.00, to be applied as membership dues, to the above mentioned address. This will entitle you to a membership card and also to the quarterly publication of

our divisional magazine called *The Indian Head*.

How about some of the old Second Division cooperation?

See you in Chicago, Ill., July 14th-16th, 1938.

## AUTHORIZED BUT NOT APPROPRIATED

Appropriations for quarters for noncommissioned officers at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, authorized in Public Bill No. 36, 74th Congress, will require:

Quarters and accessories for noncommissioned officers	\$891,000
Roads; walks; overpass and tunnel	131,000
Extension of service lines	150,000
Total	\$1,172,000



**T**AST month's assault on the Literary Front apparently exhausted the strength of our Marine word-snipers.

Perhaps they are waxing fat on editors' largess and have heeded the call of the beach or mountains. But with the fiction bazaars as plentiful as they are, with the word supply insufficient to meet the demand, the time is ripe for our letter-vendors to drag their wares to market.

ARTHUR J. BURKS, generally good for half a dozen yarns, clicks only twice in the pulp field. In July *Detective Tales* he furnishes a thriller, "Death Drops In." Captain Perda's detective son, Larry, hits some stiff opposition in the crime sector. In the July-August issue of *Terror Tales*, our former Marine lieutenant pens a spine-chiller, "Cathedral of Horror." How many of you remember Burks when he'd get O.D. duty? Two packs of cigarettes, a typing machine and a ream of paper. By the time his tour of duty was finished he would have a yarn ready for marketing.

MAURITZ A. HALLGREN, whom we haven't reported for eleven months, discusses our battleship situation in the June 16 *Ken*. The article is titled "Our Naval Experts." Hallgren was holding down an editorial desk on the Baltimore *Sun* the last we heard of him; and we hope he survived the recent shake-up on the staff of that sheet.

FULTON GRANT maintains his high degree of excellence in the *Blue Book*, July. We've sort of exhausted our adjectives suitable to comment of this man's work. So, see for yourself and read "Murder Comes to Buttonville," a complete novel. It has to do with a reporter who buys a country newspaper for practically nothing. The ex-owner is murdered before the ink is

## NOTICE

THE LEATHERNECK has on hand an unidentified letter from Malden, Massachusetts, postmarked May 16, and addressed to whom we believe to be Pvt. Alvin Peter Conn, in care of this office.

We are unable to discern accurately the man's last name and are unable to obtain his address until we get his last name. Will the writer please inform?

## GENERAL MEADE TO SAN DIEGO

Brig. Gen. James J. Meade, USMC, was this week ordered by the Commandant of the Marine Corps to assume the newly created post of Commanding General, Base Troops, San Diego. Under the new set-up, General Meade will control various Marine activities at San Diego that have previously been under separate administration.

dry on the check. Then comes the darndest series of killings, abductions and gang fights we've read in a long while.

ROBERT W. FOLKES, on duty in Shanghai, depicts "With the Marines In China," for the *Illinois Guardsman* in the May issue. Let's take time out to comment on that publication. It is a monthly put out by the 33d Division, Illinois National Guard. The reason we mention it is that that outfit and the Marines have been trading personnel like a couple pennant-hoping ball clubs. The Guard's roster is filled with former Marines; and there are plenty of ex-Thirty-third Division men in the Marine Corps. Ye Editor served with them from 1917 to 1928 before he graduated into the Marines.

L. RON HUBBARD comes out in a swirl of gun-smoke in *Western Action*, August, with "Ghost Town Gun-Ghost."

DALE DEV. KIER, in August-dated *10 Story Gang*, pens "Justice from Heaven," a yarn of murder in the underworld.

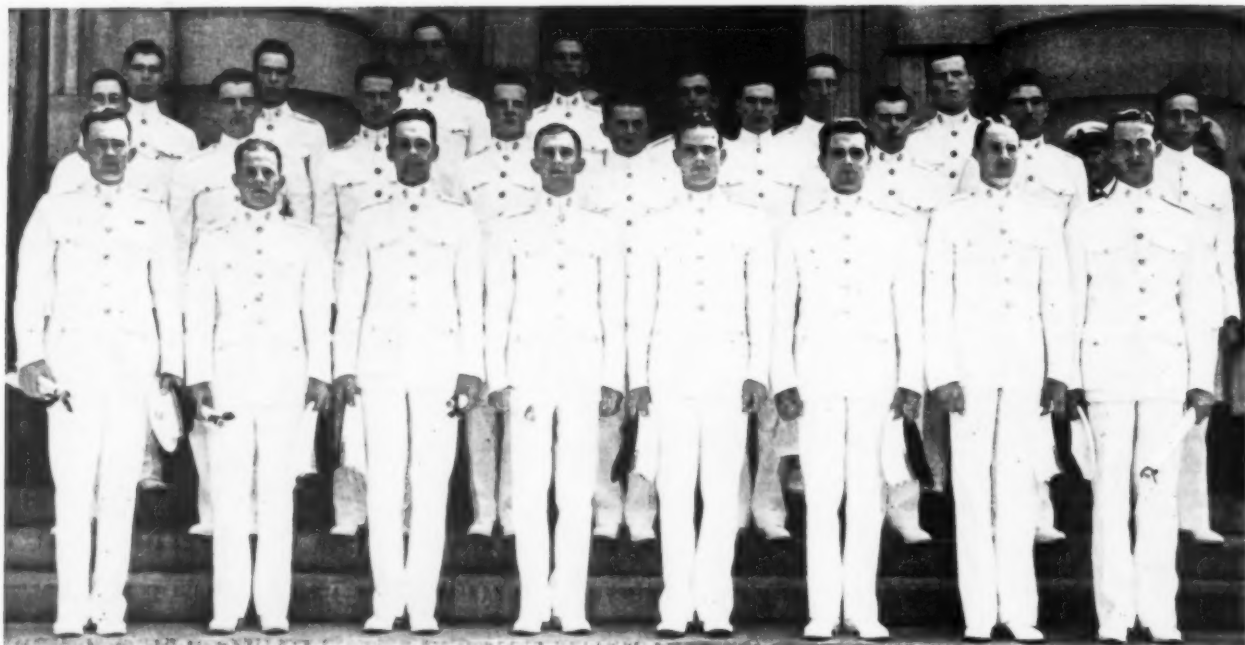
DOX KEYHOE keeps to the air in *Flying Aces*, July, with "Hell's Hangar"; another Dick Knight yarn. Stiff action above the clouds.

LT-COL. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR., in the June *Mercury* continues his literary comment. This issue his "Reflections of a Book-reviewer," embraces several publications, with a sort of autobiographical prologue.

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER colabs with G-Man Hoover in the June *American*, turning out the story of Bill Hale, "The King of the Bandits."

In the June number of *Secret Agent X*, non-Marine William Benton Johnson does another Ex-Marine Kennedy story, featuring the Gyrene operative who gets an "Invitation to Bullets."





Recent Naval Academy graduates commissioned in the U. S. Marine Corps

Photo by Tager

## ACADEMY GRADS TO MARINES

Upon graduation from Naval Academy, following named appointed second lieutenants in U. S. Marine Corps, and ordered to Basic School, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, to report not later than July 5: Robert W. Shaw, John A. Saxten, Jr., Douglas E. Keeler, Carl J. Fleps, George R. Newton, Paul E. Becker, Jr., Alfred L. Booth, Raymond H. George, Carlo A. Rovetta, Richard D. Weber, Dorance S. Radcliffe, Charles M. De Hority, Cyril E. Enrich, William P. Spencer, Nathan T. Post, Jr., William A. Houston, Jr., James J. Owens, Alton D. Gould, Richard B. Church, John S. McLaughlin, Jr., John W. Howe, Howard B. Benge, Clarke J. Bennett, Thomas L. Lamar, Hugh M. Elwood, Randolph C. Berkeley, Jr.

## MARINE HERO IN RIVER TRAGEDY

Pfc. Melvin Wheeler, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., rescued seven persons from drowning in the Potomac River, when he went to the aid of a floundering, overloaded boat.

On the afternoon of Sunday, June 12, Wheeler, on the river bank, heard screams. He looked up to see the small boat sinking under the weight of eleven persons. The Marine immediately leaped into a nearby row boat and pulled to the scene. The victims clutched at Wheeler's boat, endangering it. He beat them off, and then went over the side. One after another the Marine swam to seven persons, mostly children, and dragged them to the boat.

Three children and a forty-three year old man, in the meantime, drowned. Wheeler, exhausted, dived repeatedly to recover the bodies, but was unsuccessful.

After the rescue, Wheeler, bruised and bleeding, his hands one mass of blisters, told the police he regretted he had been unable to save all the victims.

Modest and unassuming, Wheeler was missing when reporters came to the bar-

racks to interview him. He had taken off on a furlough.

THE LEATHERNECK joins with the rest of the Marine Corps in congratulating Pfc. Wheeler, the latest of a long list of Marine heroes.

## APPROVE REENLISTMENT ALLOWANCE

Restoration of the reenlistment allowance beginning July 1 was voted by the House, June 8 after a lengthy battle on the floor.

The House added \$3,075,000 to the second Deficiency Bill to permit payment of the allowance to enlisted men of the Army and if approved by the Senate—as is expected—men reenlisting after the end of this month will be paid the bonus, denied since 1933. The funds for the Army were approved by a vote of 205 to 121 after three attempts to add funds to the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard sections of

the bill for payment of the bonus were defeated.

As the bill was passed immediately after the vote on the amendment adding the Army funds, the measure does not now provide money for payment of the bonus to enlisted men of the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard. However, the earlier votes against providing funds for men of these services were tentative and unrecorded, and the House by the action on the Army amendment, stands committed for payment. The Senate will act on the bill before adjournment and will either add the funds for the other services—as is expected—or disapprove for all—A. & N. Journal.

## COLONEL BIDDLE PROMOTED

Lieutenant Colonel Anthony J. Drexel Biddle has been promoted to the rank of Colonel in the Marine Corps Reserve, and his commission was presented to him this morning by Major General Thomas Holcomb, Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps, in the latter's office in the Navy Department.

Colonel Biddle, a citizen of Philadelphia and a prominent member of the well known American family of that name, has been identified with the Marine Corps Reserve since the World War. He was appointed a Captain in the Reserve March 31, 1917, was promoted Major December 18, 1919, when he was placed on an inactive status at his own request. He served at Philadelphia, Port Royal, S. G., and Quantico, Va., and was for about three months in Europe for the purpose of obtaining information concerning the training of troops for service in the war zone. Instruction in various forms of self-defense and in the use of the bayonet was his specialty, and he rendered outstanding service in the training of young officers and enlisted men throughout the period of the World War.

After his return to civil life in 1919, he continued his affiliations with the Reserve, (Continued on page 68)



Photo by Tager

Brig-General R. C. Berkeley congratulates his son, R. C. Berkeley, Jr., upon his graduation from the Naval Academy and commissioning in the Marine Corps. Another son, Captain James P. Berkeley, stands by.

# SPORTS

## POLE VAULT CHAMP

News has just been received from Peiping that in the North China Championships held in Tientsin on 14 May 1938, Private Edmund P. Clarke, U. S. Marine Corps, of the U. S. Embassy Guard, established a new North China Pole-vault record when he cleared twelve feet in defeating Wong Shin Lui, member of the 1936 Olympic Team.

Private Clarke also won the 100 meter dash and placed second in the 200 meter when he was nosed out by Lieutenant Bowen of the British Army, former record holder in the British Empire Games.

## BASEBALL—PARRIS ISLAND

The Post baseball team showed splendid form in their game with the Sugar Refinery Team of Savannah, Ga., on 7 May. This being their first game away from home this year they sure played their best. If they continue to play good baseball as they did in this game they will be hard to beat this year. Although they lost the game by a score of 5 to 4, after playing 12 innings, that is no disgrace for they sure were fighting for that scoring run to be on their side. Beall was the starting pitcher for the Marines and pitched the first six innings, allowing 7 hits and 4 runs, with one strike out to his credit. Brannon relieved Beall starting the seventh inning and held them down to six hits, scoring the winning run in the 12th inning. Final results of the game were:

	Runs	Hits
Marines	4	6
Savannah	5	13

Results of other games played during May:

Union Bag	8	8
Marines	3	6
Charleston NYd	9	6
Marines	8	10
Marines	4	10
Charleston NYd	1	2

Watch this column next month for further dope on the latest games of our Post Team.

## WARDENIG SPORTS

On the evening of May 3rd, on the Naval Prison diamond, the ELLIOTT team of the Portsmouth Sunset League defeated the Marines from the Naval Prison, in a practice baseball game, 12 to 5, in five innings.

This was the first game for the Marines and was in the nature of a workout to discover talent for the team.

On Wednesday evening, May 4th, the Marines defeated the Sailors from the Submarine Barracks, on the Prison diamond, by a score of 9 to 5.

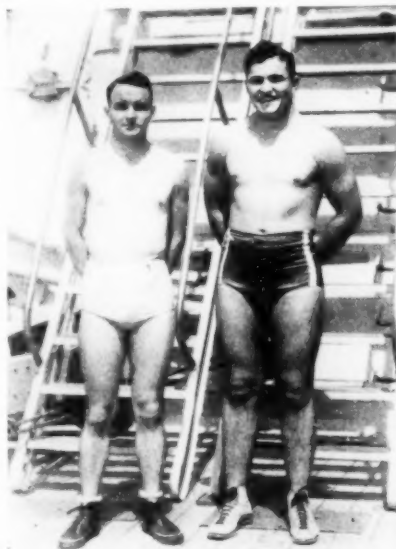
On Wednesday, 11 May, the Marine baseball team from the Naval Prison defeated the sailors from the USS *Stingray* by a score of 7 to 1, in five innings.

Hardt, Marine pitcher, allowed only three hits, while his team mates were garnering eight.

The Marine baseball team won its third straight game on Wednesday evening, 18 May, defeating the Maplewood A.C. team, 9 to 0, in five innings.

Hardt, the Marine pitcher, was again in good form, shutting out his opponents with only five hits, while his team mates were gathering fourteen, which together with seven errors were good for nine runs.

On Saturday afternoon, 28 May, the



**INTER-DIVISION WRESTLING CHAMPIONS OF THE USS MISSISSIPPI**  
Pfc. N. I. Brumfield and Pvt. Alford, Middleweight and Heavyweight Champs and proud winners of the USS Mississippi Wrestling Trophy.

baseball team from the Naval Prison Detachment defeated the team from the Yard Marine Barracks, 5 to 4, in eight innings. Wells, the Prison pitcher, allowed his opponents only five hits, striking out five.

On Sunday, May 29th, the Naval Prison Marines defeated the Maplewood A.C. baseball club, 13 to 6 in five innings. The Marines scored in every inning except the second, garnering 12 hits to their opponents 5.

Broadcast for the August  
**LEATHERNECK**  
Must Reach the Editor  
Before July 8

## CHINA-SIDE SPORTS

### By "Rugby"

After moving our Battalion from our old home site that everyone loved so well, we are at last getting our new abode into shipshape and will all get into the swing of things and used to the long hike that it is from our new billet to town and back (Maybe).

Our Battalion was well represented in the recent 1937-38 Rugby Season. Having First Stringers Pfc. Rook, Bixler, Pfts. Depizol, Ferrell, Harley, Harviluk and old folks "Rugby" Menener. Second Stringers who will be the first stringers the coming season were, Pfts. Ferra, Jurack, Cooper, Marsh, Nesmith, Baele, Zarezeeki. They all showed forth the will to train and work hard and did their best to beat the other teams at their own game and try to bring home the Cup to our own shelf where it will rest some year soon. The entire Battalion are proud to extend to you their congratulations for the fine showing you put up against the many teams you played during the season.

Now our Keglers came out with a mighty fine showing in the City League Title. Having on the Marine Team Lt. Winecof, Plt-Sgt. Higginson, Pvt. Dill, Sgt. Lange, Cpl. Cushman and which came out in 2nd place. Losing only one game which was a hard fought battle between the Marine Team and the Foreign YMCA Team. Our own Cpl. Cushman came in in 3rd place in the Doubles Championship, due to his partner having a little difficulty. Then to top that off, what does he do but come through with winning our Battalion the right to claim him as our own champ. He won the Shanghai Single Championship. Only being beaten out of the High Triple score by one pin to another one of our 2nd Battalion bowlers Plt-Sgt. Higginson. Fine going, you maple spillers. That is what we call dumping them in the alleys.

Competition was keen in the finish of the Navy YMCA Volley Ball League of which our Battalion put 5 teams in the league. H Company coming to the top with not a single game given to any of their opponents. This is a feat in itself and right proud we are to have them in our Battalion. They beat Company C of the 1st Battalion, 4th Marines, for the Championship. Taking the 1st three games to C Companies nil. Team was as follows: Sgt. Trees, Cpl. Gore, Pfc. Soloman, Pvt. Shelton, Pvt. Province, Pvt. Packard, Pvt. Herschel and Pfc. Lewis. The commanding Officer of our Battalion, Lt-Col. Cates, was there to witness the final game and so too was our Battalion Athletic Officer, 2nd Lt. Wilde, helping us support the home team. Just another Championship for the outfit and we aim to keep winning more and more of them in the year of 1938.

(Continued on page 66)

# The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

## SANTA MONICA'S A COMPANY WINS DRILL TROPHY

Major General Charles H. Lyman, USMC, Inspects and Reviews 13th Bn.

By Captain Owen E. Jensen, USMCR

**M**EMBERS of A Company, 13th Bn., FMCR, journeyed from the shores of Santa Monica, California, to Pasadena, home of the Tournament of Roses and the annual New Year's Day football game, a distance of sixty miles round trip and captured the Battalion Commander's Trophy in short order notwithstanding the stiff competition.

Under the guiding eye of Lt. Laun M. Reis, USMCR, the team went through platoon drill with the precision of regulars. The drill competition would have been the highlight of the evening were it not for the fact that it was also the occasion of the inspection, parade and review of the 13th by Major General Charles H. Lyman, USMC, commanding the Department of the Pacific.

General Lyman expressed himself well pleased with the condition of the battalion. Quoting the *Pasadena Star-News*:

"I pray that in the lifetime of the youngest man here that this country will not be engaged in another war. May God forbid that you are ever called to

battle, but I know, after witnessing this demonstration tonight that if you are called the emergency will find you prepared."

Such was the message of Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, commanding officers of the Pacific area of the United States Marine Corps, to officers and personnel of the 13th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserves.

The general's message was delivered to the 300 members of the battalion drawn up in close formation in the Pasadena City Hall plaza last night. The general's talk completed formal review and inspection of the entire battalion by the Marine Corps head, his staff, and distinguished army and navy officers.

Companies participating were from Pasadena, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Inglewood, Los Angeles and Glendale. City officials, delegations from the American Legion, Veteran of Foreign Wars and other service organizations, and several hundred citizens witnessed the drill.

"I hate war," General Lyman told the

troops. "It is barbarous and horrible but unfortunately it is resorted to by nations and has been throughout the history of the world. It is almost criminal that in every war in which the United States has engaged we have needlessly lost thousands of young men who were anxious to do their duty but were not prepared. You men are preparing yourselves."

General Lyman revealed that in his youth he was a citizen soldier serving three years in the National Guard. He has been in active service nearly 40 years.

Company A of Santa Monica, under command of Lieut. Laun M. Reese, won the competitive drill and was presented a silver cup.

The presentation was made by Capt. Claude B. Mayo, U. S. N. Captain Mayo complimented the Marine Reserves, stating that by their attendance at drills they were learning one of the greatest lessons of life, namely that "subordination of the individual to the whole is necessary for the common good."

Military music for the parades and drill was provided by the Regimental Band of the 160th Infantry.

Maj. John J. Flynn, battalion commander and his staff led the troops in review.

## COMPANY B RESERVES HOLD SMOKER AND DINNER PRIOR TO SUMMER CAMP

One of the most successful company dinners ever held by Company B, 13th Bn., FMCR, of Pasadena, California, was the verdict of all hands following the event which was held at the famous Good Fellows Grill in Pasadena on the night of Friday, May 27, 1938.

Honoring as well, Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, Inspector-Instructor, the dinner was in charge of a committee consisting of Sgt. John W. Burkhardt, who may soon be Second Lieutenant John W. Burkhardt; 1st Sgt. Don E. Linn, Cpl. Gurney E. Paule and Pfc. David H. Smith.

Sounding off as Toastmaster was 1st Sgt. Linn who ably set the pace for the evening. Pointing to the colors which were posted at the head of the speakers' table, recently acquired by the company, 1st Sgt. Linn appointed Lieutenant Jorgensen, company officer, to lead the outfit in singing the Marines Hymn.

Following the excellent dinner, the toastmaster introduced Dr. Victor Trask, First Lieutenant Med-Res., U. S. A., who entertained with a few tricks that proved the hand quicker than the eye, as was attested by the sailor who got a black eye following an encounter with a Marine.

Turning from the lighter side of life, the Top Kick then introduced the company commander, Captain Owen E. Jensen, USMC, who in a short sketch outlined the history of the B Company since its organization seven years ago. Captain Jensen then introduced the guest of honor, Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC.

(Continued on page 56)



Members of B Company who gathered for an N.C.O. school and meeting: Front row, left to right: Pfc. Raymond A. Jones, Pvt. Willis M. Williams, Cpl. Gordon C. Quackenbush. Center row: Cpl. Max M. Pursell, 1st Sgt. Don E. Linn, Capt. Owen E. Jensen, Sgt. John W. Burkhardt. Top row: Pfc. Cisneros, Sgt. Ellis J. Thompson, Cpl. John J. Doyle, Cpl. Gurney E. Paule and Cpl. Frank L. Pearman. The trophy shown is the Percy Crosby cup, awarded to Company B, 13th Bn., FMCR, for the year 1937, for having the highest and best small bore qualifications.



## 11TH BATTALION Seattle, Wash.

It's 0530 reveilles and butt details for the boys the last two weeks this month. The 11th Battalion shoves off for annual camp training at 1800, June 19th. Major C. H. Baldwin, battalion commander, has announced that this will be one of the most intensive camp training periods we have held. Every minute up to 1600 each day is scheduled. New this year will be a period of aircraft defense training conducted by Major Fenton, a regular officer being sent here for instruction purposes from the F.M.F. at San Diego.

Every man in the unit is looking forward to a most enjoyable fourteen days. One week will be spent at Camp Wesley Harris, rifle range, and the other at the Marine barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, where formal guard mounts and battalion parades fill in part of the order of the day. Companies from Tacoma and Aberdeen will come to Seattle and embark with us. Aberdeen's new C.O. is Lt. Clark. We also hope to see a lot of their new junior officer, Lt. Augustine.

Many of us are taking advantage of a chance to improve our record scores before camp. Firing details with 1st Sgt. Acker in charge have been shooting the Ft. Lawton army range every Saturday during the month of May. As some new men have never fired the 30 cal., this pre-camp firing should do much toward helping them qualify. We want to see plenty of white discs this year. The battalion ranked second last year among the reserve battalions throughout the country for the number of men qualifying.

Thousands of citizens recently watched the largest Memorial Day parade, in which we took part, that Seattle has seen in many years. While we had only one platoon of blues in the parade, from all reports, an excellent impression was made. Our fixed bayonets, white gloves and line drew many compliments. We also rated the only picture published in the daily papers of a military unit.

A recent dance put on by the non-coms club turned to be one of the best we have had for several years. Congratulations to the dance committee for an excellent time enjoyed by a larger attendance than we have ever seen before.

By the time this article goes to bed we will be home again rehashing the latest dope about what so and so did the last night at camp so we will have plenty of news for next issue.

## COMPANY B, 14TH BATTALION Spokane, Washington

Well, here we are closing in on the "zero" hour again and we will just have about time enough to whip out a little news copy about the Reserves here in Spokane.

Chief among the events of the past several weeks of interest to B Company Reservists was the loss of Pl-Sergeant Loren Haffner, who has proven again that it can be done. Haffner came out of the mill sporting a pair of gold bars on his shoulders. He has sacked his old issue uniforms and can be expected to burst forth any day now in his resplendent new 2nd Lieutenant's gear. We lost a swell platoon sergeant but made up for it in short order. By the back door route, rumor has it that Sergeant Gilbert will shortly assume the responsibilities of the office vacated by Lt. Haffner as platoon sergeant. He's just a little guy, but it's like we always say—"quality not quantity."

Only occasionally now, we'll find someone sporting a stiff or sore arm from the vaccination and typhoid shots required preparatory to our annual encampment. Most of the Battalion has covered the shots in fine shape although for a while, it was sure open season for ailing arms.

Speaking of camp, Sunday, June 12, is the entraining date set for our annual sojourn at the Marine Barracks, Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Washington. This year we'll go over with our theme song being something like "rain, rain go away —" and carrying all suitable fetishes and charms for the occasion so the camp won't be so nearly washed away as it was last year while the Battalion was there.

Our outfit turned out to take part in the Memorial Day parade ceremonies May 30 and for once were not placed before and behind high school or other bands which maintain such fast and totally different cadences it is impossible to march to them. The army regulars from Fort



Capt. W. W. Barr, commanding 19th Battalion, FMCR.

George Wright and the National Guards marched immediately before our outfit and it was noticeable that the various outbursts of applause came as the Marines passed by. We must have been a smart looking outfit. Shortly after, as we were stacking our arms following the review, word was given out, as coming from the reviewing stand of the parade, that the 1st platoon, B Company, was the smartest looking outfit in the parade. Subsequently, our stock went up 10 points.

We look forward to having a lot more to report in the next issue of THE LEATHERNECK as we'll have many a yarn to spin about the encampment, so, until then, keep looking up.

## 19TH BATTALION Augusta, Ga.

By Leland W. Smith

During the past few weeks every enlisted man and officer of the Battalion has been as busy as a radio performer addressing phoney mail to his sponsor. In a few days (Sunday, June 12th) we leave for Parris Island, South Carolina, for our summer encampment and although your humble gossip has avoided as much of the work as possible he has learned from usually authoritative sources that there has

been plenty of work going on. First Sergeant Walton and Corporal Faulkner of Company B are still getting excellent work out of their police details and extra duty assignments. Corporal Faulkner spends so much time at the armory trying to keep up with the property in Company B that it would be well worth his time to move his bunk into the company room. It would save the time he spends in driving home each night. Joking aside, the men have been devoting a lot of extra time to making everything ready for the training program.

The fellows who went to camp last year are still telling varied stories about life at Parris Island, and the younger men in the battalion who have not been to summer training camp listen with eager ears, even to the yarns about mosquitoes as large as horse flies and strenuous drilling under the blazing sun. Our comments about camp will be limited for by the time this reaches print it will be all over and we will be back at home again, better Marines we hope.

Indications are that at least eighty per cent of the entire Battalion will attend camp. Captain Spieker made an appeal to the local business concerns to permit those of their employees who belong to the Marine Reserve to leave their respective jobs for two weeks. The response was gratifying and many of the men who might not have attended camp will get to go. During the target season just terminating two hundred four men have fired for record with the .22 caliber rifle, of which number eighty-four per cent qualified. It is hoped that each of the men who qualified will qualify again with the .30 caliber rifle at Parris Island.

We are happy to welcome 2nd Lt. Gerdelle Lewis into the Battalion. Lt. Lewis has been assigned to Company C.

Recent promotions include Sergeant Miegel to 1st Sergeant and Sergeant McLaren (late of the regulars) to Platoon Sergeant. Privates William N. Averett, James S. Ready, and Kermit Z. Johnson have been promoted to Privates First Class.

Quartermaster Sergeant "Windy" Wiggins and Sergeant Novatney have been issuing and exchanging a large quantity of the usual two sizes of clothing. And take it from one who has tried it, you can not gyp them out of anything you are not supposed to get. Sergeant Wiggins is heading the advance detail to Parris Island.

Next month there should be plenty of news flashes for the BROADCAST, providing we survive camp. See you next month.

## SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR Philadelphia, Pa. By Wm. B. Crap

Pay day in this outfit seems to be a long while coming but the deadline for getting news into THE LEATHERNECK rolls around too soon to suit me. It seems that one report hardly has had time for the ink to dry before another one is due. Did I hear someone says that they would like to have the job of reporter? Do not speak out too loud if you do not mean it for it is yours for the asking.

No doubt the feverish activity of this battalion is duplicated in all the other reserve battalions. As this is being read, some are in the midst of their training, some have finished, but the Superb Sixth still has theirs to look forward to. This business of trying to keep on a civilian

payroll; trying to get an outfit ready for camp, and trying not to curse the doctor for giving us sore arms, calls for more time than has been arranged by the calendar makers. Right now, we could use a thirty hour day an a ten day week, but probably the labor unions would object.

Since our last report the strength of the battalion has grown to balloon-like proportions. Although we are authorized 286 men, we now have well over 300 on the rolls. It looks as though our "weak sisters" among us will be dropped overboard with a loud splash. Unless this is done there will be a loud roar on pay day: a roar that will make the explosions in China and Spain seem like toy guns. How to pay three hundred odd men on an allotment for 286 is going to be some trick. Now I know why that mound of freshly turned earth is in the major's back yard. It is a hastily constructed cyclone collar for use on pay day and was dug by the major himself. A better plan would be to turn the matter over to the Sergeant Major. Sergeant Major Shaw has been promising for a long time to "cut the ears off someone" and now he may have the opportunity of fulfilling his promise.

We have it all figured out that we will receive a change of orders soon and instead of training at Quantico, we will spend our summer encampment in the sewers of Paris. With all these vaccinations and typhoid serum injections, what else could we think? Together with the Fourth Battalion who will be our shipmates at Quantico, we certainly will be in shape to clean up any situation. Provided, of course, that we can raise our arms by that time. Right now everyone is going around groaning and moaning not to speak of threatening immediate and violent death to any so-and-so who even as much as looks cock-eyed at our sore and swollen arms. Sherman may have made a remark about war being something or other but alongside of us those Civil War boys had it soft. Our Doctor Brecher should have no trouble in capturing the championship in any knitting contest after the practice he has had the past few weeks with the needle.

The band and the orchestra, as usual, have been busy these days. With Memorial Day, Flag Day, the laying of keels at the Navy Yard, dances, and parties we have been on the go. Pardon my maidenly blushes, but I hear that we are good. Far be it from me to quarrel over this report. Not only have we been playing plenty of music but we have been putting in every Saturday afternoon on the small bore range along the Delaware River. It was indeed a surprise when some of our boys made qualifying marks the first day out. On the other hand there are still a few in the band in front of whom it would be safe to stand in case of war. Maybe some of you boys in the line companies will get a big kick out of this but what would you be able to do with a piccolo or a trombone if either was handed to you?

This month, the battalion lost another good man. Word has been received to the effect that Corporal Nigra has been accepted for enlistment and is being shown how at Parris Island. The Marine Corps knows how to pick them!

I also understand that our senior first Sergeant "Pat" Patterson will not ship over when his enlistment expires which will be shortly. We will surely miss his familiar "Now listen, men," when he addressed his company.

(Continued on page 57)

## THIRD BATTALION'S CAMP TRAINING TO FIT MEN FOR SEPTEMBER MANEUVERS

### Preparations for Most Extensive Land-Sea Overnight Training Will Gain Benefit of Contact With Regular Troops

**W**HEN this is being read the officers and men of Brooklyn's Third Battalion will be hard at work at Quantico in their annual summer training period. Together with New England's Second Battalion, the troops from Brooklyn will be getting their second taste—for most of them—of the life on the shores of the grand old Potomac. In addition to it being their regular camp period however, the majority look to it as additional chance to brush up on their military knowledge prior to staging the most extensive land and sea maneuvers ever held by a single Reserve outfit. They will engage in the overnight problems, together with nearly 100 cabin cruisers of the U. S. Power Squadron, on Saturday and Sunday, September 17th and 18th.

The Third expected to arrive in Quan-



Medal won by Cpl. E. L. Otey, 5th Bn.,  
FMCR, in drill competition.

tico with the largest number of officers and men they have ever put into summer camp, according to indications several weeks prior to the shove-off date. Major B. S. Barron, commanding the Battalion, had been working for several months to get the maximum number ready for Quantico. Last minute business conditions, with many men getting new positions, reduced the expected number somewhat but it was believed that the Third would make a good showing this month. As usual the Battalion band will accompany the outfit to camp, as will the medical unit commanded by Lieut. Com. A. Jablons, USNRF, Battalion surgeon.

A new arrival with the Battalion will be a mascot, the wire haired prize terrier owned by Field Music Corporal Julius Goldsmith, veteran of twenty-two years of regular and reserve service with the Corps. "Goldie" will have his hands full between calls, instruction, range-firing and

minding the pup. Another newcomer will be one of the tallest specimens in reserve captivity, six foot-six Olaf Andreasson, recently recruited member of D Company of the Battalion.

Headquarters of the Battalion reports the transfer to Third Reserve District of Capt. Andre V. Cherbonnier, FMCR, formerly with A Company, and 2nd Lt. Alfred Stuart, FMCR, formerly Mess Officer. Chief Clerk Charles Hornstein has been promoted as of 1 June from Pfc. to corporal. Battalion Headquarters has been allowed an extra sergeant and three new corporals, for band duty.

Company A, Capt. John J. Dolan commanding, reports the promotions of Corporal Victor Goller to sergeant, Corporal Frank Slattery to sergeant, and Privates first class Robert Kopecky and William Scanlon to the rank of corporals. Lieutenant Andre V. Cherbonnier, recently commissioned captain, has left A Company on a transfer to the Third Reserve District.

Company B, 1st Lieutenant Fred Lindlaw commanding, has promoted Pfc. Samuel J. Whittaker to corporal, and the following privates to the rank of privates first class: Jerry G. DeFaleo, Abraham Gross, Charles Krause, and Louis E. McLaughlin.

Company C, Capt. Howard W. Houck commanding, holder of most of the Third Battalion attendance and other trophies, falls behind this month by virtue of no marriages or births as in the past, but is headed for camp with a heavy enrollment, and hoping to retain most of its honors. Lieutenant A. Bershad, company officer, and in charge of the baseball team, is one of the few bachelors of his outfit, and announces he intends to remedy this situation shortly, but gives no details.

D Company, Capt. M. V. O'Connell commanding, is out to win its third straight rifle championship, having carried off the Battalion trophy the past two years and with a high record of .22 cal. qualifications this season. A special tribute was paid by the men to Cpl. Reese Nicholas, Jr., recently enlisted with the regular Corps, when they nominated him as the outstanding non-com, and selected him to have his name engraved on the Rose Barron Memorial Plaque.

The nominations of the men in the Battalion to be included on the Barron Memorial Plaques, to receive the Daughters of 1812 and the Cincotta Medal, were as follows:

A Company: Barron Plaque: Sgt. Victor Goller, Pfc. Jacob Edelstein. Daughters of 1812: No candidate. Cincotta Medal: Cpl. Robert Kopecky.

B Company: Barron Plaque: Cpl. Robert O. Dilschmann, Jr., Pfc. Paul Fidelman. Daughters of 1812: Cpl. Henry C. Thomas, Jr. Cincotta Medal: Cpl. Michael J. Desandis.

C Company: Barron Plaque: Sgt. Edward P. O'Neill, Pvt. Frank R. Tiriolo. Daughter of 1812: Sgt. Floriano P. Sampieri. Cincotta Medal: Pvt. Harry Demchuk.

D Company: Barron Plaque: Cpl. Reese Nicholas, Jr., Pfc. Joseph Augusta. Daugh-

ters of 1812: Cpl. Anthony S. E. Bono. Cincotta Medal: 1st Sgt. Edward G. Anderson.

Headquarters Co.: Barron Plaque: Sgt. Anthony J. Niosi, Pfc. Stanley Yankowski. Daughters of 1812: No candidate. Cincotta Medal: Pfc. Stanley Yankowski.

These awards will be presented at a formation of the Battalion during the camp period in Quantico.

Lieutenant Bershad hopes to have the Battalion baseball team in shape to meet the regular teams and the 2nd Battalion nine during the summer encampment period. The other athletes, boxers, etc., of the Third will be on hand for the annual shindig which usually winds up the reserve session in camp.

So here's greetings to our regular comrades of the FMF and to the 2nd (Yankee) Battalion from New England. When you read this we'll be knowing more about you all!

## COMPANY G, 5TH BATTALION

### Roanoke, Virginia



Trophy won by Co. G, 5th Bn, FMCR, in competitive drill with National Guard.

With only sixty days before our summer training period at Quantico the members of company G are making every effort to perfect their marksmanship. In addition to the marksmanship studies on regular drill nights two nights are spent on the indoor range for practice and qualification with the small bore. To date 37 have qualified, 6 as experts, with Corporal Lewis L. Harris, leading the field with a neat 341, 8 Sharpshooters and 23 marksmen, with others yet to come as the younger men are fast graduating from the basic instruction and becoming eligible to fire the .22 course.

Corporal Earl L. Otey completed four years with the company on 15 May and true to style, took on for another hitch. Sergeant C. I. Britts who has held the company's paper work at the top for the past four years is also shipping over on June 25th along with Corporal W. H. Dillon, 27th, Pfc. Vaughan Lemon, 29th, Corporal A. L. Gwaltney, 30th and Sergeant W. A. Johnson, who is completing his seventh year with the Reserve on July 2nd.

On 6 April, four thousand spectators saw the first platoon of Company G, 5th Battalion, FMCR, under the command of First Lieutenant W. R. Via, FMCR, awarded first prize in the competitive drills held in the National Guard Armory in Roanoke as a climax to colorful Army Day celebrations.

Colonel G. W. Helms, USA, Lieut-Colonel L. D. Davis, USA, and Major F. L. Holland, USA, were the judges. Eight Na-

tional Guard platoons, representing various units of the Virginia National Guard, entered the competition.

Corporal Earl L. Otey, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, a member of the same organization was adjudged the best drilled enlisted man in competition with 15 other enlisted men representing National Guard organizations.

Performing before high State and City Officials and a large crowd of interested spectators Company G, Roanoke, representative of the Fifth Battalion, FMCR, Washington, D. C., joined with the band of the 116th Infantry, VNG, and executed a guard mounting that was particularly impressive. The entire company under the command of Captain Charles B. Nerren, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, participated in the Army Day Parade held prior to the competitive drills. The company was happy and proud to have as guests for the occasion Captain and Mrs. George W. McHenry, USMC, of Washington, D. C.

## WINFIELD OF THE FIFTH

The Boston (Mass.) Winfields haven't opened a Christmas package since 1897. Just twenty-two days before the Christmas celebrations of that fateful (as far as the Winfields were concerned) year Santa Claus and Sir Stork ganged up and instead of waiting for the big day to roll round left a package marked "Fragile, but noisy" on the doorstep and scampered. Santa headed back to the North Pole to recuperate (and cool his ears) while Sir Stork hurried on his way delivering packages to even as you and I.

It being appropriate in those days, as it is now, to tag such packages for future reference, they gave it the name Samuel. The reason for omitting a middle name is not definitely known but there is a pungent rumor that the omission was strictly for the purpose of saving the lad from overstudy in later years.

That's about how Samuel Winfield came to them but we're not going into too much detail telling how he came to us. We've got him, which is plenty.

Sammy's boyhood was just like others. He ate watermelon, if he could get them free and still keep out of the range of buckshot. He thought that carrots out of someone else's garden tasted delicious after a long run.

In 1915 Sammy joined the Marines to see the world. He did because for nearly a year his world was Cereza La Source, Haiti, where you had to use a half-step going across the main street to keep from stepping into the next village.

After a four-year cruise Sammy went out to set the world on fire and picked Mexico as a likely place. They've been having revolutions ever since, yet the people insist it's quieter during a revolution than it ever was during a Winfield argument.

Four years on the outside and he went back in (the Marine Corps again bites the dust) again and this time managed to stay in the U. S. just about the whole time. Nothing eventful during this tour although once when a high ranking officer caught him in the somewhat difficult situation of not properly doing his guard tour and asked him his name he blurted "It used to be Winfield, but it's Mud now." What a guy!

Four years in, four out, back in for four and Sammy decided he'd like some of that Class Three stuff where you got twenty-five per (per annum) and did nothing. Four of that and it was time for something new



First Sgt. Samuel Winfield, Co. D, 5th Bn., FMCR.

so Class Four and the Fifth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, were picked. That's how we got him.

This bird Winfield is a bird though. He's just about the most enthusiastic chap we've ever laid eyes on. He's a pest but he does such excellent things during his pestiness that you like it. He's a plugger (he could plug the Grand Canyon) and he's a talker, Floyd Gibbons notwithstanding.

Down in Company D where he, as first sergeant, permits Gunnery Sergeant Paul L. Lawson to get a word in one drill night per quarter, Sammy is really a go-getter. He can give and take with the best of them. Sammy gave up the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve for about eighteen months. Pressure of business was given as the reason. Last December he came back again and, if the truth were known, the Battalion was as glad to get him back as he was to get back. The only unfortunate part of it is that neither will admit it.

Suffice to say, Sammy Winfield is a grand guy. On the records he's carried as Winfield but you can't shoot us for putting in a plug for him in the name he prefers (and uses in business).

## COMPANY A, 9TH BATTALION, FMCR

### Chicago, Ill.

### By The Mouthpiece

After many months of absence from THE LEATHERNECK, we are back in the news with some interesting dope concerning the forthcoming camp period to be held in July. Needless to say, all hands are "champing at the bit" in eager anticipation to be settled within the confines of good old Camp Ben Fuller. Sgt. Joseph Jeremiah "Liverlip" McCarthy, the original bad man of Brimstone, can tell you exactly how many flops and how many chows he has to pay for until camp time when Uncle Sam will take over those obligations for him. To say that everyone



concerned is highly enthused about camp this year, especially so since we have been informed that only the 9th and 16th Battalions will train at Great Lakes from 17 July to 31 July, is putting it mildly. About the time we leave, the 8th and 17th Battalions will move in for their two-week period. This is encouraging as many of us felt that in times past the periods of instruction on any one subject were too brief.

The 8th and 17th Battalions will be missed tremendously as the rivalry and competition of past camps between the two outfits was something to read about. However, we expect, from accounts in *THE LEATHERNECK*, the battalions to offer much in that respect.

Our old friends and brothers in arms, Sgt. Beck and Gunnery Sergeant O'Connell, will have plenty to offer now that their battalions have another year's experience under their belt. At any rate, this company can take them all on and still come out on top.

This company was accused of recruiting an entire new company when we marched 43 men into the medics' for examination one Monday evening. We now boast a recruit platoon of 34 new men. Sgt. McCarthy and Sgt. Odekirk are the two men assigned to instructing these men. To the new men of the company and also to those old men of the company who are transferring back the command, First Lieutenant Bathum and Second Lieutenant Lewis and the rest of Company A extend a hearty welcome and say, we are glad to have you with us!

We wish to claim some sort of a record as we have five sets of brothers with us now, they are: Larson, Gordon and Kenneth; McNeil, Victor and Virgil; Mitchell, James and John; Wolak, Arthur and William (Scribe: Still at the same old desk, how about a picture of those brothers? Ye Ed).

First Lieutenant Bathum and Sgt. Joseph McCarthy wish to express their sincere thanks to the officers and men who made their recent visit to Washington and Quantico such a pleasant one. McCarthy is very high in his praise of a few old shipmates of mine from Company C-48-1927, East Wing, P. L., who took it upon themselves to show him around. Thanks, fellows.

Well, I will batten down my hatches now as you bunk is heekoning. Remember Company A's motto, "We're rowing, not drifting."

#### HEADQUARTERS 4TH BATTALION, FMCR Newark, N. J.

The Battalion has been doing considerable .30 caliber rifle shooting as well as the .22 caliber qualification shooting in the armories during the month of May. On the week-end of the 14-15, six officers and twenty-four enlisted men, under Major Lessing, went to Lakehurst Naval Air Station, and spent the night at the Marine Barracks through the kindness of Commander C. E. Rosendahl, USN, and Lt. Col. W. T. Galliford, USMC. Although the weather was rainy and very windy, we did get some practice with the .30 caliber rifle. In addition to the shooting, the officers and men experienced the privilege of mixing with the Regulars, and got a memorable change from our civilian routine.

On the Sundays of the 8 and 22 of May, the Battalion Rifle Team under the guidance of Lt. Thornton, competed against seven other teams at the range

of the Ridgewood Rifle Club at Ramapo, New York. The course consists of 5 shots each of sitting and kneeling, 10 offhand, and 10 sitting rapid fire, all on the A target with peep sights for a possible 150. Although the team has not been the "tops," it has shown considerable improvement. The first place on the team has gone to two members of Company A this month. The first shoot, Pfc. Arthur B. deLaski, Jr., was 133, and the second shoot, Cpl. Ralph Mann, was 138. In the last shoot the team placed fourth with 662. It is hoped to reach 700 before the Spring season at Ramapo closes.

The Marine Corps League gave a dance at the Eagles Hall in Elizabeth on 13 May. Companies A and D put on a little squad drill for the benefit of those present. The floor was heavily waxed, and several men had narrow escapes from falls while they were attempting to execute movements with precision. All in all both companies did very well under the circumstances. Company D beat out Company A by a few points for the trophy which D has won twice and must win once more to keep it permanently.

Memorial Day, the companies paraded in their local areas; Company A was in



1st Lt. H. C. Drewes, Company C, 4th Bn., FMCR.

Elizabeth and Company B in Palisades Park. Headquarters, C and D Companies paraded in a mammoth parade in West Orange. Our newly authorized Drum and Trumpet Corps made its debut and was a credit to the Battalion although it still needs a little polishing up. The climaxing feature of the parade was the Battalion winning first place as the best in appearance and performance of the units parading. The trophy was presented to Major Lessing, who has brought the Battalion to its present high standards and has obtained the authorization of the Drum and Trumpet Corps for us.

In closing, the Battalion is nearly ready for camp and when the 10 July arrives, it will arrive in Quantico to make a good showing among the other battalions, camping there this summer.

#### HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 4TH BATTALION, FMCR Newark, N. J. By Halstead Ellison

With a fifty per cent turnover in officers, a large number of new faces in the

ranks and the addition of our newly authorized field music, battalion headquarters presents a different face from that seen at Quantico last summer. Major Lessing is doing his damndest to turn this into an efficient machine before July 10th.

Lt. Grace is about to leave us in favor of the Volunteer Reserve. Lt. Ellison (newcomer) will carry on with the Supply Section in lieu of Lt. Grace. We (especially the green Q. M.) are glad to find, however, that Lt. Grace will be with us in the field in July.

Headquarters had its first chance to show off its new band in the Memorial Day Parade in the Oranges, and feels just a bit cocky now that they helped the Battalion take first place.

Three of our staff represented the Corps at a dance given by the 312th Inf-Res. on the 21st. The 312th does things nicely and their hospitality was thoroughly appreciated. After it was over our Adjutant practically exhausted Essex County in a search for some place that "keeps open." There "ain't no such" since repeal.

One of our medics is a candid camera fiend. But if he doesn't keep out of the supply section while boots are trying on clothing we will have to stow the supply section and medical section in separate holds.

The annual pre-camp fever is evident at headquarters but the Sgt-Maj. and the Q. M. Sgt. keep plugging along like the old hands that they are.

#### AFTER DECK CHATTER

Company B, 4th Battalion, FMCR  
USS *Newton*, Jersey City, N. J.  
By George F. Muller

Since summer has finally found its way around the globe to our portion of the country, we find ourselves in line for several parades and a little .22 caliber range work. It seems that, now that we can discard the red flannels for a while, all the boys don't mind being out in the open for a while if the sun is warm. Just as late Spring and early Summer brings out the grass and flowers they have brought to company B a new crop of green recruits. Ho Hum! we don't mind, we've had them before and have just the right sort of medicine for them. Though in all fairness we must admit that the recruits are a pretty good sort and are shaping up well.

As to the parades, in Jersey City they set aside the 15 of May as Americanization Day. At which time various civic groups and fraternal organizations turn out as do the Legionnaires, Veterans, Naval Reserve, Marine Corps Reserve, and National Guard. The Marine Corps Reserve was represented by Company B, the local Jersey City outfit. In fact, if we may take the word of the bystanders, and the Commander of the Guard contingent. The Corps was well represented. One of the fellows claims that while on the march, he overheard one girl say to her friend, "Let's wait for the Marines. I just love to see them."

Of course the big parade of the year is that which occurs on Memorial Day. This year we paraded in Palisades Park. Perhaps the Lieutenant was paying off an election bet; but anyhow that's where we paraded. We had a fine turnout, every man that was not working was with us. Even Pfc. Guarino came along. The Marines had the position of honor in the parade and carried off their part well. The boots who were there one hundred

per cent marched well and looked better than before.

Most of the aforementioned chatter is more or less trivial, but we have been doing some serious work nevertheless. Since our annual encampment is so near we have been working on everything that we need down there. The .22 caliber rifle qualification is going along splendidly and since most of the men who have had one camp have qualified this year, we are concentrating on the new men. Some of them have qualified and all will before the month is out. The deck will be cleared and quiet since the chatter has run out and there won't be any more until next month.

## RAIL AND HARBOR CITY

Co. A, 4th Bn., FMCR, Elizabeth, N. J.

By Ira J. Callman

Nine new men, Privates Blake, Gargiule, Kenny, Kirk, Loneker, McFadden, Neteel, Santoro and Tressider, have joined the ranks by enlistment and transfer, and are being put through the paces by Cpl. Baumann. He reports that they are a fine body of men, and easy to train.

Promotions as of June 1, were: From Cpl. to Sgt., J. J. Kenny; from Pfc. to Cpl., Baumann, Boettger and Oels; and from Pvt. to Pfc., Charters, deLaski and Handley.

The company was among the many organizations who paraded on Memorial Day in this city. The parade was one of the largest ever held in Elizabeth on this holiday. Aside from the fact that one band in front of our company was playing one song, and a band behind was playing another one, we did fairly well in keeping in step.

On June 15, the members of the company will witness sound motion pictures, through the courtesy of the Port of New York Authority. The films to be shown will deal with the construction of the George Washington Bridge and the Lincoln Tunnel. The Port of New York Authority operates the bridges and tunnels in the New York area.

Sgt. Carl R. Schlieker tripped down the aisle on May 13, six days before he was discharged, and returned a few days ago from his honeymoon. The members offer congrats.

What they do besides drill: Pvt. Melvin Thome is in the tire re-treading business, and from the looks of some of the curves in the new grooves, he must be doing a lot of day dreaming about his many lady friends.

On May 21, the members of the company, together with their wives and girl friends, witnessed the Pet Milk and Professor Quiz radio programs in New York City. We are indebted to the Columbia Broadcasting System for making this possible.

A squint at Company Headquarters finds 1st Sgt. Duffy and Pfc. Charters up to their necks in administration work. Yours truly is also having quite a time with his new supply job, with men hollering for clothing and equipment. Pl. Sgt. Kupper is being kept busy issuing the new rifles just received, and seeing that the men clean them properly.

By the time this article is published the men of Company A will be preparing to leave for Quantico. We hit the trail on Sunday, July 10.

Well, that's all the news for now, so I'll put the cover on the typewriter, and shove off until next month.



Capt. T. P. Barton, Gy-Sgt. A. Van Natta, 2nd Lt. T. Forrester, 1st Sgt. Fred Bone, Company D, 4th Battalion, FMCR, Newark, N. J.

## I SAW THE "C"

Co. C, 4th Bn., Newark, N. J.

By the Sentinel

Hear Ye, Hear Ye, on the 10th of July in '38—a day that all have awaited, Company C entrains for the Valhalla of the Reserves, Quantico. Where, for a period of 15 days we will leave behind the cares and worries of our everyday civilian life and assume the proud role of a Leatherneck.

The usual pre-camp spirit of exuberation is tinged with efforts at mastering manuals, arrangements of squads, checking of clothing and equipment, and bidding farewell to our loved ones.

From my present outlook it appears as though Company C will attend camp 100% strong, climaxing a great year. Referring back to my prophecy as issued at the beginning of the new year, I can sit back now and smile as with the marching of time it carries along the fulfillment of my predictions. Behind each case of success there is always a small story. A story of hard work, tireless energy and time expended by certain individuals. To Lieutenant Drewes, our skipper, an army of salutes for the great work in restoring Company C back to its rightful position in the 4th Battalion. That of the leading company.

Lieutenant Drewes says life begins at 40 and he proves it as he stands up at the plate in a recent ball game and bats 1,000, hammering out a double and two singles.

Sgt. Paolello, Company C's Sandino, is mapping out his camp maneuvers (Maneuvering from one beer tavern to another).

Cpl. Giordano has returned from his honeymoon in great shape (Attesting to the beneficial aspects of married life, try it, Sgt. Aloia).

A request is being sent to the Railroad Company to hold the train for Cpl. Good-sir (Hope he makes it this time).

Here's one for Ripley—found at last. A man with two left feet. Pvt. Yannuzzi.

Pfc. Joseph Freer has lost his post of guidon bearer to the handsome Pvt. Bill Conk. He'd rather shoulder an arm (A female's).

(Continued on page 57)

## NOTES FROM THE HUB

2nd Bn., FMCR, N.Y., Boston, Mass.

By RLN.

When these notes are read we will be ensconced under canvas in the old 10th Regiment area beside the muddy Potomac at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia. What memories for those who have served at that station in the past. Your scribe will be back in the same area where was spent two years in the old green huts back in 1923-24. For many of old A Company's personnel it will be a comparing of notes with 1929 when they served with the old 10th after its return from Tientsin, China. Nevertheless we are going to enjoy it and at this writing everyone is looking forward with keen anticipation toward 26 June when we entrain.

Since the last edition A Company has had another promotion wave, the result of a stiff examination conducted by the CO, 1st Lieutenant Irwin, in which all men of the company were invited to qualify for promotion. We list the lucky ones as follows: Cpls. Cousins and Murphy, C.J., to Sergeant; Pfc. Carmichael, Colson, Lunetta, Melnitsky to Corporal; and Privts. Burnett, Coulter, McLeavy, Murphy, F.F., Stephen and Taylor to Private First Class. This just about brings A Company up to its quota of non-coms, the company also being up to full strength at this writing. Seems that the Bugle Rag of A Company has fallen on lean times: Reason being that no issue has been forthcoming since 18 May. Perhaps it is lack of news such as this column has been experiencing during the past few months. However, through the efforts of our Bn. CO, Captain Crowley, better times are expected.

Perhaps the biggest news item of interest in the battalion during the past month has been the formation of the Navy Yard Detachment No. 1, of the Marine Corps League within the 2nd Battalion. Ten charter members have been signed up and a charter has been applied

(Continued on page 57)

# The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

## THE NATIONAL LIAISON OFFICER

**H** S WE have been too busy doing a few Marine Corps League jobs of late, well, we just haven't had time to make the "news."

Your National Liaison Officer was at the Organization Meeting of the Chicago Detachment No. 1, on the 24th of March, off to a good start. Congratulations to Ernie Sippel. Also want to report that we just added William S. "Bill" Konold, Past Commander, Department of Ohio, American Legion to the League fold. Then we signed Irving Salomon, Michigan City, Indiana, to a membership while in those parts. Next we journeyed to Dayton, Ohio, where, with the aid of Station WSMK and Sidney TenEyck and William Cecil May, we put over the Miami Valley Detachment and are happy to say that a fourteen man detachment is now working in "The Gem City." Now we hope to report before this article goes to press a new detachment at Louisville, Kentucky, we returned yesterday from down that way and are making "progress." Just to kill a little time we stopped off at Frankfort, Kentucky, where we got M. G. Sullivan, formerly 18th Co., 5th Regt., 2nd Div., to put his name on the dotted line. Now all we have to do is travel up to Columbus and Lima and Toledo, Ohio, and talk those "good brothers" a lot of Marine Corps League. I want to pass out a little praise here to National Aide-de-Camp Robert C. Eastman and National Aide-de-Camp M. G. "Pete" Peters. Eastman and Peters have been very helpful around these parts and results are the answer.

We just heard of a "Marine Club" at Lancaster, Ohio, watch us call on this outfit. We hope to see all "youse guys" at Washington and we don't mean nothing else. Here is a little suggestion: When you attend affairs of kindred organizations, wear the League Badge, this helps.

FLORENCE E. O'LEARY,  
National Liaison Officer.

### CINCINNATI DETACHMENT

Everything still goes smoothly in this detachment, that is what makes news so hard to get but, here is something, this so you will remember us. Cyril R. Welp, our efficient and faithful Adjutant is home again from a little trip to the Veterans' Hospital, Dayton, Ohio. Cy feels good again and is not kicking, even the food at Dayton is "good." Captain John A. "Jack" West has been married since our last article. Our best wishes to the bride and as "Jack" has always had our "best wishes," well, he just keeps 'em. A new member here is former Lieutenant Charles J. Smith. The "Sarge" did a couple of "hitches," got a commission, a "recommendation for a DSC," a lot of other medals, a couple of wounds and had a good

The ten (10) leading detachments of the Marine Corps League in membership standing as of 1 June, 1938, are as follows:

- 1 THEODORE ROOSEVELT
- 2 CHICAGO DETACHMENT No. 1
- 3 NIAGARA FRONTIER
- 4 BADGER
- 5 HUDSON MOHAWK
- 6 SAN FRANCISCO
- 7 ALBERT LINCOLN HARLOW
- 8 OAKLAND
- 9 TROY
- 10 HOMER A. HARKNESS

JOHN B. HINCKLEY, JR.,  
Nat. Adj. and Paymaster.

time with the Second Division back in '18. Greber has been working up at Mansfield, Ohio, we hope to hear some good returns from the detachment in that city soon. Eastman "entertained" Bill Mullen of The National Capitol Detachment a few days ago. Saw to it that Mullen "saw" Cincinnati (or should we spell it SINSIN-NATI when these fellows get together??) Freuzman's firm just handed him a deserved promotion, Tommy Wood got his picture in the paper at the Derby, Peters

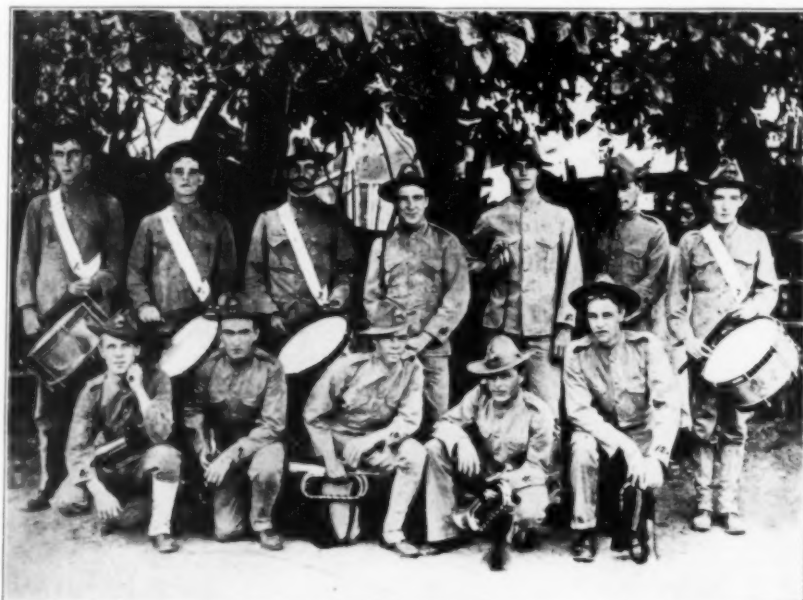
found a new brand of drinking likker, Griggs bought a new bugle, O'Leary got a detachment at Dayton, Ohio, and is looking for a few more. Mead received an Expeditionary Medal for Haiti and everybody "got" something except good old George F. Brautigam, but then George's turn is coming. Someday he is going to get a bottle all his very own, pull the cork when no one else is around and Ahhh, shucks why keep this up, let us hear your story.

GEORGE F. BRAUTIGAM,  
Chief of Staff.

### THEODORE ROOSEVELT DETACHMENT

Boston, Mass.

This detachment was not represented in THE LEATHERNECK News last month due to lack of news, but the program has been different since. We held our first Memorial Services, since the New Incorporation, Sunday, May 15, and considering the inclement weather we had a very fine parade with about two hundred in line of march, including the Band and members of Post 44 American Legion; members of the Mahoney Post, V.F.W., and last but not least Old Man Bailey from the Chard Detachment, Marine Corps League, of Leominster who had his new Colors and a number of boys from the detachment down to lend us a hand. After the services the gang retired to our Jamaica Plain quarters where the Ladies' Auxiliary had coffee,



TRUMPETERS AND DRUMMERS, CAVITE, P. I., 1899-1900

1, Joseph Halleron; 2, John Stewart; 3, W. Vogt; 4, M. Hewitt; 5, Russell S. Garland; 6, W. Bartlett; 7, B. Goodwin; 8, R. Lloyd; 9, F. Winterbottom; 10, A. Burgess; 11, A. Tansel; 12, H. Pollard.



doughnuts and sandwiches of all descriptions waiting for the chow hounds. As these refreshments began to go begging, the Sergeant-at-Arms, Jack McKenna uncovered a barrel of that well known amber fluid known locally as ale (we all have a hunch our Sr. Vice Fred Hickey was responsible for same). A good time was had by all.

The following Sunday, May 22 we turned out with the Mahoney Post, V.F.W., for their Memorial services, and more eats and drinks.

On Sunday, May 29, we turned out with Post 44, American Legion for their Memorial services, and following, we were served refreshments but, this did not conclude the activity this day. About twenty men and a number of the Auxiliary hied to Ashburnham where the Chard Detachment of Leominster were holding their Memorial services at the grave of Elliot F. Chard whom their Detachment is named for. Thence to Fitchburg to decorate some squares, thence to Leominster and Lemonts. What took place here had best not be recorded, (you have our permission to ask Jack McKenna, he doesn't remember). Then on to a camp in the country and home at 9:00 A. M., a bath, shave, press and we are off again. Our own decoration services took place Monday, Memorial Day and some one hundred and fifty graves were decorated.

Away to the State Convention and a more successful State Convention was never held in the old Bay State, socially or financially. Our sincere thanks to the committee that made this an outstanding affair. No man on the committee shirked his duties in the least and with that kind of work success must be the ultimate outcome.

State Commandant of New Jersey was with us together with Chris Cunningham and Brown of Albany. Many dignitaries graced the head table including Lt. Governor Kelly and Col. Montague of the Charlestown Navy Yard. We had seven separate local broadcasts on the radio also a thirty minute National hook-up. Every newspaper in the state carried notices of the convention for a week in advance. What more could you ask for? A good department staff, sez you. Well we have that also, and we defy any state to show us a better one than:

Commandant, Jerome D. Cohen, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Senior Vice Commandant, Dr. Cleary, Holyoke Detachment.

Junior Vice Commandant, Harold Bailey, Elliot Chard Detachment.

Judge Advocate, Vincent G. Rose, Middlesex Detachment.

Chief of Staff, Joseph Alvarez, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Chaplain, Roland McDonald, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Sergeant-at-Arms, William Doane, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Adjutant and Paymaster, William Phelan, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Aide de Camp, Michael DeRenzo, Theodore Roosevelt Detachment.

Aide de Camp, Louis Bergstrom, Holyoke Detachment.

Voluntary Aides, every detachment commandant in the state.

Other than the few times mentioned the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment hasn't had much activity during the past month so will end this babble and start preparing for a picnic to be held in the very near future.

IRA S. WADE,  
Commandant.

May 23, 1938.

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, U.S.M.C.  
Commandant U. S. Marine Corps  
Navy Building  
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Holcomb:

At the request of the Marine Corps League, Representative Arthur D. Healey, of Boston, Massachusetts, has presented to Congress the following bills:

H. R. 10674 A BILL

To recognize certain Marine Corps service for the purpose of the civil service and veterans' laws.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in the administration of the laws administered by the Civil Service Commission and by the Veterans' Administration those Marines who, either before or after the World War, served with any expeditionary force or in any military expedition or military occupation, and are or hereafter become disabled as the result of injury or disease incurred in line of duty, shall be entitled to the same rights, privileges, and benefits as any disabled veteran of the World War.

H. R. 10675 A BILL

To increase the pay strength of the United States Marine Corps and of the Marine Corps Reserve.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the pay strength of the United States Marine Corps is hereby authorized to be increased to twenty-five thousand men on the active list, distribution in the various grades to be made in the same proportion as provided under existing law; and the United States Marine Corps Reserve is hereby authorized to be increased to

twenty-five thousand men. The Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized and directed to submit to the Bureau of the Budget for transmission to Congress estimates of the additional appropriations necessary to carry out this Act.

Mr. Healey has also introduced a bill which will cover the following resolution as passed at the National Convention of the League in Akron, Ohio, September 5, 1937.

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb:

At the present writing, I do not have a copy of the bill, nor do I know the number of same; therefore, it will be necessary for your office to check on this information.

BE IT RESOLVED, that the Marine Corps League in National Convention petition the Secretary of the Navy, the Major General Commandant, United States Marine Corps, to cause to have struck a medal or decoration to be known as the Marine Medal, and that said Marine Medal be awarded (or issued) to those Commissioned, Warranted or Enlisted United States Marines who now hold letters of commendation from the Secretary of the Navy and the Major General Commandant, United States Marine Corps, for deeds of heroism in times other than in time of war, and that said Marine Medal be awarded in the future to all members of the United States Marine Corps for such deeds of heroism, and where said letters of commendation are awarded.

The membership of the League sincerely hopes that the Marine Corps, through your office, will look favorably upon these bills and urge the passage of same.

With kindest personal regards,

Respectfully yours,

MAURICE A. ILLCH,  
National Commandant.

### Marine Corps League News

Should be sent to

Ira S. Wade

17 Marcella St., Roxbury, Mass.

### OPEN LETTER

My dear Comrades:

We are fast approaching the time when we assemble in national convention at Washington, September 2, 3 and 4. Of course, we are all interested in the grand social activities and entertainment which we are assured will be accorded to us there. Being at the nation's capital, knowing it as I do and being fully familiar with the arrangements that are being made, I feel we are all assured a convention that will go down in the annals of our organization as the most outstanding from a social standpoint.

This is the recreation side, but there are very many serious matters which confront us at this convention. For the good of our organization, I believe a great deal of forethought should be given to this end of the business. May I, from my wide past experience at conventions, urge you not to hamper the successful operation of your convention and your delegates by sending your delegates instructed, especially on the election of officers.

It is general procedure that all organizations elect their outstanding men as dele-

gates and those in whom they have great confidence as their representatives. Among these men often is found a real "dark horse" who demonstrates on the floor and in his service to the convention a possibility of outstanding service in executive ability and one who might serve as a national officer with great honor and credit. If delegates are sent instructed, it is impossible to execute the will of the organization and place these people where they might properly belong. Since you do elect your delegates because of your confidence in them, why not just send them with your various resolutions and a word of confidence that they use their best judgment in representing you to select officers with no thought of personal feeling but as your representatives, to elect men who will do the League the most good.

Be very careful about your resolutions, bearing in mind that your new by-laws are very recent. Any changes which must be made necessitate not only great thought and study by your committee and the presentations of these resolutions on the floor, but in general, if they are not of real importance, tie up the machinery so that there is not time for the proper consideration of resolutions which really have magnitude and importance in the proper functioning of the League.

It is my great regret that, as your Junior National Vice-Commandant, I have not had the opportunity to visit every organization in the country. I hope, however,

to have an opportunity of overcoming this handicap by meeting most of you in Washington on September 2, 3 and 4. My quarters at the Willard Hotel will be open to any and all of you and my hand of welcome extended. With my best wishes for continued success and a happy trip to Washington.

*Semper Fidelis,*  
JEROME D. COHEN,  
National Junior Vice-Commandant.

## NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1

Summer days are lazy days for this detachment. The May meeting accomplished nothing but the usual routine and, of course, the poker session that always follows. But it also developed that interest in the National Convention is growing apace. Some will go by train, others by bus and autos. Meanwhile the boys are dreaming and planning what they are going to do and to hear them tell it you would think they were going to be away for a month. The ladies, too, are planning. You know—new frocks and such. Fine break for the married guys.

Before the convention, however, we will have our summer picnic out in the country which will give the gang a chance to limber up and get better acquainted with

the occasional members and their families. If they insist upon a baseball game, we fear some of the boys will fail to recover in time for the Washington trip.

While we took no part as a unit in the Memorial Day Parade, our members were quite prominent in other outfits. Angelo Cincotta was Adjutant of the Brooklyn procession and Harry Burgess was bandmaster of the sixty-piece Brooklyn Edison Band, of which he is the organizer. Joe Vanslett, our first vice commandant headed Manhattan Camp, United Spanish War Veterans, the largest camp in the state. Your scribe spent the day on a farm in Maryland, fortified with plenty of "what it takes to cheer."

Gossip is scarce this month so—Cheerio!

FRANK X. LAMBERT,  
Chief of Staff.

## RESERVE NEWS 13th Battalion, FMCR (Continued from page 48)

Major Bleasdale delivered a highly interesting lecture on the subject of the 2nd Nicaraguan campaign, illustrated by slides projected on a screen. This feature of the evening held the members of the company just about spell bound.

## SERGEANT STONY CRAIG

AND HIS  
U. S. MARINES  
ARE READY FOR DUTY IN  
YOUR FAVORITE NEWSPAPER

A FAST-MOVING ADVENTURE  
STRIP OF MARINES

Thrills without horror; action without gore, and adventure without nightmare.

A Daily Comic-Adventure Feature by  
FRANK H. RENTFROW and D. L. DICKSON

If this strip is not included in your favorite newspaper, clip the notice below and mail it to the editor.

Dear Mr. Editor:

We would like very much to follow the adventures of SERGEANT STONY CRAIG in your comic section. Won't you please contact the BELL SYNDICATE, New York City, and arrange to include this feature?

Thank you,



But, Sir, you said to clean up your office. I didn't know you hadn't read SERGEANT STONY CRAIG or I wouldn't have t'run the paper out.

Major John J. Flynn, USMCR, the battalion commander, then in a few well chosen words outlined the coming summer training camp program and exhorted members of the company to repeat their former record of taking 58 enlisted men to camp in 1932, probably the highest summer camp attendance ever attained by any company in the reserve.

All hands left with well lined stomachs and equally well lined heads—lined intellectually—not "spiritually."

## Sidelights of the 13th Battalion

Sgt. John W. Burkhardt, USMCR, of Company B was recently awarded the certificate of "Honor Graduate" of the Platoon Leaders Class. He was ordered before a medical board for physical examination as a candidate for a commission in the regular service. Here's good luck!

Captain Kenneth O. Cuttle is the Battalion Adjutant.

Second Lieutenant Alfred V. Jorgensen recently joined Company B.

Second Lieutenant John S. Dewey, formerly Cpl. Dewey of Company C has joined Hdqrs. Co. as Mess Officer.

Second Lieutenant Dean Morgan and Mrs. Morgan report from Italy that they saw Hitler and Mussolini in Rome. Welcome Home!

Cpl. Pursell of Company B has not missed a drill in seven years. Is there a better attendance record in the Marine Corps Reserve?

First Lieutenant C. J. Salazar has been assigned duty as Battalion Q. M.

Second Lieutenant Wm. M. Bell is now company officer of D Company.

## D COMPANY, 13TH BN. Inglewood, California

Summer camp is with us again, and as training periods go, this should be a memorable one. With ten or more recruits, a flock of new non-coms, and two full platoons we are assured of at least a few things. We will be the largest company in the battalion for one thing. Our small-bore qualification merit number should be a winner for the Crosby cup. We have a recruit who made 327 on a first try with the small-bore—he should be a ringer for the Tyro cup in the .30 caliber competition. We intend keeping the Ida Lupino efficiency cup, and we are always ready for a shot at the quarterly drill cup. At least a few of these matters may be settled as we read this issue of THE LEATHERNECK.

An eight year record of safety in range operations got a big hole shot in it when Pfc. Marling was accidentally hit in the right biceps with a .22 caliber bullet at our El Segundo range. We can not too often repeat the old truth, that every weapon must be treated and handled as though it were a loaded weapon. The person firing the shot was on the line, firing off-hand position. He got tired and decided to save the shot; took the piece from his shoulder, and in getting out of the sling, he dropped the rifle. The natural impulse was to catch it before it hit the ground. He did this and in so doing, pulled the trigger. Oh yes, it might have been worse, much worse. Anyhow, Marling took it like the good fellow he is, and we now have (to quote Captain Card) "A horrible example" of what the careless handling of a rifle can mean.

Last month brought the long awaited promotions. To the senior enlisted man of the outfit we now say Sgt. Hawkins. Others were Cpls. Badger and Brinkman and

THE LEATHERNECK

Pfes, Cleeton and Lynch. By enlistment we have in the recruit group, Conway, Floyd, Gosline, Paulin, Potts and Richardson. By discharge and transfer we wash our hands of Daniels, Lundstrom, Buffington and Spencer.

If effort counts for anything, we will soon be in a new armory in the proposed civic-center development of Inglewood. Our CO, Captain Horace W. Card, FMCR, and I & I, Major Victor F. Bleasdale, USMC, have been busily engaged in clearing the prejudice and rallying the support necessary to conclude the deal. The proposed structure will be built with PWA labor, with the city of Inglewood furnishing the ground and material. It is planned to use the building for permanently housing the commissioner of Boy Scouts' offices, the chamber of commerce and the Marine Reserve. The building will have recreational facilities available to groups and the general public at specified times. It will provide ample room for lockers, property, lecture rooms and offices for our company. If the plan is put into action it will represent the fulfillment of ten years of constant trying on the part of Captain Card to get official sanction and recognition of the Marine Reserve in the city of Inglewood.

Try this one on your ping-pong table. Paddle in right hand; stethoscope in left hand. Lessons given graciously by "Doc" (Lieutenant) Glenn English, USNR. PIGS is still PIGS, and the next guy we catch with his fanny parked on our PP table can expect to play a little game with belts. While taking our "horrible example" to the doctor, the fastest car at the range ran out of gasoline. May we nominate for the firing-squad the dumb clucks who think they can charge a buck-and-a-quarter a week at the PX when they only make a mere six hits? We hear that Lieutenant "Bill" Bell, FMCR, is the owner of, of all things, a hubble-bubble. What is it? Why it's a Turkish water pipe, family-style, and don't be blowing instead of sucking, you lugs.

#### FOURTH BATTALION, FMCR (Continued from page 53)

Height of indolence.—Somebody short sheeted Pvt. Resciniti last year but it didn't make any difference to him. Ingeniously he slept the way it was, with his head protruding from the cot. What's the difference, at least his feet were covered.

I wonder what this year's encampment holds in store for us? I'll tell you, for a little silver quarter you can purchase a LEATHERNECK. Sgt. Bartola holds the sales, and you can read the tales. S'long.

#### SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR (Continued from page 53)

The rumor department has also informed us that Captain Charles Cox, VMCR, will accompany the battalion to Quantico. Just which company Captain Cox will be assigned to is not known as yet, but it will be a very fortunate one that gets him for an officer.

Recently we were favored by a visit from Platoon Sergeant Bohne of Company A of the 13th Battalion located at Santa Monica, California. We were mighty glad to see the sergeant and hope he carried our message back to his outfit. This message was to the effect that he and his buddies have a headquarters in Philadelphia and



Marine Guard, USS Brooklyn, Flag Ship, at Santiago, Cuba, Sunday, July 3, 1898.

the Sixth it is. He very politely stated that he thought we were a pretty good looking outfit. Well, we think so too. Anyway, come again, Sergeant, and maybe we will look in on you some day.

Our Quartermaster, Captain John J. Carter, having already departed with a detail of 15 men for Quantico, the duties of the office are being filled by Supply Sergeant Young. We have not been able to notice any difference as yet. Clothes are either too big or too little and the quartermaster is fresh out of whatever we need. Same difference.

Before signing off I would like to send a few remarks to our detail now at Quantico. Please pick out a place for me where the sun shines with the least intensity and where the breezes are most invigorating. I need the rest after working the typewriter on this article.

#### COMPANY A, SIXTH BATTALION, FMCR Philadelphia, Pa.

By Par

There is nothing like starting a new fiscal year on the proper foot. Such is the intention of Company A, by appearing in THE LEATHERNECK from now on. Not only that, but we are going to endeavor to get every member as a subscriber. At the present time we are enlisted to full strength of 69 and have high hopes of taking 60 men to Quantico 10 July to 24 July.

Due to the fact that our Battalion "Maestro" has been writing the monthly column, it has been impossible for anyone but the band to break into print. Therefore this unheralded and pioneering step, I don't claim any relationship to Winchell, but I'll have my scouts out; so beware what you do from now on or it may haunt you in the next edition of THE LEATHERNECK.

Unless we have another general sickness break out at camp this year, it looks as though some of our non-coms will consume a case or two less beer. If you don't get this, ask Sgt. Russett. We are considering the formation of a motor patrol under the leadership of a certain Pfc. who is cultivating on his upper lip that which grows wild elsewhere. It may be a bet, then again a certain young

lady in the office of a well known Oil Company may be the motivating power. One of the members of this patrol found out to his own misfortune that automobiles are built more substantially than motorcycles. That is why Pvt. Maggioncaldo (Jones to you) is getting around on crutches.

With such veteran non-coms as Gy-Sgt. Sack and Sgts. DeFouzo, Sellers and Russett, who are all on their second or third hitch, there is no reason why we should not set the pace for the other companies of this battalion. This is not only a promise, but a threat "We'll be seeing you next month." Here's hoping the other companies of the Sixth will follow suit.

#### SECOND BATTALION, FMCR (Continued from page 53)

for from National Headquarters of the MCL. The League now being incorporated by an Act of Congress in August, 1937, it is thought that a detachment will prosper within this outfit, thereby aiding the morale and well being of the organization, outside of being the first Reserve battalion to have a detachment. The following are charter members of the Navy Yard Detachment: Captain Crowley, Lieutenants Dickson, Elder, DeSantis; 1st Sgt. Williams, USMC, Sup-Sgt. Cohen; Sgt. Doherty; Pl-Sgt. Trahan; Cpl. Peterson; Pfc. Coulter. A membership drive is now being formulated to bring others into the detachment and it is hoped that we will have the largest membership of any unit in the country. We wish to thank at this time Lt. Col. Wm. M. Marshall, I-I, for his kind cooperation in the forming of the Navy Yard Detachment.

Company B has been rather quiet for the past couple of months but at this writing we know that they are at full strength and raring to go on the 26th. Their two ambassadors of good will made their semi-monthly visit to Headquarters a couple of drill nights ago. We refer to none other than Marine Gunner Weeman and 1st Sgt. Stewart. They spent the evening with us and went back to Portland loaded with blanco and other items necessary for a successful training period. The joke is kind of on B Co., in the matter of transportation. It seems



that we were informed by a certain party that B Co. would hit the Pullmans from Portland, Me., to New York on the State of Main express the night of the 25th. Sad to say they will instead come to Boston the night of the 25th and bunk on Helen Gould cots in the armory, leaving with the main body the following morning. Too bad, fellows, but it's all in the interest of economy you know. Oh, yes, B Co. had two promotions during the month, a sergeant and corporale, but at this time the names of the victims are not obtainable so we will let it ride until next issue.

Hitting into high C we find that company all settled down with their new CO, 2nd Lieutenant Sodano who has been turning on the heat of late. The Loot takes his soldiering straight as with his athletics, and we have an idea that C Co. will prosper under his command. C's company officer, 2nd Lieutenant Bouker, so we are reliably informed joined the benedicts during the past month on the strength of the old adage that two can live as cheaply as one. The groom has been due to take exams for a commission in the regular Corps but at this writing we have not heard what the verdict has been. The battalion wishes Lieutenant Bouker the best of luck on the matrimonial sea, and tell us about it when you return to duty. We have one promotion to list in C Co., this past month, that of Pfc. "Bill" Hutchings to Corporal. That's all right, Bill, Chet and Jack says you can wet them down at Quantico. We regret to announce the transfer of Cpl. J. F. Edwards to class VI, reason being he has accepted a position at Burlington, N. C., as a flying instructor at an airport in that city. Edwards, being a distinguished marksman, represented the 2nd Battalion for two years at the National Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. He is also a first class flyer and all hands wish him happy landings in his new venture. He has promised your scribe that he will fly up to Quantico to see us while we are there, so be on the lookout for him.

Poring into the BC ("D") Co's. files we find that outfit busy blaneoeing packs right on the deck of their squadroom, with Pl-Sgt. "Joek" McKenna holding a watchful eye over them. We also find Sgt. Byron V. Leary going Class Sixside getting ready to accept a commission as 2nd Lt. in the Marine Corps. Leary graduates from Boston College this month, and we all wish him luck and congratulations upon his forthcoming appointment as a Second Lieutenant. Taking his place as a Sergeant is Cpl. Varney, who at present is holding down the property Sgt.'s billet.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot our Drum & Bugle Corps who are making the welkin every Wednesday night at the Armory. Cpl. Paul Sargent, Jr., is making the boys hit their paces with the snare drums, while Pvt. Carl Peterson, brother of our Bn. clerk, Cpl. "Al" Peterson, has the trumpeters faces red trying to hit the high ones. Great things are expected of our musies and this fall we hope to have them drilling with the battalion.

POTOMAC MUD \*\*\* What 2nd Lt.'s name is appearing in the society column of the Quincy papers of late? \*\*\* Why is Webber's better half suspicious when he dresses up in blues of a Wed. nite to visit a sick Pvt. at Norwood Hospital? \*\*\* Are we going to be off for 4th of July? \*\*\* The officers looking very nifty in their new boots \*\*\* Rusty Innis paraded with the VFW in Brookline Me-

morial Day but forget to mention how many half barrels were on hand after the parade \*\*\* Oh yes, we mean water\*\*\* Though this is not the proper place for it, the lads from A Company made quite a showing Memorial Day parading with the Kearsarge Naval Veterans \*\*\* What is Blondy Benson going to do at camp without Buddy Morris as his sidekick? \*\*\* Who said Sullivan was up the pole? \*\*\* That beer garden at the Quantico Post Ex is going to be too handy \*\*\* Is it true that the "Top" has a mutual friend in one of Boston's finest? \*\*\* See you at Chappawamsie Creek \*\*\*

## WEST COAST NEWS

First Bn., 6th Marines

(Continued from page 18)

ever gets into print it'll be his fault. "I've been framed in a big way."

"Chic" Burbridge deserted the Marine Corps to join the Band. After all we did for him too. Now I suppose that we'll have to learn how to truck in order to march to his music.

The Mussolini twins, Gianunzio and De Renzis, automatically became life time Marines as soon as the return of the bonus was announced. Can you imagine either one of them with a hundred dollars.

## NEWS FROM COMPANY C

By William L. Potter

Back from China and Maneuvers, with the Fleet. We find ourselves preparing for the Rifle Range once more for which many men are overdue.

We lost many of our old friends in Shanghai, and other Asiatic Stations.

We miss our Company Commander Capt. Thomas M. Ryan, who was with us for two years. Was transferred to Cavite, just before returning from China. We also miss 2nd Lieutenant Welsley M. Platt, who was left with the 4th Marines. But we are proud to say we still have 2nd Lieutenant Robert W. Boyd (Company Commander) and 2nd Lieutenant Maynard C. Schultz.

2nd Lieutenant Ellsworth G. Van Orman, joined us three weeks ago, and has taken leave.

1st Sgt. Carl F. A. Germer, joined us in Manila, when 1st Sgt. J. A. Adriaensen left us for the rifle team (I hear he did right well for himself too).

Another whom we will all miss—M. Gy. Sgt. William F. Pulver fired with the team in La Jolla, and is now in the 5th Marines.

Good old Gy. Sgt. Slug Marvin, was left in Shanghai and replaced by Gy. Sgt. Manny Berkman. Plat. Sgt. Clyde O. Fleckner was transferred to the company while firing the range.

Pvt. John Beattie, Jr., is with us now. Recently transferred from the Company to various posts in San Diego: Cpl. D. I. Bengs, Cpl. A. A. Bungarner, Pfc. W. L. Heldreth, Pfc. R. A. Spell, Pvt. A. J. Codrington.

We are having a parade in Down Town San Diego, Monday (Memorial Day). So there is going to be a lot of resting over the week-end.

With this we close for this month hoping to have something on some one next month.

## "DOG" COMPANY, 6TH

"Dog" Company left Shanghai on 18 February, 1938, aboard the USS *Chaumont*. After a short stop-over in Manila and Guam the *Chaumont* pulled into Pearl Harbor, 14 March, 1938. After two weeks of drilling in Pearl Harbor, in preparation for Fleet Problem XIX, the *Chaumont* pulled out for the Island of Maui, T. H., where the Company participated in the landing exercise. The next day, D Company embarked aboard the USS *Oklahoma* which took us to Long Beach, Calif. The short stay aboard the "Okie" was enjoyed by all, and it was almost with regret that we left the ship at Long Beach, and embarked aboard the USS *Utah* which finally took us to San Diego and home.

Since we left Shanghai there has been many changes in D Company. Numerous transfers have taken away such men as Gunnery Sergeant Cook, Corporal Meyers, Platoon Sergeant Griffin, Pfc. Baker and many others. Our skipper, Captain F. B. Loomis, was detached to the USS *Pensacola*, 2nd Lieutenants Walt and Van Orman were also detached. In behalf of all of D Company who enjoyed their tour of duty under them, I want to wish them all a bon voyage.

Second Lieutenant L. B. Robertshaw took over the reins as skipper upon the detachment of Captain Loomis. First Sergeant Cecil R. Bates is being transferred sometime in June to the Destroyer Base, and none other than First Sergeant John (Duke) Duvene will relieve him as first sergeant of the company.

It seems that we cannot let our sea bags rest in one place very long. We are leaving for the rifle range on or about June 9th, and will remain there for about one month. However, everyone is looking forward to our stay on the range, as a good time will be had by all. Last year D Company won the Franklin Wharton Cup, which is awarded annually for excellence in rifle marksmanship.

This being spring, naturally a young man's fancy turns to love (even the older men notice it). It's hard to find a man in D Company these days that is not struck by cupid. Heading the list we have "Moe" Brahen, Cecelski, Hudson, "Bruiser" Owen, Ferry, and innumerable others. What man tells all the beautiful women he is a test pilot? Could it be "Sluggie" Jones, that handsome brute? Speaking of brutes, who is a bigger "Brute" than that handsome Casanova Pvt. Vella. Well, folks, I will have to sign off until next month so until then, adios.

## BATTERY E, 2ND BN., TENTH

(Continued from page 19)

Hobbs and Stanley the Jeep have both acquired automobiles of a sort. "D.T.'s" Anderson's jalopy, also purchased since Honolulu, has been sold to the Maxwell-Mason combination and is slated for yet another resale if another capitalist can be found.

Pvt. Bagnell has taken on quite a load



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in the last couple of weeks, one marriage, one two-year extension, and one furlough transfer to Quantico, to mention a few of the smaller items. Cpl. Pasquale Weldon has also signed up for another stretch, a four-year one no less, and now that the big decision is past can be seen almost any night trucking on down at the Kopper Kettle in company with Reynolds, the Beast. Pvt. Hoiman Harris is buying tickets for the Irish Sweeps with renewed hope since his father won one of the smaller awards in the last running. Deacon Welch proved his superior knowledge of the scriptures when Pfc. Abbott won a five-dollar bet from Pvts. Walker and McNow on the strength of the Deacon's assertion that a certain passage was not to be found in the scriptures. Slim Albrecht has definitely given up further trips to Hollywood. On his last Hegira he was about eight hours late in returning to San Diego and couldn't remember very well whether he had enjoyed himself or not. That is about all except that the battery clown is still keeping eleven different damsels in various parts of the country in a dither, one in person and ten by mail. It should prove interesting when the one in Kansas City arrives here soon to give the local lass some competition.

### BATTERY F

Hear Ye, Hear Ye! A newly organized Battery is now in the making. That is first we are, and then we aren't or vice versa. As your scribe takes his scribbling stick in hand, his highly developed opticles come in contact with a roster forty-seven men to date, and not a one that cannot tear the ever present "New York Telephone Directory" into bits, unless it be the scribe. At present the men are learning the why and whereof of the "75s." It's a promise. You'll hear from us in the future, we're out to make a name! Don't let your bayonets rust!

### MARE ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 20)

The new Post Quartermaster, Captain W. S. Brown, AAQM, USMC, has been most properly introduced into his new line of duty. There is no doubt but that he will find the learning of this new line of duty a most pleasant one with the utmost confidence and assistance of the entire personnel of the department, who are striving to make his initial tour as an Acting Assistant Quartermaster a most pleasant and efficient one.

### SECOND SIGNAL COMPANY

(Continued from page 18)

and dashes and that they are going to have a hard time getting them all straightened out. The dots and dashes cause the electrons to jiggle about and the jiggling of the electrons causes the dots and dashes, whom! I'm getting it too, seems like it's catching.



"And Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships"

Friday, 13th of May, there was a parade at the Base to render ceremony to the presenting of the Purple Heart decoration to eighty world war veterans. Since the Purple Heart is given to those that were wounded and served with distinction, we feel that it was a privilege to render honor and ceremony to those that shed their blood for our government and democracy.

We certainly owe a lot of thanks to the First Signal Company and "Stein Tech" for sending us such a worker as M.T. Sgt. Steinhauer. When he first arrived here it was like a Florida hurricane, then blop, we have a Material Course that covers all of our field equipment. The personnel attending the Material School is started off toward higher service schools such as the exclusive Radio Materiel School at Washington, D. C.

M.T. Sgt. Petrello has reported in from ninety days' furlough and is now busy organizing our field platoon. Petrello is working out an excellent course of training under the guidance of our company commander. Petrello will teach anything and everything connected with communication. M.T. Sgt. Petrello will be assisted by Tech. Sgt. Bowman just back from China.

M.T. Sgt. Kilday is at the present enjoying ninety-day shipping over furlough. It has been rumored that Sgt. Kilday will soon leave for the east coast. Since Sgt. Kilday helped to organize the schools that we have in our organization and is partly responsible for the excellent courses of instruction on radio in the Marine Corps, if he does go east we will lose an excellent man, while the east coast will profit by our loss.

Due to the transfer of our most efficient First Sergeant Barnett Hughes, to the east coast, we now have a new Top Kick, Crouch. First Sergeant Crouch will be with us only temporarily due to the fact that he is awaiting orders for sea duty. We will be sorry to see Sgt. Crouch leave, but then these things are getting to be just ordinary routine to us Marines.

Tech. Sgt. Marcus J. Coutts left our organization sometime ago for Asiatic duty. We hear that he arrived in China OK. We wish to extend him our gratitude for duty well done in the Second Signal.

We are very happy to hear that First Lieutenant Harry S. Leon, our capable company commander, has been made a captain. According to rumors some ship will receive a new Marine captain soon.

Since that the Marine rifle team has set the yearly standard for us ordinary Marines, we are beginning to send out parties to the rifle range. Two parties have already fired, resulting a good score. Tech. Sgt. Bowman still retains his expert rifleman pay for another period.

Pfc. McIlwain said "I do" for two more years. We will have to call him Corporal in the future, as his warrant came rolling through the day after he agreed to extend. Says he will not be able to "MOO" so many at the Bavaria, since he lost a few bucks in making Cor-

poral. Congratulations and don't mind the few iron men too much.

We were sad and happy with our friend Joe Petrosky, who thought he'd take a crack at the cruel, cold outside. He only lasted about five weeks out there in the cold, drab world. Says the outside isn't what it's cracked up to be. We're hoping he'll be a corporal again soon.

Now that the maneuvers are over and the fellows in the sixth are back from China, the Marine radiomen are going back aboard ship. We wish them the best of luck and hope they don't get too sick of the sea.

Well I guess this will let everyone know that the Second Signal Company is still dahing along trying to keep ahead of the time. So we'll say, "am closing down, awaiting your answer."

### DETACHMENTS

N.A.D., Fort Mifflin, Pa.

(Continued from page 21)

display of neatness in household duties. However, it seems that this slight bit of praise "spoiled" these persons. While waiting for some of my table mates to finish their noon repast, several members of this detachment, who are heads of "households," were observed seated at one table. Being anxious to learn the latest in table etiquette and thinking that this was the time and place to see proper manner put in operation, several moments were spent in watching these gentlemen. Surely, Emily Post would be greatly pleased to know that the impeccable manners displayed by this group was above reproach. Some of the things heard and said by Messrs. Hand, Fritz, Watters, Corley, Lamoreux, Kramer and Stone were as follows: "Down on the 'skid-grease,'" "Come down and get," "Don't cross my bow again," a mouth, even with the plate, being industriously fed with two hands; a fork poised to stab a passing steak; food scraps being surveyed by the amazed mess cook. The intermittent "drawing room" conversation was equally as enlightening. I will stick to my farm life teachings.

Mullinax, the barracks roustabout, tells me that he is planning on getting around to doing a "powerful lot of thinking" about cutting that patch of grass in front of the barracks.

To Field Music Krzyzweksi, relief for the commuter, Murphy, a hearty welcome and pleasant tour of duty.

### CHARLESTON, S. C.

(Continued from page 25)

PIE EATING CONTEST:—In vain did "Y" look to see our pie eating champion among the contestants. Sergeant Hopkins was very indignant to find the pie episode in THE LEATHERNECK for all his friends in the Marine Corps to read about. Had he been present I would have bet my entire month's pay on him to have finished his pie and then help any of the others who were slow in consuming pie. However, he was very inconspicuous when this event came off. Here are the winners. Winge either put more around and on his face to finish first or else the others were just novices at eating pie. Graddick, a would-and-hope-to-be cook, finished second, and according to my notes Purcell, the boy who reenlisted to get out of work, was third.

Now for the BIG EVENT OF THE DAY:—Free beer and a buffet luncheon

was served on the Baseball diamond. Everyone, including the pie-eaters made terrible inroads on the chow and were soon resting uncomfortably in the shade of the oak trees.

The last and final event was a soft ball game between the Privates and the NCO's, this game was engineered by the Sergeant of The Guard who was fully armed. A game which was hotly contested and protested, vigorously argued, and erroneously played with the final score 11 to 12 in favor of the privates.

It seems that the Privates won because at every lull in the game a private would be standing at the elbow of some NCO offering a bottle of beer. Of course none of these offers were refused. Such teamwork and cooperation deserved to be on the winning end, and it can only be called overly hospitable.

Theodore M. Stephenson, a veteran Sergeant who is still nursing a broken leg, has been sending frantic messages from the Hospital to the Barracks for some one to save him a LEATHERNECK. Maybe it is because someone told him that his name appeared in the last issue of the Marine Magazine, or he is wondering if he has moved up from fortieth on the list for Platoon Sergeant.

Check and double check, my notes are exhausted—and—it is time for "xYz" to bid our readers farewell until next month.

#### U. S. MARINE BAND

(Continued from page 22)

tion by the alert staff of the Band library, and Musician Teddy Roth.

The 4th of July will find the Band very busy at the monument and on other details, and the usual concerts on the lawn at the Marine Barracks always find the faithful 500. No accurate count is available of the number of "shut-ins" who enjoy the weekly program broadcast from the Band Auditorium; but a fair estimate of 10,000 would be conservative. Only that far-flung audience knows the answer. Let us know.

Suggestions for a concert: "The Ephemeral Matron." Television is just around the corner for band concerts and no one knows what is next. A contest is being conducted by one of the local papers, based on the popularity of drummers in the various orchestras throughout the District of Columbia. However, it is not known whether or not the Service orchestras are eligible for competition. The drummers of the dance orchestras (and the Marine Band boasts of many) are without peer.

Paddy Doyle has a sergeant's warrant dated 1917. Can any member of the Band produce one older? There is a museum on the balcony of the Marine Band Auditorium and it is worth seeing. Captain Branson will gladly supply his autograph to your concert program. Does anyone have the autograph of John P. Sousa on a band program?

The Sergeant Major of the Band is present at all the concerts and will gladly answer any questions. His name is Florea and he succeeded Drum Major Pryor. Suggestions for this column are always welcome by your correspondent.

#### YORKTOWN, VA.

(Continued from page 22)

ler and Elmer the Great, Jenness, take fly swatting lessons from Asst. Cook Windley, late of Parris Island. Our new mascot, "Spud," having been duly initiated (shot against Rabies) now a full member of the command. O'Brien, our librarian, true-story, fiction and novels, and late for breakfast information gladly furnished. Riley, getting short, going to join the Marines. Oh Yeah! the Merchant Marine. Stenson, our midnight Romeo, sporting white trousers, we don't know but his job at the Stables calls for a white wing suit.

It is with a heavy heart that we announce the following: Our wait one minute please, while exchanging reels is over, we now have two picture machines. We also boast that Short Wave Coxon, who was discharged, installed a speaker system from the guard house to all Squad rooms. Now bugle calls, passing the word, comes over the ether. This was contributed by Coxon himself. Thanks, Coxon. Music Reilly says that he longs for his home along the banks of the Gowanus Canal, won't be long now. Posies: To Mrs. Uz Murray, who furnished and assisted in the making of the sauce for the Barbecue—Cpl. Kubic, and Cooks Windley preparing the meal. Due to the rain the outdoor events had to be called off, but the chow was served in the Mess Hall. Well, the vacationists have begun to arrive, so at seven each evening the boys in white flannels are on their way. It is rumored some of them own trousers jointly, using same once in three days. Pfc. Foy has the situation well in hand at Quantico from all reports. Soft Ball League, Civilian and Marine team will be inaugurated Saturday, 11 June, 1938. Pfc. Windy McQuern our No. 1 contact man says he is now in the cool, somebody else buying spare parts for the Rolls Royce. Heard over our speaker system Music Reilly after sounding Taps, passed the word good-night now, and I do mean now.

#### PORTSMOUTH POT-SHOTS

(Continued from page 23)

is now in command of the Barracks Detachment. We are glad to have you, Captain, and wish you a pleasant tour of duty with us. First Lieutenant McCaffery joined this post from the Fleet Marine Force and is now in command of the Marine Detachment, USS Nashville.

Sergeant Clement F. Wilmer, who spent a little over 23 years' service in the old Corps was transferred to Class 2 (d) Fleet Marine Corps Reserve on Saturday, 4 June,

1938. Wilmer was called in by the Commanding Officer, Colonel Henley, on Saturday, and in the presence of all officers and non-commissioned officers of the post, he was presented with a pen and pencil set by the officers and two traveling bags by the non-commissioned officers. Wilmer, or Eddy, as he was called by everyone on the post or whoever passed through here, could not express himself, he tried to smile, but we all knew it was hard for Eddy to say good-bye. So, Eddy, let's not say good-bye, just say so long. You know the old saying, "Once a Marine, always a Marine."

With the bathing season in full swing, our Commanding Officer, Colonel Henley, has assigned the Recreation Bus to carry swimming parties to Virginia Beach on Wednesdays, Saturdays and Sundays of each week, and all Holidays. Sandwiches and Lemonade furnished by the Mess. In addition to the swimming parties several fishing trips have been sponsored by the Recreation Officer, First Lieutenant Johnson, taking tents and cooking utensils along and camping out over the weekends. A lot of credit is due Sergeant Harry (Low) Geer who has worked hard, making these trips successful.

A new three wall hand ball court has been erected and is now in full use by members of this command.

The Marines from these barracks took part in the Memorial Day Parade in the City of Portsmouth, on 30 May, 1938. Colonel Henley was the reviewing officer. Our newly organized Bugle Corps under FM Cpl. Ross made a great hit with all who lined both sides of the streets. Hasta La Vista.

#### PHILADELPHIA RECEIVERS

(Continued from page 24)

ing out in the gym every day now, perhaps he knows who the guy was who laid him among the daisies, and is getting in condition. Cpl. Ted Levin has been trying to gain some weight for the past few months by eating about eight eggs and a loaf of bread a day along with his usual three squares but to no avail. To date he is exercising with the weights in the hope that he will be able to put on the desired poundage.

In the hope that something will develop during the coming month that will furnish competent material for the next issue I leave you hoping that I haven't bored you too much.

#### QUANTICO

##### Brigade Special Troops

(Continued from page 35)

old number five." She sure lived a tough life in Culebra. We must await some special parts before the old girl can join her running mates. What next, after they are repaired? I have an idea, but I am afraid





to mention it. Who said school and radio code practice? Who, I say?

Oh, ho! Dirty work afoot. Did I see the "Baltimore Romeos" sneaking around trying to hide letters with red smears on them which looked suspiciously like lipstick marks. No denials? First guess correct. Wuxtree! Wuxtree! Phillips has become First Sergeant Sylvester's stooge as "Chick." Self has left us for greener pastures out in the cruel, hard, outside. A last minute flash, folks. Big Willie Wilson has officially claimed the aey duey championship, but he will not even talk about cribbage. After this writer has "gone down to defeat" a few more times, he may challenge the uncrowned champ or "chump."

The tankers sign off with a promise to try to break into print again next month to air out trials and tribulations.

### FIRST CHEMICAL COMPANY

Greetings and salutations. The Company has survived another month and is still intact, though now and again a dark eye and a split lip makes its appearance. What could it be—spring fever, or too much raw meat? However, we'll all be more than glad to get back into Joe Newland's mess when the Tenth Marines return from Parris Island in the near future. The promotions that came to the Brigade in the early part of the month brought a new stripe to Pvt. Childress and an addi-

tional one to Pfc. Folsom much to the satisfaction of the favored ones.

Things have gone on smoothly with the training of the new members of the command in the intricacies of cart drill, and chemical warfare under the able tutelage of Captain Taylor and his able assistant, Lieutenant Loomis. Mr. Loomis also gets much thanks from the organization for his able work in athletics. Corporal Hoskins has been having a grand time making "tumpkins" for the mortars, which will smarten up the guns considerably. All your own idea too, wasn't it, Jake?

We notice that Pvt. Mortonson has been making speed runs to Richmond frequently, why? Pvt. Minter writes that he is having one "swell time" on furlough and sends his regards to the lads in the company and—Purity Wolfe. Tsk, tsk, our one and only police sergeant, Daniel McNeil was heard muttering numerous and highly colored remarks about Quantico when he was foolish enough to "stay aboard" over Memorial Day. Sergeants Locke and Smulski took off for the holiday and had to spend Tuesday recuperating, in fact they distinguished themselves by almost going to sleep while school was being held; while Corporal Meddick, with a magnificent disregard for all the world, went calmly off to the arms of Morpheus much to Lieutenant Loomis' amusement. This, gentle readers, is the end, for the present at least.

### FIRST BATTALION, 5TH MARINES

(Continued from page 36)

sary drills. First Lieutenant Shaw has been detached to Wakefield, Mass., for more range work. During the range period, Platoon Sergeant Swimme has been NCO in charge of statistical work at the range, but has been relieved and is now ready to step into the company office as acting First Sergeant, our present First Sergeant being under orders to leave here June 2nd to go aboard one of the new cruisers. However, Swimme won't be acting long, as he is high on the list to be promoted to First Sergeant.

### D COMPANY

Haying joined us from the Chemical Warfare School at Edgewood Arsenal, Maryland, immediately after our last article was submitted, First Lieutenant E. R. Smoak is now our company commander, as Captain Twining is still a patient at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Washington, D. C. Second Lieutenant John H. Earle, Jr., joined us from the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., during the month, in addition to the following enlisted men:

Corporal Frank C. Grote joined from the Submarine Base at New London, Conn., Frank R. Forsythe joined by reenlistment from Washington, D. C., and Field Music Thomas J. Davis joined from B Company of this battalion.



The 1906, 1907, 1908 Edition of the Marine Baseball Club at Olongapo, P. I. Many old-timers will recognize several familiar faces here. 2nd Lt. E. B. Fortson (second from left in front row) was Athletic Officer and Manager.



Church in Ocotal, Nicaragua, from which bandits fired on Marine Garrison in 1927

During the month the following men were discharged, enlisted in the Marine Corps Reserve, and gave their home address as follows: Corporal W. D. Thomas, 236 N Street, Seaside Park, N. J., and Field Music Carl Jones, 276 Burmont Road, Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

During the month Alvin E. Johnson was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and was soon thereafter transferred to the Marine Corps rifle and pistol team. Russell S. Haines was promoted to corporal and Arthur O. Kindt, Jr., George H. Spanos and Charles E. Westbrook were promoted to the rank of private first class. In addition, Thomas M. Adams, who has been on duty for several months as the battalion butcher, was promoted to the rank of assistant cook and transferred to Battalion Headquarters Company.

Lieutenants N. O. Castle and E. L. Hamilton are now on temporary detached duty with the Marine Corps rifle and pistol team, as is Private first class Paul K. Bird and Private Horace D. Trigg.

By the way, did you hear that D Company "copped" four of the medals during the matches at Quantico, three silver and one bronze medal? The lucky winners are mentioned in the preceding paragraph.

Carl J. Slotterback was transferred to B Company of this battalion, and was promoted to the rank of field music first class.

Just prior to our leaving for the Pennsylvania State Military Reservation at Indiantown Gap, Pa., on special temporary duty in connection with firing the machine gun qualification course there, the following officers and men joined us on temporary duty for the purpose of acting as witnessing officers and for other special details such as cooks, chauffeurs, etc.:

Second Lieutenant John H. Masters, Marine Gunner Lester V. Henson, Chief Pharmacist Mate Willie B. Simmons, Staff Ser-

geant Leonard T. Hughes, Corporals R. D. Brown and A. C. Stevio, Chief Cook R. W. Burgess, Private first class C. A. Setliff, Asst. Cook P. C. Ferguson, and Privates C. M. Ayers, Ira Davis, J. T. Green, W. H. Hazel, Bernice Hembree, W. J. Kane and A. G. LeDoux.

We arrived at Indiantown Gap at about 3:30 p.m., Monday, May 21st, and the next day started preliminary firing on the machine gun range. Cold rains and almost freezing weather each morning and night failed to dampen the spirits of the men. During preliminary practice firing every man qualified, with thirteen qualifying as expert gunners. However, on record day, Tuesday, May 31st, when we totalled the

scores, we found that nine had qualified as experts, twenty-eight as first class gunners, thirty-one as second class gunners and none, repeat NONE, were unqualified. Private Robert J. Dawson made the high score with a total of 396, and Private Earl E. Kilburn followed closely behind with a score of 395.

We expect to return to Quantico on Sunday, June 5th, and then move across the tracks and go under canvas with the Tenth Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve, from New Orleans, La., until about June 25th. In the meantime, we have some indirect fire problems to put on up here at Indiantown Gap. So, we will be seeing you next month.

## SECOND BATTALION, 5th MARINES, FMF

(Continued from page 37)

### COMPANY F

More flashes from Captain McKelvy's pride and joys, the one and only F Company.

For a long while we felt there was something missing around here and at last your correspondent, with the help of that noted authority on local affairs, "Red" Hughes, has tracked down the cause of this feeling of unrest. The boys have missed those ice trips to the uncleared stretches of the combat range, hence the depression. But now all are content for once more the fellows are making their daily ramble to the "Bundocks" and once more peace reigns. Oh Yeah!

As always at this time of the year men come and men must go. Among those who have departed to other spots of Marine Corps happiness was the well known Corporal "Police Call" Bradshaw. Now we have peace and quiet in the mornings. Though our friends are gone they are not forgotten, for who will not recall at once, Ross, when in the wee hours of the morn-

ing someone yells, "Whoops! I'm in again" or Le Verne with his, "Say gimme the butt." Also we will long remember that horse among horsemen, artist of well renown, and gentleman of the old school, "Hymie Geechmore" Lentz and his "Pardon me, what did you say?" And last but not least "Now when I was in the National Guard Deal."

I also hear, via the grapevine, that a few of our local Rah Rah Boys descended on old Brooklyn over the last week-end and the word is that they landed with a thud. Ask them how they can ride bicycles.

We have noticed that in the last two weeks a new fair sized brood of Pfs, and Corporal's stripes has been hatched. They are all doing fine. Thanks.

Confidentially, I have heard that, despite his claims to the contrary, G. W. (Gus) Bussa, our shining hope of the diamond, will on that fateful day in August, raise his hand in token of surrender and be

gathered back into the fold for another four years. What say, Gus? It isn't those shiny new stripes is it? You know it is always those who say no the loudest that say yes the softest. F Company will long remember one exponent of the outside who said yes for three more years and thereby causing the bookmakers to suffer a severe shock, one of whom had to put in for a transfer because the shock left him so weak that he felt he could no longer stand the strain of the FMF. How about it, Max?

Now that we are in the midst of our range firing we can notice a few that are slowly becoming "recoil happy." Especially the man who almost lost a nose.

Well as it is almost time for "Mess Gear" I think I'll close before I go crazy. Note I said go.

## COMPANY G

Here we are starting another month with Captain Walker A. Reeves at the helm. Captain Reeves joined this company from Marine Corps Schools, Post, with Second Lieutenant Edwin A. Law.

Second Lieutenant Andrew B. Galatian, Jr., has been detached to the Rifle Range Detachment at Wakefield, Massachusetts. Our Property Sergeant, John J. Ward, was transferred to the Marine Detachment, Naval Prison, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The NCO Room seems very quiet since he has gone. There were also nine other men transferred during the month, to various Posts on the East Coast. We hope they are getting along well.

Gunnery Sergeant Charles E. James is sporting a new Coupe, the reward of hard earned and well saved money (better keep it on the road). Acting First Sergeant

Harold Bishop is getting "Inventory Happy." He has taken three inventories of the Company Property in the past two weeks. We haven't heard any complaints about his stomachs bothering him, maybe he is too busy to complain. Corporal Edward J. Coen has returned to duty with the company after being sick in the Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., since December, 1937. We are all glad to see you back, Coen. Our new Property Sergeant is having quite a bit of trouble with dandruff and falling hair. Can someone suggest a remedy? Our potential Company Clerk keeps wondering why the typewriter will not spell correctly. Maybe someone can also give a few suggestions in this matter.

Will be seeing you next month.

## COMPANY H

By W. Kellerman

We all belong to that Second Battalion as Old Timers know it (Second to None). At least we have one home run hitter in the company and he is "Lefty" Cape. Two more men from the Company have joined the Battalion Baseball team. They are Lifsey and Greene. Evidently the team just lost two pitchers resulting from injuries. Here's your chance, Greene.

The latest in promotions are: To Corporal, J. E. Aueoin, C. D. Hayden, J. G. Navolanie; To Pfc., W. Kellerman, F. R. Lewis, Roy Mixson, and John Richards. Good luck, Johnny, and don't spend too much time at Drexel Hill; give the Navy Yard a chance.

Recently Cory received a small package, that five pound type, Hopkins expecting to find some candy, asked Cory if he could open it. Did his eyes open when it turned

out to be a Pressing Iron. Better luck next time, Indian. To our practical joker I suggest we buy him a box of candy. With his money!!

Platoon Sgt. Rene D. Cote is now acting 1st Sergeant. Between the rifle range, working details, and favors we think he is doing very well. What will you do if you ever get a day off? Does this bring back memories of days spent at Charleston Navy Yard? Or is it one headache after another?

Our Sailboat *Devil Dog* sure takes the waves over the bow. Ask Cotton McCormick. He thinks its possible to make a trip to New Orleans but we have to constantly discourage him because he is liable to try it. Don't forget Cotton the river's end is just beyond Aviation. The rifle range is calling so you can wait for speedy return from Blanco City.

## FIRST BATTALION, 10TH MARINES

(Continued from page 38)

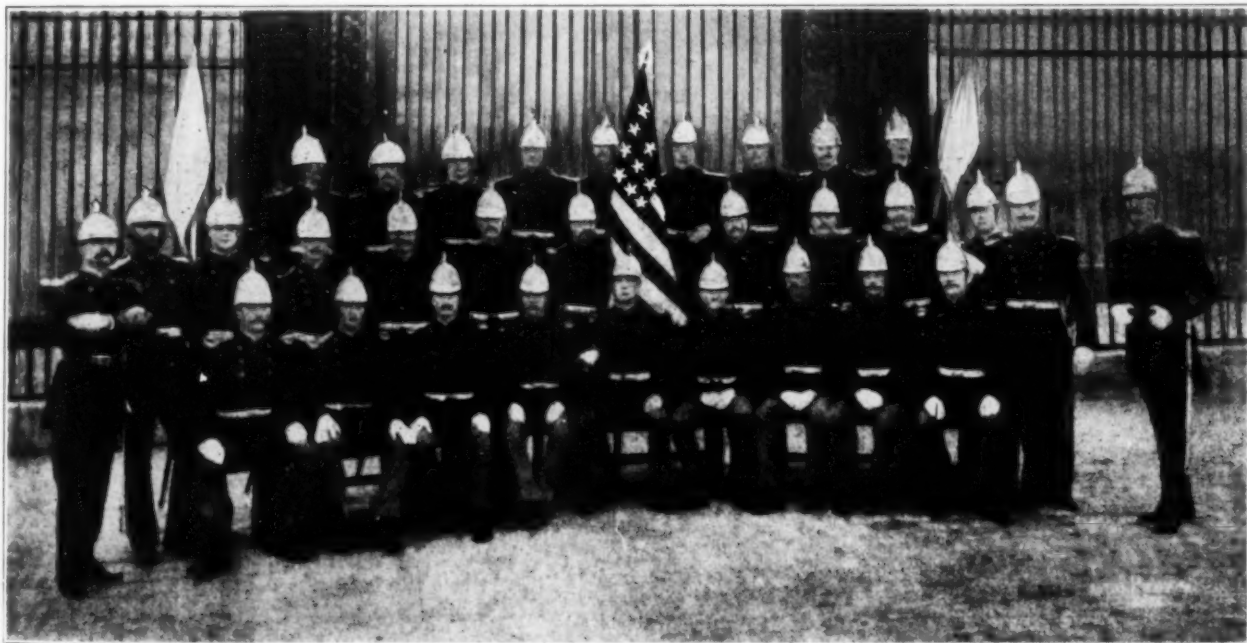
man's bugle calls, is when he blows "Chow Bumps" and Pay-Call. The most dreaded is Police Call.

Pvt. Cline who is supposed to have held every position in the Army from Fld-Ck. to Fld-Music, was recently selected as "Spud Peeler" in the Marine Corps.

Pvt. Cardinal, whose mind is as changeable as New England weather, goes and comes like April showers.

Pvt. Cotz's one ambition is driving through New York City without losing one of the doors off his car.

Pvt. Hedlund is always first when the mail call goes. Expecting a letter from a certain person?



MARINE GUARD, UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, PARIS, FRANCE, JUNE, 1889

Capt. Henry C. Cochrane; Lt. Paul St. C. Murphy; 1st Sgt. George H. Barry; Sergeants Ernest Horvath and John D. Hawse; Corporals Vincent Wool, Christian Schloerb, George T. Boyden; Drummer Andrew J. Milstead; Fifer William T. Van Benthuyssen; Privates Alfred Allen, James Byrne, Frank H. Benson, John Brown, George E. Harting, August Hauck, Thomas Judge, William D. Kelly, William T. Kershaw, Albert H. Leet, Joseph M. Lord, Thomas Malone, John H. Morgan, Edward W. Mejis, Henry C. Miller, John McGlynn, John McIernan, James A. McMurtrie, John McCormick, Frank B. Orlick, John A. Pennypacker, James F. Ray, John W. Roberts, Eugene R. Wentworth.



Pvt. Hutcherson, better known as "Chick," claims to be an expert "pot walloper." He says, "A pot is not pot, unless it is so big that you have to get inside to wash it."

After seeing Pvt. Loniak in action on this maneuver we have come to the conclusion that Rip Van Winkle was the first Marine to retire on "twenty."

Pvts. Norwood and Presnell of the Radio Section are still debating over which one has the greatest ability as a machinist. The loser will have to crank the hand generator. Our deepest regrets go to the loser.

Pvt. Stafford has announced that his future income will come from Puerto Rican Sugar. What kind of sugar, Stafford—Granulated or living?

Pvt. Thurnau, better known as "chief cook and bottle washer," has serious thoughts of shipping over (as Stf-Pvt.)!

Pvt. Warren has long since been launched forth on the sea of matrimony. We hope he weathers the storm and makes home port.

The Bty. regrets the loss of a good man, none other than Pvt. Daniels, who was forced to go to the hospital just before we left for maneuvers. Hope you have a fast recovery, Daniels.

All the Battery were the guests of 2nd Anti-Aircraft, who sponsored a beer party at Nivers Beach just before they left for the West Coast. The entire battery sends their thanks for the swell time, and hope

that some day we will be able to repay them.

Our soft-ball team, managed by Tech-Sgt. Lewis with the help of Lt. Smith, is holding down second place in the League; but, we all have high hopes that they will come through on top. With Kerler as pitcher and our star Center Fielder, Joiner, and another good player, Lt. Smith, to say nothing about the rest of the team.

The entire Bty. expresses their thanks to the U. S. Naval Corpsmen who are temporarily attached with us as "Nurse-maids."

NOTE: The fellows whose names did not appear in the Chatter-box, were just too good for us. But, they had better "step easy."

## BATTERY A

May finds the hairy-eared cannoneers of Battery A hard at work on Parris Island engaged in their annual service practice. They packed the old sea bags and entrained for the aforementioned Island on the Sixth of May with the prospect of a fifteen hour train ride ahead of them. They arrived in Burton, S. C., about 8:00 P. M., where trucks awaited them. After loading personal baggage on the trucks they left for Parris Island.

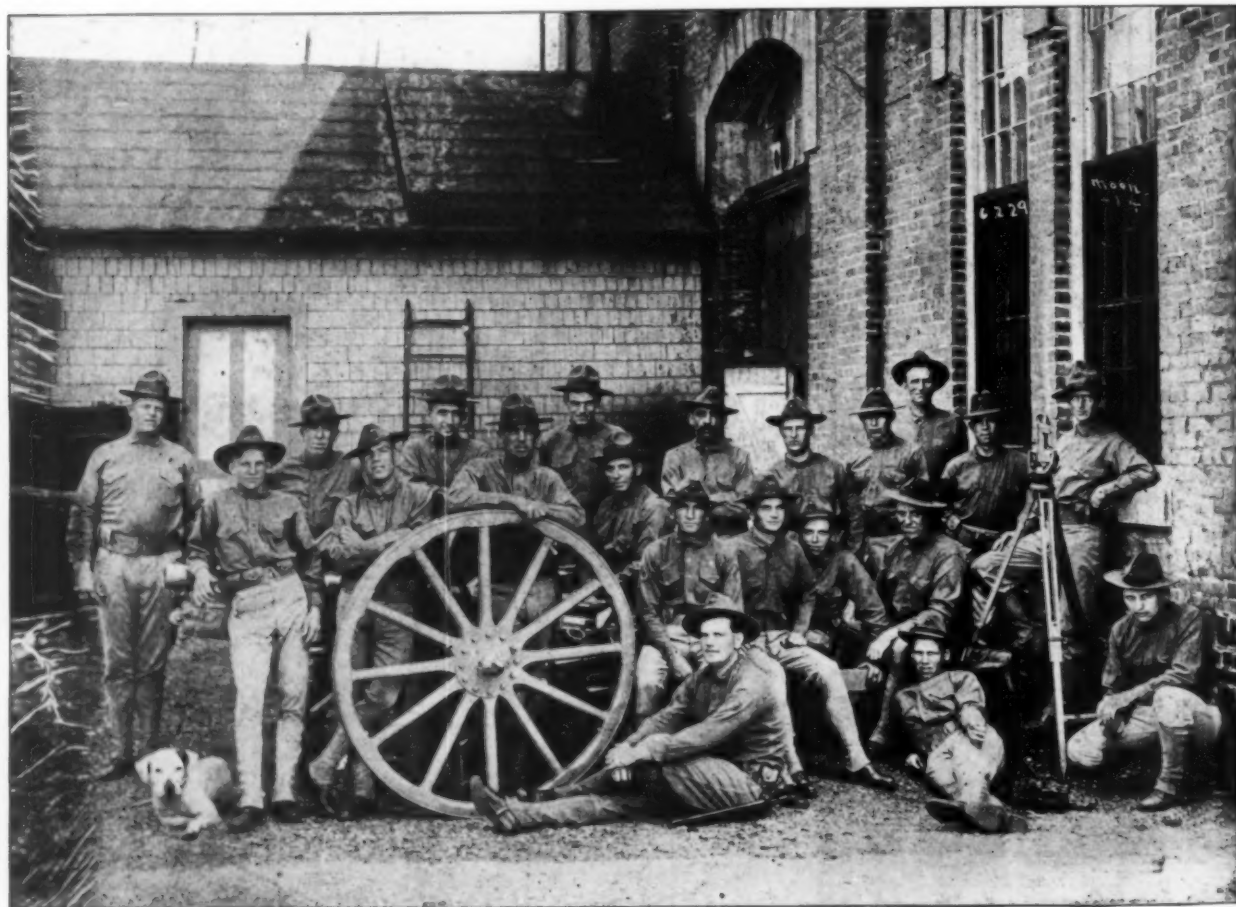
The first two weeks of their stay was devoted to the Marine Corps School officers who were put in charge of the battery. The last two weeks were devoted to their own officers and those of the Battalion.

By the way, what motorcycle driver has two to one odds against his living through the service practice? Your correspondent was informed via the grapevine route that this speed demon met with near disaster on a recent night maneuver. Looks as if the money is safe!

Congratulations are in order for the five new Privates First Class: Brown, Dykes, Polniak, Sample and Thimmel. It was whispered around that they intended to wet down their newly gained chevrons at the corner slop chute and as a result all their "friends" turned out *en masse* to the chagrin of more than one.

There was an addition to the battery not long ago in the person of Pfc. Haynes; a worthy addition to any bull session. He was transferred down from the Washington Navy Yard and at this writing has succeeded in defeating all comers in that greatest of Marine Corps pastimes, shooting the breeze.

The A Battery softball team is coming into the final lap of the circuit in first place with the championship of the battalion in sight. Credit must be given their manager, Sgt. Monteith who has undoubtedly been the guiding factor in their campaign. The pitching of Lewis and Mosley; the fielding of Brown, Castle, Haynes, and Dickens also cannot be overlooked. However, it must be admitted that the boys had a little pressure on them. Namely, the price of a case of beer should they lose.



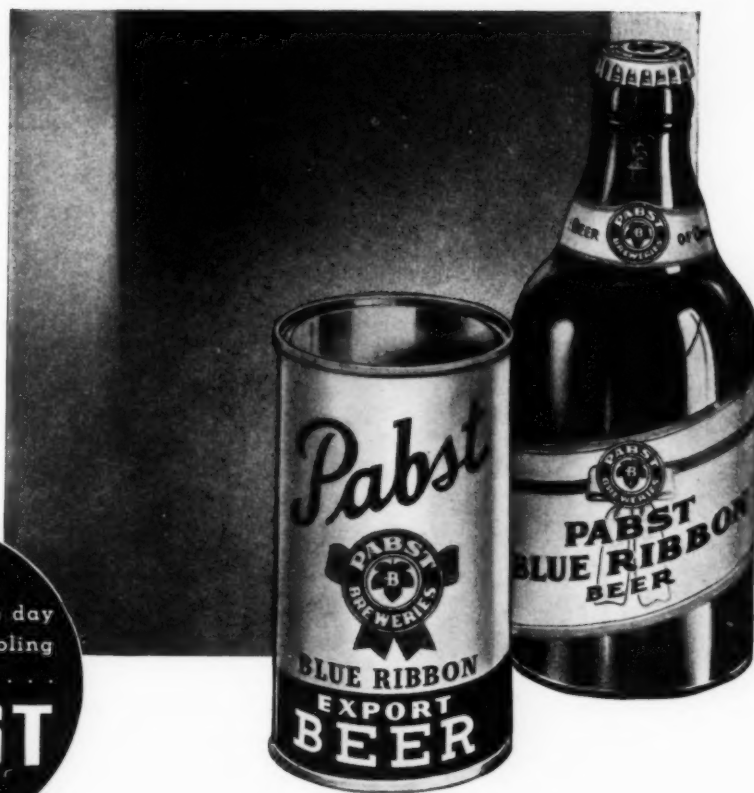
Marine Artillery Landing Force, 1914

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Once again, bright and shining faces can be seen throughout the battery as it becomes known that furloughs will be given to those who want them upon completion of the firing. The fellows living in the southern states will be allowed to leave from down here and report in at Quantico.

Gunnery Sergeant Codner was temporarily attached to this battery on the twenty-seventh from the first chemical company at Quantico. He will be transferred here on the first of June. Welcome to A Battery "Gunny!"

## BATTERY B

By Whosit and Whosit

Well, folks, here comes some dope hot off the press that will burn up the paper it is written on and then some.

At the present time Battlin' B of the Tenth Marines is about to complete a month of Service Practice on the Emerald Isle of South Carolina, but better known to "Gyrenes" as Parris Island.

From a'l reports available there was some fine shooting done and several records broken (the music goes round and round, or does it?). The boys all seem to have acquired a good sun tan and above all a swell appetite, but don't look now boys, you may have to decrease the eating power as there are rumors of our Joe leaving us and then where would you be? We all hate to see you go, Joe; but it's too home like for you, is it not?

During our first week on the isle we won two outstanding victories over the Islanders; one was the Aey Ducey championship which is chalked up to our able Gy-Sgt. Stutz and the other was the impossible thing—the Band's snappy softball team bowed to ole Bee. They claim to be visitors

over several good state teams. These friendly gestures aren't tolerated so we hear—Tish; Tish!

The Ultra-Ultra gave the City of Savannah a break last week-end. Naturally Tybee welcomed them with open arms. They all report big week ends. Corporal Rigdon the "Don Juan" of B brings back photos of his "blue eyes." Then Pvt. Griseo finds out they build doors in the middle of squad rooms after he ran into three or four—It looks more like a big truck. Pvt. Nielsen spent a night in a hotel when he couldn't find his way back to the Barracks but he enjoys it—Says he! Pvt. Blaine is sporting a two-wheeled vehicle purchased Saturday. It really is the thing for our Sidney as he has the fever. Say Sid! don't let the tires go flat—get it? Pvt. Doan, "Pop," the co-pilot, is improving on his daily duty as road burner-upper (twelve or fifteen miles per hour) and will be a full fledged Pilot soon. Pfc. Barker had charge of the Battery roll-call the morning of our departure from Quantico, being assisted by his able assistants Cpls. Bailey and Szykowski who reposed not calmly or peacefully on their bunks while they made sure all B's Gyrenes were preparing to leave on the double.

Pl-Sgt. Hendrick has the boys right in there "pitching and getting a few bingles" off the opposing team's pitcher. Keep up the good work, Sergeant, "thar's Champeens thar." Fellows, don't feel slighted if we missed you here but we'll get you next time—I hope—I hope.

This writer thinks that while many of the boys would like to prolong their visit here at Parris Island, the majority would like to get squared away at Quantico and then—well your guess is as good as mine,

but you can bet your Aunt's "false teeth" that Washington and the surrounding villages will see their share of the Leather-necks all decked out in full dress. After all it's June, and as usual the Parks will be filled with innocents—what sez you, Nick?

There has been a mad scramble the last few days to get names on the furlough pending list and the winners will be announced in next month's column along with a full account of the lucky ones' joys and sorrows. Cheer up, Blaine! maybe you will see Opelika yet. You know you can't keep a lass waiting thirty years.

The following promotions were made this month: Cpl. Reichert was promoted from Pvt., Pfc. Bailey to Cpl., Pfts. Larison and Meier to Pfes. Congratulations, men, and more power to you.

## BATTERY C

Once again this battery is back in the print. This time we write from Parris Island, South Carolina, where we have almost completed our first Annual Service Practice as a battery.

Came down from Quantico, Va., by train, on the 6th of May for a stay of six weeks but our schedule has been run off so smoothly and quickly that we expect to return to Quantico about the 8th of June.

This battery was well represented in the Swimming meet held Memorial Day, in the Post Swimming Pool. Field Music Raymond F. McCloskey took first place in the low-board diving event and Privates Hans R. Gross and Steve A. Miller both placed in the 35-yard free-style and breast-stroke events respectively. In fact the tenth Marines took all the swimming events.

This battery has not been doing so well in the Battalion Softball League although

we're putting up a great fight and giving the other batteries a run for their money. But the league is still in short-pants and we can still take it.

The Parris Island Marines seem to have everything under control. We've been down here three weeks and not a guy in this battery has submitted anything to your reporter about his best pal. Somebody is sure to slip and next month—maybe—as First Sgt. Harry D. Hill says "Things are bound to burn up." He should know.

## MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 39)

of the country. Davenport is spending his 30 days on a trip to California with his brother who was given the trip as a graduation present.

Private First Class Mervin Kimmelshue and Private H. A. Kucinishi have put in letters for sea duty in hopes of getting aboard one of the three new cruisers. This correspondent spent two months at sea school and wound up doing all of his sea going on a ferry between Portsmouth and Norfolk. Still the liberty in Norfolk was excellent.

Quite a few of the school boys were seen very close to the stage at the dance recital given by the Marion Venable School of Dancing last month at the Post Lyceum. Could it be that they were there for the actual entertainment or for a closeup of some of the lovely young ladies that were in the show. Pop Hardy was one of the keenest spectators and wanted an encore of the entire show (thought Pop was getting kinda old for this sort of thing).

Wherever there is entertainment to be had you will find a few of the personnel of the Schools represented whether it be Glen Echo or a Moonlight Cruise. Not so long ago seven of the men piled into the rambling wreck of Cooper's and rode into Washington to take over a little cruise. All went well until a cloud burst happened along and spoiled the promenading and dancing. The most peeved boy was Leland Chapman who was interrupted in the midst of a "Big Apple." Private "Darb" Litka doesn't remember whether he had a good time or not, but judging from his morning after it is a safe bet that he did.

Quite a few of the short timers are beginning to count the days until "The Day" arrives. Corporal Vernon Horn, Pfc. LeRoy Wolf, Cecil Edmondson, W. R. Poe, and Private James Regan have started marking the days off the calendar. Pfc. Litka and Lloyd Burt have signified their intentions of shipping over while Pfc. L. J. Damico has extended for two years. This gives the Company Office, Correspondence School, and the Reproduction Department more efficient service from these three men.

There is a rumor going around to the effect that Private Charlie Hawk will open a beverage store upon his discharge from the Marine Corps. Just where would the profits go, Charlie? There is also a rumor to the effect that Pfc. Don Juan Grieves will make out an allotment to the Cumberland, Maryland, Hospital to take care of the bills he usually incurs while on liberty to that city.

## CHINA STATION NEWS

(Continued from page 28)

better than all land duty, but what about that Russian girl in Tientsin?

O'Dowd, the Irish lad from Iowa, who

in the morning says 'tis a fine morning, me lads. Howe, the man from Boston with muscles so big that he scares himself. Caruso, A Thousand Dreams of You is often played on our Victrola. Daniels, ice cream and cake never hurts anyone, so says Daniels. Pfc. Purvis, always telling about his landing parties he has made, what kind of parties Purvis? Hansen, just give him a Chinese girl and he is right at home.

Well, we covered the water front of Chin-wangtao with our news of these foreign shores and soon will write again.



Pl-Sgt. Reeves, Sgt. Reeves and Cpl. Vaughn indulging in a game of croquet.

## CHINA-SIDE SPORTS

(Continued from page 47)

In the Free Throw competition held at the Navy YMCA, 2nd Battalion placed five men out of the first 10 high scorers. Cpl. Christensen, G Co.; Sgt. Beeson, F Co.; Cpl. Cushman, Hq. Co.; Pvt. Stewart, Hq. Co.; Sgt. Guidetti, H Co. No matter what your game may be, we have the boys to show you that there is plenty of fight in the old 2nd Battalion and there is no letting up until the final whistle.

The whistle has blown at last and we shall be with you again as we have been in the past. CHEERIO!

## PARRIS ISLAND

(Continued from page 43)

Kelly, Lewis S.  
King, Clarence L.  
Konieczny, A. C.  
Lemonowicz, John A.  
Lillard, Ephraim W.  
Lounsbury, T. W.  
Lunney, Thomas B.  
Landry, Elson, J.  
Laycock, John P.  
Lewis, Jesse T.  
Lewis, T. S., Jr.  
Lightfoot, Grady H.  
Maguire, W. H.  
Maurer, George W.  
Minkiewicz, A. J.  
Manuel, Everil J.  
McClellan, Oliver W.  
Metheny, Arlie

Miller, Wm. M.  
Montross, Wm. C.  
Mooney, Lee M.  
Montalbano, Eugene  
Moore, William A.  
McClelland, E. L.  
McNalley, Wm. A.  
Melkonian, Frank  
Myers, Joseph P.  
Nicholas, William P.  
Owens, Homer L.  
Obremski, John A.  
Orlando, Daniel  
O'Brien, James W.  
Pearee, Norman D.  
Pington, A. L.  
Parenteau, Leo P.  
Paris, Roger E.

Parish, Oscar W.  
Paine, Clare A.  
Pickens, Reginald F.  
Quarles, Millard  
Zimmer, Wm. C., Jr.  
Riddle, Austin E.  
Richard, Roy  
Romey, Roy H.  
Saehs, William A.  
Santa Maria, T. M.  
Sepos, Albert J.  
Stafford, Robert W.  
Stanley, Robert E.  
Stewart, Robert W.  
Spence, Herman V.  
Short, Oliver V.  
Turner, Carl J.  
Taylor, Owen C.  
Tuttle, Charles D.

Tuttle, James A.  
Thek, Frederick L.  
Tieck, Jack L.  
Thomas, Hubert H.  
Thomas, Johnny B.  
Thompson, Walter R.  
Tuell, Carl W.  
Turner, Lester  
Thomas, James M.  
Thompson, A. R.  
Viens, Joseph A. R.  
Varley, Wm. J.  
Williams, B. K.  
White, Joel C.  
Whitaker, Jack T.  
Willingham, H. J.  
Wells, Nile L.  
Zdeb, John J.

## SECOND ANTI-AIRCRAFT

(Continued from page 44)

McMurray, "Duff," is spending his leave, not to mention savings, in South Texas. Dawsey, Pilliod, Kerry, Hotchkiss and Vulgamore are also taking a few days for rest and relaxation. Keller, the battery clerk, took off to see relatives and friends in Arkansas. Hubbard has gone to Kain-tucky, suh.

On or about June 15 the 3-inch Anti-aircraft battery and search light batteries will arrive here from the East Coast under the command of Major Perkins. With the arrival of the new batteries the 2nd Anti-Aircraft Battalion will be complete. Also, with it will be many old friends and buddies we knew before leaving Quantico, or those who left us to go back to join that unit when it was being formed.

Well, the time has come to desist, knock off, or something, until another time. So for now toodle-doo from us to you.

## BATTERY G

By Ruddy

Tomorrow we will be in Panama, that long looked for day when the men may go ashore and buy a lot of different articles, (which were, in all probability, made in New York) to take home and show their friends what they purchased in Panama.

We have been rolling (I mean literally) over the Atlantic and Caribbean seas, enroute to our new station of duty at San Diego. Many of the older men are looking forward to again meeting their old buddies and visiting their many familiar haunts, and the newer men are,—just looking.

The trip, so far, has been an enjoyable one, with beautiful weather prevailing, which is occasionally marred by a light shower. The first two days, a number of the men looked rather odd around the gills and complained of an acute gastro-nomic disturbance. After the fifth day however, they were walking about the deck like a group of "Salts."

Speaking of "Salts," there was an interesting comparison made between two men on the poop deck the other night. One man told the other that he has sailed over more water than the other had ever seen. Whereupon the other remarked that he had drunk more water aboard ships of the Navy than the whole city of New York would use in a day.

This battalion sailed from Parris Island on the 25th of May and it is expected that we will arrive on the 14th of June. Unfortunately we had to leave a number of men who were short timers at Parris Island. We all hope that their duty at that station will be pleasant.

## THE LEATHERNECK



## BATTERY H

### Sounds and Flashes from H-2-AA

Farewell, Parris Island, and all of the sand fleas, mosquitos, and flies thereon. California, here we come. With our Night Searchlight Record Practice satisfactorily completed we are looking forward to a day's liberty in Panama. And then the bathing beaches, beauties, and sunny skies of southern California (mostly skies I am told).

We are at the present moment cruising down through the West Indies and are expecting to arrive in Panama on the first or thereabouts. With a great number of the personnel of the Second Antiaircraft Battalion on their first enlistment and their first sea voyage there is quite a number of the boys a bit white around the gills and a few who have decided that the little fishes are hungry but it is expected that the sight of land and planting their feet on the streets of Balboa will put them back in shape.

The Second Antiaircraft Battalion has been so busy with the duties of an anti-aircraft unit that the firing on the rifle range has been sadly neglected. None of the men of this Battalion has fired the range for the current year but it is hoped that will be adjusted on our arrival in San Diego. It is expected and hoped that we will be permitted to fire the range shortly after our arrival on the West coast.

## SEA-GOING LOG

### USS New Mexico

(Continued from page 29)

Hicks went home Des Moines, Iowa, and many to Los Angeles area.

Weiske received his sweater for his play with the basketball team the past winter. After eyeing the sweater many Marines will probably be out for ship's sports in the future.

Privates Duke, Roberts, and Torpey were promoted to Pfc. in late May. Stogies weren't forthcoming on payday but only due to inventory being taken at the canteen. We know and hope.

Hops and Jumps—Davis, Pence, Laughlin, and Torpey made quite a quartet in Long Beach one evening. All went well until Torpey suddenly disappeared.—A picture of our sailing whaleboat crew appeared in last month's LEATHERNECK. King, our "good looking brute," snapped the photo, so in the near future you all shall see our "Clark Gable" on one of your pages. And you'll see what you missed! He hopes. Does that fix it, King?—"Pop" Lytle leaves in Bremerton to return to the Idaho. During his stay on board he became one of the best liked men in the guard.—Our new radio is taking quite a dialing. No more opera music though.—Rumors have it that Laughlin will soon leave us to train to be an Aviation Cadet. We hope it is true and he makes out well.—Also hope he likes MAXWELL HOUSE Coffee.—Banton gave us quite an exhibition on scouting and patrolling one day. We still don't know a creep and a crawl.—I'll close now as our last remaining "plank owners," Sgts. Bozowski and Hancock, made preparations for their transfer at Bremerton.

## USS ENTERPRISE

(Continued from page 33)

other, because the eyes took color about eight days apart. These two lads are Privates Atkinson and Harford. Atkinson

stated a swinging door hit him when he wasn't looking (Yes, we understand). Harford said his wasn't from anything swinging but refuses to tell us the straight dope. Private Fessler who is a very bright lad, to hear of his episodes, will cross examine Harford. This strain on Harford is sure to make him break down and confess. Take him away, Fessler, he's all yours.

Congratulations go to the following men who were promoted to higher ranks: To Private First Class Pettigrew goes Corporal's chevrons. Pfc. chevrons go to the following men: Privates Armstrong, Burton, Ewoniuk, Green, Lewis, Walker, Joyner and Brinson. That calls for some cigars, how about it men? Private Burton passed around the smokes by hanging a sack of Bull Durham and cigarette papers on the Bulletin Board. So until the next full moon, we Enterprise Gyrenes bid ye one and all, *Au Revoir!*

## USS NASHVILLE

(Continued from page 31)

Roster of the detachment includes the following: Pfc. H. "H" Mason; Privates H. H. Akin; E. G. Albert; J. T. Brown; L. E. Clark; B. H. Coffee; E. Cunha; O. D. Dangerfield; J. Gatskie; W. R. Geary, Jr.; O. H. Gray; H. C. Lakes; E. L. Olszewski; J. S. Owen; C. E. Pantall; H. N. Pearce; H. L. Rodden; E. W. Stapleton; R. C. Word, Jr.; and Field Music J. B. Purell.

We will be glad to answer all inquiries regarding personnel that are of a personal and confidential nature. We except Sheriffs and other officers of the law. Feminine correspondents are urged to address their inquiries care of "Love-lorn" editor and as best possible, we will tell you the current girl friends (P.S. include your picture).

Before closing, we want to warn the detachments on other ships that although we are green, we intend to have the best Marine unit afloat.

## USS VINCENNES

(Continued from page 33)

of red lead were being strown upon the ship's bottom. The following day another coat was plastered on then the valves of the dry dock were opened, and we slowly moved out to tie up again. On Wednesday morning, we took on ammunition for a few other ships, then were under way arriving Thursday morning in Long Beach at 0700.

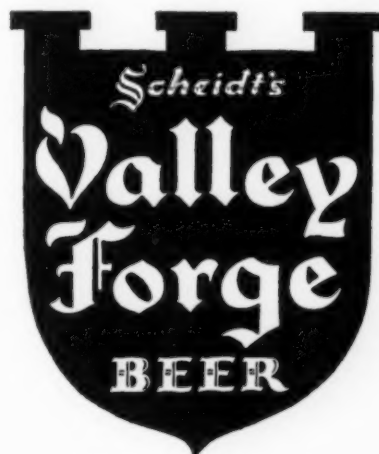
Friday morning full guard was called away at 0900 for the Commander cruisers scouting force. The Annual Military Inspection was now under way. Upon completion of the Personnel and Compartments we went into drills. Fire, Collision and abandoning ship. In the afternoon we went into condition "Baker" and from that to "Affirm." On Saturday we were under way for Inspection of Damage Control. Immediately upon clearing the harbor general alarm was sounded for gas attack and all hands were found bumping around in gas masks. With some difficulty we set condition "affirm" then going to battle stations, for battle problems. Returning to long beach about 1300 to have man over-board drill on the way in, with Pvt. Bianchi releasing the life-bouy for the dummy and getting a five at nine o'clock.

Notes at present: Pvt. "Jeep" Reynolds seems to be doing pretty good with the fan mail lately and most of the boys say



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that he is writing to the "Lonely Hearts Club." Pvt. Routi is still the leading Jitter-bug. Two newcomers to try their legs at sea are Pvt. Hankins and field musicie Feece and we take this opportunity to welcome the boys aboard.

#### USS COLORADO

(Continued from page 32)

Bremerton, sculling along in a canoe, getting in shape for this year's races. Coxswain Joe seems to think he is a good man for the spot and we all agree with him—if X is the spot he is talking about. The only trouble with the Irish of the *Colorado*, as far as the whaleboat is concerned, is that the strain of his early ancestors still has a strong pull on him. Sometimes he thinks he is Sitting Bull of the No Pullee tribe and that is just what he does—sittee and no pullee.

In the bow this year is Weppener and Davis. Cliff pulled last year amidsthips but finds that the bow is a better spot and after we cross the line it gives him a better chance to look back and see the rest of the boys still bending the oak to get across.

Fighting for the fourth port position are Carl Greeson, Arville Slaughter, better known from Mississippi to California as "Pistol," and Ralph Perry. All the boys are working hard and the fight to the finish will be an interesting one.

"Chick" Ray Hall returned aboard after spending several weeks in the hospital where he had a back operation and is recovering rapidly. He was also among the boys who were presented with regular warrants at quarters last week.

Word from Mare Island has it that "Georgia" Best, the Cracker Kid, has shipped over and will soon leave for duty on the East Coast. Maybe when the lads go round that way next year on maneuvers they will find the Cracker walking post down in Charlestown or such.

Private Arthur Saxell, All-Navy welter champ of the past year, will now be getting his mail titled Pfc., as he has attained the rank of the single stripes. Art, alias "Charley Young" says his gal wasn't going to let him in the other night when he went over to see her because she thought he was doing time and they hadn't finished painting all the stripes on. Give her time, Charlie, she still loves you, 'cause Freddie told us so.

We stopped in at Frisco on the way down and Fred and Chesty gave the San Francisco girls a break. In fact they nearly trampled one another getting that first boat over.

Eddie Kron is wasting away to a ton. He is afraid that his buddy Riley Ogden is going to desert him for beach duty. Poor Ed will have to go back to telling tales to keep himself amused if such is the case. "Pop" won't talk though; he says suspense is the spice of life.

By the time we reach publication with this copy our Skipper, Captain Max D. Smith, will be enjoying a muchly anticipated and also muchly earned leave prior to reporting for Duty in Chicago. It is with regret that we lose Captain Smith as he has been a real skipper and the entire guard wish him the best of luck at his new station.

But duty calls, or was it hammocks? So off we go until next issue.

#### HAWAIIAN SOUVENIRS

(Continued from page 41)

Fifteen minutes later the car deposits its burden at a cozy looking little cottage somewhere in Waikiki. Mauzey creeps out of the car and runs up to the door of the cottage which swings open as he comes toward it and soon Mauzey is inside. Sounds intriguing, doesn't it? but read further, dear reader, read further. As soon as Mauzey is inside he is greeted by the sight of a beautiful woman in blue; she holds her hand out to him. Mauzey grasps it like a drowning man grasps a rope. She leads him into the next room, which happens to be a kitchen! The mystery is solved. The young woman happens to be a home economics teacher from a local high school who is teaching Mauzey how to cook!

Speaking of teacher and pupil, we have several men here at Old Naval Station who are making good use of their spare time by going to school. Rach is taking up a course in air-conditioning at one of the local technical schools; he says that the day of the ice man is passé, and that he wants to be there when the frigidaire man takes his place. Pesely is no longer just Ed, now he is "Co-Ed," for he has enrolled at the University of Hawaii in a few special courses that will put him in the running for either a

higher rating in the Marines or a better job on the outside.

"Zounds!" says corpulent Corporal Jones, "Are you going to bang away on that typewriter all night, man? I'm trying to read my paper (The Junk Junction Journal)." Jones is right, I've gone far enough, all things must end, and all ends should be close to the beginnings, I'll have to stop! But how? Ah, I have it! I'll get Locke, the poet laureate of the barracks to give me a poem, Here 'tis.

#### Parting Toast

We raise the cup of sparkling ale;  
We drink a hearty swaller;  
We dip again from out the pall;  
We raise the cup and skoll'er.  
We dip again to wish you luck;  
We (hick!) prepare to toast you  
We (hick!)—we (hick!)—we (hick!)  
Hell!—s'long folks.

#### MISCELLANY

##### Colonel Biddle Promoted

(Continued from page 46)

and has given most generously of his time in order that various agencies of the Government might have the benefit of his expert knowledge and experience. Each year, beginning in 1926, he has performed active duty without pay or allowances, as combat instructor to newly appointed officers of the Marine Corps, and in instructing members of the Training School and Police Academy of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the art of self-defense. His promotion to Lieutenant Colonel in October, 1934, and his present promotion to Colonel are in recognition of his generous and untiring efforts in behalf of the Marine Corps, and the unselfish public service to which he has for many years devoted himself.

#### WASHINGTON EDUCATORS VISIT MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Three prominent Washington educators paid a joint visit to the Marine Corps Institute last month. Doctors William C. Ruediger, William C. French, and J. Harold Fox, members of the faculty of the George Washington University, were shown about the Institute by MT-Sgt. Donald M. Hyde, Assistant to the Director.

Dr. Ruediger, author of *Principles of Education and Teaching Procedures*, is Provost of the George Washington University, and has been Dean of the School of Education for twenty-four years. Dr. Ruediger, who holds the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Columbia University, has a deep faith in correspondence work if properly conducted. He remarked of the Marine Corps Institute: "I was impressed by my visit to the Marine Corps Institute as I had not realized that an educational institution so extensive and efficient had been developed. Managed as it appears to be, it should be a great asset to the men in the Marine Corps. A person without specific educational equipment these days is at a distinct disadvantage in the competition for the advantages of life. This Institute seems to be equipped to give the young men enlisted in the Marine Corps the opportunity for development while in the service so that they will be on par with others when they are discharged."

Dr. French, Professor of Education at George Washington, holds the Master of Arts degree from Chicago University and the Ph.D. from New York University. He said of the Institute: "I am impressed by

#### THE LEATHERNECK

the magnitude of the work being done, its organization, and its worthwhileness for the personnel of the Marine Corps. Many other Federal agencies could well afford to pattern this program. Further, I am impressed by the enthusiasm and competency of the instructional staff, and their willingness to reveal the details of their work."

Dr. Fox, a Canadian, is the youngest professor of Education at George Washington. He attained his doctorate at Harvard University, and came to George Washington from Colgate University. He remarked of his visit: "One of the things which struck me as unusual was the thorough organization, and I was somewhat amazed to learn of the enrollment and its increase. I was impressed with the care with which the papers are corrected and the common-sense approach to the problems involved. I was interested in the wide variety of courses offered, and particularly was surprised in the interest shown in such courses as poultry raising and gardening."

### CHIEF CLERK SNELL RETIRES

Charles Livingston Snell, chief clerk and administrative assistant, office of the major general commandant and the adjutant and inspector, Marine Corps, retired yesterday from the Civil Service after more than 30 years with the Government in the Army, Marine Corps and the Civil Service. His fellow workers presented him a portable typewriter upon his leave-taking.

Snell was born in Washington on December 11, 1877; was graduated from Eastern High School, and on May 12, 1898, enlisted in Company G, First Regiment, District of Columbia Volunteers, and served with that regiment in the expedition against the Spaniards in Cuba. He participated in the siege and bombardment of Santiago de Cuba from July 11 to 17, 1898, and was honorably discharged on November 20 of the same year in Washington.

He enlisted in the Marine Corps here on May 10, 1905, and was immediately assigned to duty at headquarters in the office of the adjutant and inspector. During his first enlistment the present identification system of the Marine Corps was adopted (July 1, 1907), and Snell was immediately promoted to sergeant to take charge of the newly created unit. He was promoted to gunnery sergeant on August 1, 1907.

Re-enlisting on May 11, 1909, at Washington, Snell was reappointed a gunnery sergeant and redetailed to headquarters. Again he was honorably discharged on September 30, 1911, to accept a civil service appointment. He was appointed a clerk (fingerprint expert) in the office of the adjutant and inspector on October 2, 1911, and continued in that capacity until August 27, 1917, when he accepted appointment as chief clerk, office of the adjutant and inspector. In the interim he obtained leave to attend officers' training schools, but was reinstated as chief clerk on November 1, 1919, to serve there continuously until his retirement.—Washington (D. C.) Post.

### "THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WAR"

(Continued from page 5)

and Mr. Cramer numbered officers as well as enlisted, among his victims.

No doubt you'll hear soon, if you haven't been told about it already, about the guy from C Company who went up on the elevator in the Foo Foong Flour Mill,

and forgot to get off at the top floor. The elevator was of the rotary type, with steps on an endless belt, which made a loop and started downward, after it passed the seventh floor. Well, this guy forgot to count the floors, and so in sweet content, he went right on by the seventh deck and clear over the top, then started a downward journey, and the first thing he knew, he was hanging by his toes, and all the hellacious screams and squalls the world has ever heard, were surpassed, as that monkey looked that seven story drop, in the eye, from the upside down position. The belt was stopped, and our hero was rescued, in a high state of dudgeon, heaping curses and maledictions upon the poor old elevator. I'll bet a dollar to a stale doughnut, that our young man never rode it again. I didn't see this, I only heard, as the Mills Brothers say, but it actually happened. However, I was present at a few incidents that gave me a big bang out of life, and made me forget the tough phases of it.

**N**OW take the case of Sgt. George Lavoie, the boy from Worcester, Mass. George and his band of willing workers toiled mightily, the first day and night of the toruble, building a grand sandbag dugout. Props were set up, sand bags were laid in beautiful regularity, and soon there arose a formidable fortress, a monument to the efficiency of the United States Marines, the Fourth Regiment, and A company, not to mention George and his gang. But there was a nigger in the woodpile, er-ah I mean sandpile. Yep there she stood, in majestic splendor, looking fit enough to resist an army corps,—and then, girls, it rained, and how it rained. The deluge took on the aspects of The Big Rain, that downpour that made Noah a seagoing Marine, and the combatants issued rain checks, after agreeing to disagree on a more agreeable occasion. Meanwhile, we Guardians of The Golden Stream spent all that Sunday in wet misery, a misery so beautiful, that it was exquisite, or don't you follow me.

Came Monday, and with the daylight, which managed to stagger around every morning, no matter how much of a hang-over it had from the night before. Lavoie immediately went to work, checking up on his engineering marvel. Bags were tamped, bags were settled, all the while Georgie, in a regal and commanding position atop the citadel, directed operations, lending a hand, just like any private (and I want to tell you that the non coms got in there and tackled the work, forgetting rank, and it was no uncommon sight to see old timers, Platoon Sergeants, Sergeants and Corporals right in the middle of the pile, along with John Private. Finally George took a few steps around on the roof of that dugout, just to sort of test it, you know, just to try 'er out. Ah, my friends, I cover my eyes in horror, for amidst a hell of an uproar from falling sandbags and cracking timber, Georgie cut loose with a terrified squawk, as he disappeared through the roof of The House that George built, and was buried in the ruins. Soon the gleeful mob had Lavoie excaevated, and on his feet, shaking the sand out of his ears, and it seemed that the Bean-eater from Boston way, was slightly punchy, as a result of a few sandbags massaging his eranium. Later Georgie explained to me. "That tin hat took a lot of the shock from the sandbag parade, but Oh Baby, did the whole war bust in my face when that damn

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two by four cracked me between the horns?" Investigation proved that the sudden collapse of Fort Lavoie was caused by some faulty timber, and the escutcheon of the well liked Sgt. Lavoie was kept free from strain. Another dugout began its climb toward the sun, and though that gang of Marines were out on their feet, they grinned while they labored, for truly Georgie was a funny sight, as he pulled one of the most abrupt vanishing acts in the history of the Marine Corps.

**T**HEN there was the old corporal at the N.W.K. Cotton Mill. This guy was a real old timer, and he never hesitated to expound the fact to us boots with only 8 or 9 years in the outfit. This Ancient Mariner had the very silly



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habit of dashing madly out into the open, every time the anti-aircraft commenced to chug, and when we less daring souls reminded him, sort of offhand, that he might accidentally stop a few hunks of what might have been his old man's Ford, or perhaps swallow a .50 calibre slug, this Lancelot voraciously and vehemently proceeded to inform us that he possessed a fine disregard for any thing less than a Big Bertha, and we don't know yet, whether he meant a Big Bertha of Spud (20-cent Vodka, to you Griffins) or whether he was referring to a cannon. It must have been the Spud, because the old salt was right in the middle of us, the night we had to hide behind the brick wall, while the Jap artillery laid a barrage down on the railroad tracks, across from us, in an attempt to blast a Chinese railroad gun off the map. When that shrapnel began to bust over the Creek, we decided that discretion was the better part of valor, so we ducked behind the wall and stayed there until the world was safe for Democrats and Republicans, and our old timer was as close to that wall as a postage stamp on a letter. Incidentally, if you happen to be on speaking terms with Pfc. Rhynette A. Spell, ask him about that night, and ask him what happened when Cpl. Daniels jerked him out of his sleep and told him that the shells were getting closer each salvo. Spell was afflicted with a stomach disorder, quite common on the Creek, and the sudden awakening, er-er: I'd best let Spell tell you the rest. How ya doin, Spell ol' buddy, ol' pal o' mine?

One thing I'd like to assure you of, and that is that we could and did sleep through the heaviest of gunfire. After a time we grew used to it and subconsciously accented it as part of our daily lives.

Well, let's get on with our narrative of the old corporal, and how justice triumphed and retribution of his rashness, struck him down.

"Twas a balmy summer's evening, as the poet man says, and we sat in perfect content, within the mill compound at Post No. 6. Over in Hongkew and Chapei, the warring factions were having their nightly set-to and this one was a honey. The chattering of machine guns, telling their rosary of hate, was punctuated by the roar of exploding mortar bombs, while far down the coast, the dull boom of naval guns,

battering the shore defences, came to us like the roll of muffled drums. All this noise of ungentelemanly conduct, served to distract us, slightly, from the business at hand, same business being to separate each and every one of the opposition from his wages, in the shortest and most expedient manner, by the fine old method of saying, "I'll call that and raise you five." After which brash statement, you held your breath and prayed no one would call. Outside, the stately Soochow flowed majestically past, casting off a haunting odor, and reminding me, with sharp nostalgia, of the incinerator behind the old homestead, or maybe one of New York's honey barges, unburdening itself off the shores of Long Island. I sighed.

Out on the sidewalk, a shimboos stood sleeping, while he supported a telephone pole. By his side stood a big Sikh cop, about 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighing around 250 pounds. On top of the dugout were six other shimboos, and these Chinese cops were watching the flashes from the Idzumo's guns, as she bombarded some Chinese position toward the Kiangwan Race Course.

Then, high in the sky we heard a drone, we quit our game and all of us strained our eyes trying to pick up the plane, but it was no use, for it was a moonless night and so we eased toward cover. No one had to tell us that far, far up in the black vault, rode "The Lone Raider," the Chinese pilot, whose nightly visits were causing the Nipponese so much grief. The drone passed on, over toward the Jap lines and we knew that in about ten seconds Mex, the fireworks would begin. So we donned our tin hats, pulled in our shell pink ears, and waited. But not the old corporal; no sir-ee not him. He gazed up into the Heavens, waiting for the first putt-putt of the anti-aircraft, which would be the signal for him to go into his dance. Well it came and the old fire-horse was off to the races, head lowered, and nostrils flaring, on his way to once again defy Fate, and show us timid souls that we were a bunch of candy lasses. Around the corner he rocketed, on one leg, he zoomed through the inner door of the dugout, which we had named The House of Horrors, because it had so damn many beams and braces, and braces, to support the braces, that nobody would use it for pas-

sage at night, for a busted head was the least a guy could expect, if he began to wander around in there in the dark. But to go on. Just as the Ancient Mariner disappeared into the dugout, an Archie burst right over the Creek, and we heard the fragments hit the water and the street, then another one burst, high above, like a bright flower, but a flower with Death for its kiss.

Then, to our utter horror, we heard the sharp C-r-rack of a breaking beam, the sound of scrambling, falling bodies, a terrific thud, as if two or more persons had been hurled, violently, to the earth, a cry of soul tearing anguish, dominating all other sounds—and then silence—a deep, ominous silence, filled with dark portent. The anti-aircraft continued its deadly search, making soft plops, as it burst, and through the chug-chug of the Archie three inch pieces, the jerky gasps of a man in mortal agony. "God," we whispered, "that shell must have sprayed the dugout and nailed a couple of those birds," and we knew that the old salt was one of them, for we recognized his stricken cry. So we ran from cover, into the House of Horrors, and there groaning feebly, lay the old corporal. One of us flashed a light on him, and what a sight met our eyes. I can't go on. Ah, but I shall, for a good soldier doesn't spare his feelings. Courage, brave Corporal Daniels, say on.

Well, boys, there he lay, his eyes were rolled back in his head, his mouth was open and his legs were drawn up to his stomach, all the while he breathed in short, sharp gasps, and made little whinnying sounds in his throat: A dying man, if ever there was one. Nearby sat the big John Sikh, with both hands pressed to his turbaned noggin, and rocking from side to side, an expression of great suffering of the soul, as well as of the body, etched upon his bearded face. The seven Chinese cops were in a frightened knot, casting fearful glances at the fallen hero, and chattering like a bunch of monkeys.

"At last," we thought, "The law of averages has caught up with another who would dare the Fates," and gently we raised the Ancient Mariner, and we asked, "Where ya hit, pal?" but for answer, he waved us away, weakly, and fell back to the Good Earth ('Scuse me, Miss Buck). "Ah me," thought I, "the old boy is done for and he knows it."

With a tear in my eye, I planned the nice things I'd say about the Old Salt. I'd repeat his last words for the benefit of all who might listen, and I'd tell them what a good egg the old boy was. I'd eulogize him, yessir, that's what I'd do, eulogize him.

And while I was planning all those nice things, the double crossing old scoundrel slowly raised himself up, drew a great, long, shuddering breath, fixed the John Sikh with the most malevolent glare mortal ever bore, and launched into a tirade of crackling, blistering profanity, that caused even the most expert of us to bow our heads before a better man. Such masterful delivery, such force! It was studded with epithets, rare as radium, garnished with spices from the most fragrant of trees, and sprinkled liberally with French, Spanish, Creole and Japanese, all in all a thing of beauty, and our respect for the old corporal increased a thousandfold. However, for a man about to shuffle off to a better land, he didn't seem to be going about it in a way which might get him a drag on the Golden Shore. So we asked him if he would kindly inform us as to the number

and extent of his wounds, if any, and tell us what happened. He told us, and boys and girls, the great paunch of The Laughing Buddha shook in his pudgy hands, as the "Dying Marine" recited his tale of woe.

Spake the Old Salt, with a pan as sour as a Mexican lemon, "I went tearing around that corner, in through the dugout, on my way to the street, and I'm halfway there, when everything happened at once. That A.A. busted right over the Creek, those six shimboos baled off on the top of the dugout, in one big ball, breaking a cross-beam in their retreat, and that @\*\*& &:%%#\* Sikh lowered his head, roared like the Bull of Bashan, and charged, with that cop who had been sleeping against the pole, just a hair behind him and still asleep, but running, and all three of us met in the middle of this shanty. Well the Sikh's dome caught me in the pit of the stomach, driving every accursed bit of wind out of my body, and knocked me clear across the dugout, and I bet I batted my conk on every support in here. The sleeping shimboos hit the Sikh from behind, and sprawled him on his puss, whereupon he woke up, and asked that flock of high flying tree apes," pointing at the gang of excited shimboos, "what the hell he'd been running from. And fellow, I thought I'd been hit in the bread-basket with a twelve inch shell."

By the time the sad tale was finished, no one of the hilarious gathering was in any condition to even give the Old Soldier a lift, so he sat there on the ground until he was able to rise under his own power. You should have seen it, fellows, from pathos to riotous laughter, Flaming Youth in a nosedive, from the sublime to the ridiculous. And to make it even better, every time the old corporal glared at the unhappy Sikh, the big Indian would, with that same pained, and sort of apologetic look on his brown pan, point up to the Heavens, where the anti-aircraft were still at work, and say "No good, Johnny, no good." Which proved that John Sikh had a hell of a lot more sense than the Ancient Mariner, who, from that night henceforth, was content to observe the fireworks from the same places as we.

And thus ends our little tale. There are countless more that I might tell, but the boys will spin them to you yourselves some day. The moments of stress, the narrow escapes and the lucky breaks, we'll just keep for ourselves. Perhaps, some day, we may tell you of these. Quien Sabe?

But in our own humble philosophy, we've found that whether it was our war or someone else's, whether it was fire, flood or earthquake, we found a ray of sunny laughter, somewhere in the chaos. I know the Marines have. And we believe that so long as the race can forget their sorrows,

to laugh at some untoward event, if only for a moment, then that long will the people of the earth live, for God loves those who can smile through their tears, though the burden be great and the mountain road steep.

### ONCE A MARINE

(Continued from page 7)

and it fell open at the second page. John could see the small picture of himself that had been taken the day he enlisted.

"Yes, I do, John." The major swung a chair around at the side of his desk. "Have a chair." He offered a pack of cigarettes, "Have a smoke." A father about to invite a son to come into partnership in the family business, would have used about the same manner.

John breathed easier and lowered himself into the chair. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"In looking over your record, John, I notice your father wasn't living at the time you enlisted." The major looked straight at John and seemed to invite confidence. And John saw in his face the kindness, the character, the indefinable something that inspired loyalty in men, for the first time.

"No, sir. My father was a Marine, gunnery-sergeant at Belleau Wood. He didn't come back."

The major nodded with understanding. "I was there. A second lieutenant, then. Was that the reason you joined the Corps?"

"Part of it. My mother married again." John's throat seemed tight and he swallowed hard.


"John, don't you think it would be a fine thing to make a career for yourself in the Marine Corps? Get to be a sergeant-major? You have a very fine record. A man couldn't want a better start." The major rubbed out his cigarette.

"No, sir." John burned his bridges behind him. "Ever since General Butler said I would make a good Pfc, I've wanted to be a non-commissioned officer and wanted to go to candidate officers' school to study for a commission. I worked like hell, Major, and I didn't get it. Now I'm going out."

"Did you ever tell any of your officers about your ambition?"

"No, sir. If I couldn't earn it, I didn't want it any other way. I'm not a hand-shaker." John noticed he was talking a little louder than he meant to do.

"That's where you made your mistake, son. You'll find people are ready to help you, if you'll let them. I'm sorry you didn't tell me that sooner. But I can do this. If you will re-enlist, I'll see that you are a corporal in three months



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and I'll recommend you for the school. Your record will help you."

John was sorely tempted. He was about to say he would re-enlist when it occurred to him that the major might be transferred before he got his chevrons.

"Thank you, sir. But I'm going out. There's a student nurse at Emergency Hospital in Washington. . . . I mean, I've got a job lined up, selling autos in Washington. I completed a course in salesmanship with the M. C. I."

"Yes, I know you did, John. It's in your service record. How would you like a tour of duty as a recruiting sergeant in Washington?" Again John's resolution nearly failed him. After all, life on the outside was uncertain.

"I think I'll go outside just the same, Major. I put in an application for the police examination. I may make it."

The major stood up. Looking like a father sending his son off to war, he extended his hand. "Well, good luck, John."

The doorway of the office seemed smaller as John Humble made his way through it, for he stumbled and brushed against both sides.

The major sat down and started to rub the aching knee that shrapnel had struck that time in Belleau Wood. His lungs burned and his eyes, too, seemed to burn. Three wound chevrons, he remembered, he had brought home from France, and he had another physical examination coming up soon.

**S**IX months later the major followed John Humble to Washington, looking for a job. But he didn't sell cars. In working toward his majority, he had become something of a politician. Not an especially good one, you understand. For instance, he would never be a senator. But he helped his friends, and his friends helped him. There were congressmen and senators who had been commissioned officers in the Marine Corps, whom he knew, and he went to see them. Before long he was a minor executive in the U. S. National Park Service somewhere out in the Northwest.

John Humble wore out shoe leather selling cars. He worked day and night, Sundays and holidays. He was demonstrating cars to prospects when other people were playing cards. He was taking his turn on the floor, waiting for prospects, when other people were sitting in the movies, some weeks he earned sixty dollars, the commission on two new cars, and some weeks he would earn about fourteen dollars, the commission on two used cars.

After a year, he was appointed a private on the U. S. Park Police, salary \$1,900 per year, and only eight hours a day, if he didn't have to go to court. He was a good police officer, as he had been a good Marine. Five years later he was earning \$2,400 per year and six years later he was mounted on a motorcycle at \$2,520 per year. He had earned all the promotions any man could get in that length of service.

The U. S. Park Police had as their superintendent a captain from the Regular Army, and above him, a lieutenant-colonel in the Regular Army. The time came when the powers-that-be decided to reorganize a few departments and transfer the U. S. Park Police from Army to civilian heads.

The ceremony was to take place at the regular monthly inspection. Officer John Humble often told his wife, a registered nurse, on private duty at Emergency Hos-

pital that he hated inspections, had ever since he was in the Marine Corps. But the fact was he liked them.

For this inspection, he started preparing two days in advance. His best uniform went to the cleaners and came back. He shined the buttons to the same brilliance he had been so proud of in the days he wore Marine Corps blues. He used the same shining board he had used in those days. Jewelers rouge, he rubbed on a hand brush and rubbed off on the buttons in the same old way. He cleaned and oiled his .38 revolver. The day before inspection, he took his motorcycle to an auto wash rack and paid to have it cleaned with hot soapy water under pressure.

The morning of inspection, he took his Sam Browne belt apart and dyed it. He shined the leather and he used Blitz on the buckles and Blitz on the six extra cartridges in the belt. He scrubbed his badges with hot soapy water and a hand brush. He brought out his new ribbons, the Yangtze Service Medal, The Marine Corps Authorized Expedition Medal, and the Good Conduct Medal, and put them on his uniform above his badge. He

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shined his black shoes and leggings until they shone like black mirrors.

Then he went outside and worked on the motor. It was one-thirty in the afternoon. Inspection was at three o'clock and he wanted his uniform and equipment to be perfect. He thought fleetingly of his old company that shined so brightly the sun hid its face to keep from going blind. He grinned as he thought of his old major. He went over the motorcycle with auto cleaner. All the little gadgets on the motorcycle seemed to take a nick out of the skin on his fingers as he worked the rag around them. The old major must be a lieutenant-colonel by now, he thought, might even be a colonel.

When the cleaner was dry and wiped off, he went over the smooth parts like the fenders and gas tanks with hard wax. It was early summer and he was ringing wet with perspiration. He stood back to look the motor over for "holidays." He could see none. The nickel parts shone as brightly as the day the four-year-old motor had come out of the factory.

At two-fifteen, he dashed upstairs to take a quick shower. At two-thirty, he got into uniform and put his white gloves in his pocket as he checked over all his equipment.

By three o'clock he was standing in the third rank of officers, eighty of them, motorcycle men in the rear. Their 25 motors were as perfectly aligned as a drill company on the field at A & I inspection. Officer John Humble believed there was not a motor there any cleaner than his. With a handkerchief, he had wiped off the dust that had accumulated in the ride to inspection. His blue uniform was immaculate and his motor spotless. The police captain had faced about now. Behind him, there was the Army captain in uniform, and a short well-dressed and muscular-appearing civilian. The Army captain, the out-going superintendent, was speaking:

"Men, I want to introduce to you your new superintendent. He has been Superintendent of Conowingo National Park in the State of Washington. The National Park Service, of which you are now a part, has transferred him here to be Superintendent of the National Capital Parks, and as a part of his duties, Superintendent of U. S. Park Police. He is Major Edward Houghenpeck."

Officer John Humble had been listening with half his attention until he heard the name. He couldn't see the inspecting party as it advanced along the first line. His mind traveled back to the first time he had ever been inspected by Captain Houghenpeck, Sally Screwhead Houghenpeck, the man who could find dirt on a rifle where no man had seen any before. He thought of his last inspection and the dirt in the screwhead of the rifle. The last interview when the major had tried to get him to "ship over" flashed before him. The major was then passing down the second line of men now, inspecting expertly, taking a pistol from a man here and there, commenting and asking questions. As the police captain announced each man's name, the new superintendent said, "How do you do, Private." Friendly, yet impersonal.

Officer John Humble wondered if the major would recognize him as an ex-Marine. He mentally checked each part of the operation of getting ready for inspection and was glad he had worked so hard to be as nearly perfect as possible. He won't find any dirt this time, he thought.

The inspecting party was passing the rear of the second line now, not seeing the third line at all as they went from the left to the right end to begin all over again. John was second from the right end. John heard the name of the man next to him pronounced. "How do you do, private." The major, John could see now, was wearing white gloves for this inspection. The first motorcycle man had passed inspection.

John whipped his pistol up to position for inspection, snapping the cylinder outward, and looking straight ahead. He heard his name called. He was looking into the major's eyes. He saw a gleam of recognition: "How do you do, John?"

Pride swelled up in John's heart. The major remembered him! Here was a friend. The old Marine Corps—Once a Marine, always a Marine.

The major turned to inspect the four-year-old motorcycle that glittered like new. He stooped, peering under the front fender. He straightened up, and his eyes flinted.

"What type of motorcycle is that?" he asked.

John told him.

"Then clean it," snapped the major. "There's dirt in the screw-heads!"



# THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on April 30	18,339
<b>COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT</b> —April 30	1,328
Separation during May	9
Appointments during May	1,319
Total Strength on May 31	1,320
<b>ENLISTED</b> —Total Strength on April 30	17,011
Separations during May	313
Joinings during May	16,698
Total Strength on May 31	410
Total Strength Marine Corps on May 31	17,108
	18,428



## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. Thomas Holcomb, The Major General Commandant.  
Brig. Gen. Clayton B. Vogel, The Adjutant and Inspector.  
Brig. Gen. Seth Williams, The Quartermaster.  
Brig. Gen. Russell B. Putnam, The Paymaster.

### Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.  
Col. Selden B. Kennedy.  
Lt. Col. William T. Clement.  
Maj. William S. Fellers.  
Capt. Clifford H. Shuey.  
1st Lt. John E. Weber.

### Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. L. McCarty Little.  
Brig. Gen. James J. Meade.  
Col. Miles R. Thacher.  
Lt. Col. Andrew E. Creesy.  
Maj. Morris L. Shively.  
Capt. Chandler W. Johnson.  
1st Lt. Wallace M. Nelson.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

MAY 11, 1938.  
Col. Leander A. Clapp, on 9 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.  
Col. Charles F. Williams, died 6 May, 1938.

Col. Walter N. Hill, on 1 July, 1938, detached NYd, New York, N. Y., and ordered to his home to retire.

Lt. Col. Harry Schmidt, about 1 July, 1938, detached FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, duty Office of Paymaster.

Major Frederick E. Stack, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, modified—on detachment Naval War College ordered to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via "President Cleveland," sailing San Francisco, 17 June, 1938.

Capt. Gordon Hall, detail as an Asst. Quartermaster revoked.

Capt. Rees Skinner, about 5 June, 1938, detached MB, SB, New London, Conn., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June, 1938.

Capt. Lawrence Norman, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Clarence J. Chappell, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Herbert P. Becker, about 5 June, 1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Henry T. Elrod, about 7 May, 1938, detached AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Alan Shapley, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

(Continued on page 74)

## THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

MAY 3, 1938.  
Sgt. Wm. E. Hemingway—Charleston, S. C., to FMF.  
Cpl. Raymond A. Brown—WC to New York.

Cpl. Orman W. Purvis—USS "Arkansas" to Norfolk.  
MAY 4, 1938.  
Sgt. S. G. Musachia—Norfolk to Air Two.

Cpl. David A. Fox—NOB Norfolk, to Air Two.  
MAY 5, 1938.  
Cpl. E. W. Hansford—NOB, Norfolk, to Mare Island.

MAY 9, 1938.  
MTS L. E. Giffin—Parris Island to San Diego.  
1st Sgt. John J. Sedlak—FMF to Norfolk for Sea.

Cpl. J. H. Alix—USS "Pennsylvania" to New London.  
Cpl. E. A. Ruben—Parris Island to FMF, San Diego.

MAY 10, 1938.  
1st Sgt. Harry McC. Henderson—WC to EC.  
Sgt. Wm. J. Lane—FMF, Quantico, to Air Two.

Cpl. R. Eidukas—FMF, Quantico, to Post.  
Cpl. H. A. Steels—MBNYd, Portsmouth, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. J. J. Llevrouw—FMF, San Diego, to Great Lakes.  
Cpl. A. B. Lawrence—FMF, San Diego, to NYd, Washington.

Cpl. C. L. Whitlock—USS "Saratoga" to Pensacola.  
MAY 11, 1938.  
Tech-Sgt. E. W. Dunsmoor—Parris Island to San Diego.

Sgt. S. T. Coates—Parris Island to FMF, Quantico.  
Gv-Sgt. H. E. Klappholz—2nd AA Bn. to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. J. H. Hanner—New York to QMS, Philadelphia.  
MAY 12, 1938.  
Supply Sgt. H. C. Parsons—St. Thomas to Air Two.

Staff Sgt. B. A. Green—Norfolk to St. Thomas.  
Sgt. J. Pluge—Quantico to Parris Island.

MAY 14, 1938.  
Sgt. A. Bianchi—New York to FMF, Quantico.  
Cpl. Owne R. Nixon—Quantico to CS, Philadelphia.

Cpl. E. D. McMurray—FMF, San Diego, to Pensacola.  
MAY 16, 1938.  
Sgt. J. J. Winsler—FMF, San Diego, to Boston.

Cpl. R. Vernon—Quantico to West Coast for "West Virginia."  
FM Cpl. J. A. Nagy—MB, Washington, to Parris Island.

MAY 17, 1938.  
Staff Sgt. R. E. Coddington—St. Thomas to Air Two, San Diego.  
Staff Sgt. S. S. Man—Air Two to St. Thomas.

Sgt. S. A. Custer—2nd AABn to Parris Island.  
(Continued on page 76)

## RECENT REENLISTMENTS

JONES, Maurice D., 4-26-38, San Francisco, for Rectg., San Francisco.

McGAUGHY, James L., 4-25-38, Portland, for MB, Mare Island, Calif.

GLOVER, Paul, 4-16-38, Honolulu, T. H., for NAS, San Diego.

RYAN, Robert F., 4-26-38, NP, Mare Island, for PSNYd, Bremerton.

JENNINGS, Thomas F., 5-1-38, Philadelphia, for DofS, Philadelphia.

SHEMWELL, Shannon L., 5-1-38, MB, Washington, for MCI, Washington.

BENSON, Peter E., Jr., 5-3-38, Boston, for MB, New York, N. Y.

POUNDER, Reuben C., 5-3-38, Philadelphia, for MB, Philadelphia.

VASILAKOS, James A., 5-3-38, New York, for MB, NYd, New York.

BENTON, Grover J., 5-2-38, Kansas City, for MB, Mare Island.

CRAPSER, George A., 4-26-38, USS "Chicago," for MD, USS "Chicago."

CALVIN, Robertson H., 5-1-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

WILLIAMS, Jack G., 5-23-38, MB, Boston, for MB, Boston, Mass.

BALAN, Yancu, 5-4-38, Philadelphia, for DofS, Philadelphia.

MARTIN, Ralph, 5-3-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, Quantico.

HORA, Albert J., 5-5-38, Philadelphia, for MB, Quantico.

HUNSAKER, George W., 4-27-38, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.

BROWN, William A., 5-6-38, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

FEDOR, John J., 5-6-38, Philadelphia for MB, New York.

RAGSDALE, Sidney M., 5-3-38, Dallas, Tex., for NAS, Pensacola.

MCGINLEY, Bernard A., 5-7-38, Philadelphia for MB, Philadelphia.

TOLAN, William F., 5-6-38, Boston for MB, Philadelphia.

GRIMES, Virgil T., 5-6-38, Macon, Ga., for MB, Parris Island.

BROWN, Gerald A., 5-2-38, NAD, Puget Sound, for NAD, Puget Sound.

URBANIAT, Joseph T., 5-9-38, New York for MB, Quantico.

DUMPROPE, Arthur E., 5-9-38, MB, New York, for MB, New York.

HEMINGWAY, William E., 5-7-38, MB, Charleston, for MB, Quantico.

CLLUM, Robert D., 5-5-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

HASKELL, William, 5-9-38, MB, Parris Island, for MB, Parris Island.

SHAMBAUGH, Levi J., 4-29-38, Pearl Harbor for MB, Pearl Harbor.

SKINNER, Abe L., 4-28-38, Puget Sound for NAD, Puget Sound.

FORSYTH, Frank R., 5-12-38, Washington for FMF, Quantico.

McCree, James B., 5-12-38, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.

KLIAK, Henry, 5-9-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.

TURNER, Fred L., 5-9-38, Chicago for MB, Mare Island.

SHAW, Bernard F., 5-14-38, Washington for MB, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

BEHUEFFY, Max, 5-10-38, Mare Island for NP, Mare Island.

BLUNCK, Nels E., 5-8-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.

(Continued on page 77)



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### MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 73)

tico, Va., to Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Thomas C. Perrin, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Arthur W. Ellis, about 1 June, 1938, detached Office of Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Orin K. Pressley, when directed by CO, MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va., detached that station to MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. James M. Smith, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. James F. Shaw, Jr., about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Louis J. Fields, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Louis C. Reinberg, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Donald J. Decker, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Harry O. Smith, Jr., about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Norman Vandam, about 5 June, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

1st Lt. Claude I. Boles, on arrival San Francisco, assigned to duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Harry S. Leon, about 12 June, 1938, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., ordered to temporary duty at Gunnery School, USS "Minneapolis," until about 5 August, then to MD, USS "Honolulu."

1st Lt. Nelson K. Brown, when directed by CG, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that Brig. to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, N. Y., 10 June.

1st Lt. Paul E. Wallace, about 7 June, 1938, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. George F. Britt, orders 1 April, 1938, detached this officer MB, Norfolk NYd, to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, revoked.

2nd Lt. John H. Gill, when directed by CO, MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., detached that detachment to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

2nd Lt. Arthur P. McArthur, when directed by CO, MB, NYd, Wash., D. C., detached that station to FMF, MCB, San Diego, via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. John F. Evans, died 4 May, 1938.

Ch. Pay Clk. William J. Miller, on 1 July, 1938, detached Office AFM, NOB, Norfolk, Va., and ordered to his home to retire.

QM. Clk. Edward J. McCabe, on 31 May, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MCB, San Diego, Calif., via transport sailing New York, 10 June.

Mar. Gnr. Carl J. Cagle, appointed a Marine Gunner and assigned to duty with 1st Marine Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va. MAY 18, 1938.

Col. Benjamin S. Berry, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., revoked. About 20 June, 1938, detached Eastern Rectg. Div., Phila., Pa., to NYd, New York, N. Y., duty President, GCM.

Major William K. MacNulty, about 23 May, 1938, detached NEB, MB, Wash.,

D. C., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 12th Bn., FMCR, San Francisco, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major George D. Hamilton, on 14 May, 1938, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MCB, San Diego, Calif., via SS "President Cleveland," due Los Angeles, 12 June.

Major Edward A. Craig, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major Harold C. Major, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major Ford O. Rogers, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major Donald G. Oglesby, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major Lewis B. Reagan, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Major Richard O. Sanderson, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USAT "Republic," sailing New York, 10 June.

Capt. Samuel B. Griffith, about 15 July, 1938, detached Am. Embassy, Peking, China, to MB, Quantico, via SS "President Cleveland," due to arrive San Francisco, 4 Aug.

Capt. Calvin R. Freeman, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Marine Scouting Squadron 3, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

Capt. John D. Blanchard, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Capt. Charles W. Henkle, AQM., re-detached an Assistant Quartermaster, effective 23 June, 1938.

1st Lt. Joseph L. Dickey, about 17 June, 1938, detached Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico.

1st Lt. George C. Ruffin, about 17 June, 1938, detached Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., to MB, Quantico, Va., duty 1st Signal Co.

1st Lt. Clyde R. Nelson, about 17 June, 1938, detached Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., ordered temporary duty Hdqrs., Marine Corps, to about 1 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Harry W. G. Vadnais, about 17 June, 1938, detached Signal Corps School, Fort Monmouth, N. J., ordered temporary duty Hdqrs., Marine Corps, to about 1 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, about 24 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Norfolk NYd, Portsmouth, Va.

2nd Lt. Marilyn D. Holmes, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to temporary duty at Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1 June to about 20 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USS "Chaumont," sailing Norfolk, 2 Aug.

2nd Lt. James S. O'Halloran, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to temporary duty at Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1 June to about 20 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USS "Chaumont," sailing Norfolk, 2 Aug.

2nd Lt. Peter J. Speckman, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to temporary duty at Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1 June to about 20 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USS "Chaumont," sailing Norfolk, 2 Aug.

2nd Lt. Wallace M. Nelson, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., ordered to temporary duty at Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1 June to about 20 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via USS "Chaumont," sailing Norfolk, 2 Aug.

2nd Lt. Howard G. Kirgis, orders to FMF, MCB, San Diego, with 2nd A.A. Bn., via USS "Antares," revoked. About 24 May, 1938, detached 2nd A.A. Bn., FMF, MB, Parris Island, S. C., ordered to temporary duty, Sperry Gyroscope Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., from 1 June to about 20 July, then to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., via

THE LEATHERNECK

USS "Chaumont," sailing Norfolk, 2 Aug.  
2nd Lt. Maynard M. Nohrden, orders to  
FMF, MCB, San Diego, revoked. About 15  
June, 1938, detached MB, NYd, Charleston,  
S. C., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico,  
Va.

Ch. Pay Clk. George H. Mulligan, on 2  
July, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps,  
Wash., D. C., and ordered home to retire.  
Ch. Pay Clk. Clinton A. Phillips, about  
7 July, 1938, detached Marine Scouting  
Squadron Three, FMF, Charlotte Amalie,  
St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, NAS, Pensacola,  
Fla.

Ch. Pay Clk. Benjamin H. Wolever, when  
directed by Paymaster, detached Hdqrs.,  
Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to 1st Mar.  
Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Pay Clk. Julian B. Bird, detached 1st  
Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to  
Marine Scouting Squadron Three, FMF,  
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.  
MAY 25, 1938.

On or about 27 May, 1938, following-  
named officers relieved as students at Ma-  
rine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., and  
assigned to duty on the Staff, Marine  
Corps Schools:

Lt. Col. John T. Walker  
Major Curtis T. Beecher  
Major Robert C. Kilmartin  
Major Ralph R. Robinson  
Major George E. Monson  
Capt. James M. Ranck  
Capt. David M. Shoup  
Capt. Harold G. Newhart  
Capt. Louis C. Plain  
Capt. Lester S. Hamel  
Capt. John N. Hart

On or about 27 May, 1938, following-  
named officers relieved as students, Ma-  
rine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., will  
continue on aviation duty with Aircraft  
One, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico:

Capt. Jacob F. Plachta  
Capt. William C. Lemly  
Capt. William G. Manley  
Capt. Edward L. Pugh

On 31 May, 1938, following-named offi-  
cers relieved from Marine Corps Schools,  
MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty  
with First Marine Brigade, FMF, MB,  
Quantico, Va.:

Lt. Col. Raphael Griffin  
Major William T. Clement  
Capt. Charles C. Brown  
Capt. Walter I. Jordan  
Capt. Earl H. Phillips  
Capt. Walker A. Reaves  
Capt. James T. Wilbur  
1st Lt. Bankson T. Holcomb, Jr.  
2nd Lt. James M. Clark  
2nd Lt. Edwin A. Law  
2nd Lt. William W. Buchanan

On 31 May, 1938, following-named offi-  
cers relieved from Marine Corps Schools,  
MB, Quantico, Va., and ordered report CG,  
MB, Quantico, Va., for duty:

Major Jacob Lienhard  
Capt. William W. Davidson  
Capt. Thomas C. Green  
Capt. Tilghman H. Saunders  
Capt. Frank P. Pyzick

Major Robert C. Anthony, detailed as  
Asst. Quartermaster, effective 15 June,  
1938. Detached 12th Bn., FMCB, San  
Francisco, Calif., to MCB, San Diego,  
Calif., duty Base Property Officer, to re-  
port not later than 19 June.

Capt. George W. Spotts, orders 18 March  
changed to retire on 1 June, 1938.

Capt. Miller V. Parsons, on 19 May,  
1938, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to  
Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to  
continue treatment at Naval Hospital,  
Wash., D. C.

Capt. Louis E. Marie, about 27 July,  
1938, detached Ecole Superieure de Guerre,  
Paris, France, to Staff of Basic School,  
MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

Capt. August Larson, on or about 31  
May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF,  
MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield,  
Mass.


1st Lt. Samuel R. Shaw, on or about 31  
May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF,  
MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield,  
Mass.

2nd Lt. Philip C. Metzger, orders dated  
1 April, 1938, detaching this officer MB,  
NYd, Phila., Pa., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF,  
MB, Quantico, Va., revoked. On 31 May,  
detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to MD, RR,  
Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Douglas E. Reeve, when di-  
rected by CO, detached MB, NYd, Phila.,  
Pa., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quan-  
tico, Va.

2nd Lt. Benjamin L. McMakin, orders  
dated 1 April modified—detached MB, Pa-  
rris Island, S. C., to FMF, MCB, San Diego,  
Calif., via USS "Antares," sailing MB,  
Parris Island, 25 May, 1938.

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2nd Lt. John F. Dobbin, on reporting  
MB, NYd, New York, in July, ordered to  
duty with Marine Scouting Sq. 3, FMF,  
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

2nd Lt. Robert E. Galer, on reporting  
MB, NYd, New York, in July, ordered to  
duty with Marine Scouting Sq. 3, FMF,  
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

2nd Lt. George A. McKusick, on reporting  
MB, NYd, New York, in July, ordered to  
duty with Marine Scouting Sq. 3, FMF,  
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

2nd Lt. George A. McKusick, on reporting  
MB, NYd, New York, in July, ordered to  
duty with Marine Scouting Sq. 3, FMF,  
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I.

2nd Lt. Julian F. Walters, about 2 June,  
1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to  
Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB,  
Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Eschol M. Mallory, about 2 June,  
1938, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to

Aircraft 1, 1st Marine Brigade, FMF, MB,  
Quantico, Va.

Ch. Pay Clk. Carlton L. Post, promoted to  
Chief Pay Clerk on 23 May, 1938, to  
rank from 16 April, 1938.

The following-named officers were pro-  
moted to the grades indicated by and  
with the advice and consent of the Sen-  
ate, on 17 May, 1938, with rank from 1  
May, 1938:

Colonel Harry L. Smith  
Lt. Col. Oliver P. Smith  
Lt. Col. Henry D. Linscott  
Major Augustus H. Fricke  
Major Julian N. Frisbie  
Capt. Luther S. Moore  
Capt. Harry S. Leon  
Capt. Nelson K. Brown

JUNE 1, 1938.

Col. Harold L. Parsons, about 10 July,  
1938, detached Staff of C-in-C, Asiatic



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## WATCH REPAIRING

Quantico

Virginia

Fleet, to Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Lt. Col. Matthew H. Kingman, on reporting Col. H. L. Parsons in August, detached Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif.

Major Bernard Dubel, on 25 June, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major John T. Selden, on 11 June, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va., detail as APM revoked, effective 11 June.

Major David R. Nimmer, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Major Shaler Ladd, on 31 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Martin S. Rahiser, orders to MB, SB, New London, Conn., revoked. On 31 May, 1938, relieved from duty on Staff Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Samuel S. Yeaton, on 27 May, 1938, detached MB, Puget Sound NYD, Bremerton, Wash., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

Capt. Albert F. Moe, about 27 May, 1938, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Chinese Language student, Peiping, China, via USS "Chau-mont," sailing Norfolk, Va., 2 August.

Capt. L. H. M. Sanderson, about 31 May, 1938, detached AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. Noel O. Castle, on 31 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Andrew B. Galatian, on 31 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Edwin L. Hamilton, on 31 May, 1938, detached 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, RR, Wakefield, Mass.

2nd Lt. Thomas F. Riley, about 20 June, 1938, detached MD, USS "Vincennes," ordered to temporary duty with 29th Engineers, Portland, Oregon, for period about 3 months from 5 July, then to 1st Mar. Brig., MB, Quantico, Va.

Upon graduation from Naval Academy, following named appointed second lieutenants in U. S. Marine Corps, and ordered to Basic School, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa., to report not later than 5 July:

Robert W. Shaw  
John A. Saxten, Jr.  
Douglas E. Keeler  
Carl J. Fleps  
George R. Newton  
Paul E. Becker, Jr.  
Alfred L. Booth  
Raymond H. George  
Carlo A. Rovetta  
Richard D. Weber  
Dorrance S. Radcliffe  
Charles M. DeHority  
Cyril E. Emrich  
William P. Spencer  
Nathan T. Post, Jr.  
William A. Houston, Jr.  
James J. Owens  
Alton D. Gould  
Richard B. Church  
John S. McLaughlin, Jr.  
John W. Howe  
Howard B. Bengt  
Clarke J. Bennett  
Thomas L. Lamar  
Hugh M. Elwood  
Randolph C. Berkeley, Jr.

JUNE 8, 1938.

Brig. Gen. James J. Meade, on discharge Naval Hosp., Wash., D. C., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MCB, San Diego, Calif., duty Comdg. Gen., Base Troops.

Col. Albert E. Randall, orders to MCB, San Diego, modified, on arrival U. S. Ordered to duty as CO, MB, NYD, Phila., Pa.

Col. Frank E. Evans, about 6 July, 1938, detached from duty as OIC, Western Rectg. Div., San Francisco, Calif., to duty as OIC, Southern Rectg. Div., New Orleans, La., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Francisco, 9 July.

Lt. Col. William G. Hawthorne, on 24 June, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Washington, D. C.

Lt. Col. Leo D. Hermie, on 1 July, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., ordered to temporary duty at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, then to Army War College, Fort Humphreys, D. C.

Lt. Col. Franklin A. Hart, On 1 July,

1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., ordered to temporary duty at Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, then to Army War College, Fort Humphreys, D. C.

Lt. Col. Ralph E. Davis, about 25 July, 1938, detached from duty at OIC, Southern Rectg. Div., New Orleans, La., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major James D. McLean, on 28 June, 1938, detached Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major Gilbert D. Hatfield, about 23 June, 1938, detached Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Major Percy D. Cornell, about 1 July, 1938, detached MB, NYD, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYD, Charleston, S. C.

Major Henry A. Carr, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

1st Lt. Granville K. Frisbie, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., and ordered home to await retirement.

Capt. Raymond E. Hopper, about 10 July, 1938, detached AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to AC1, 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 16 July.

Capt. Paul Drake, On 27 June, 1938, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Lyman G. Miller, detached Marine Corps Schools, MB, Quantico, Va., to Staff of Chemical Warfare School, Edgewood Arsenal, Md.

Capt. Robert O. Bare, when directed by Supt. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., detached MD, USS "Reina Mercedes," to Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Capt. Gordon Hall, orders to MB, NYD, New York, N. Y., modified—ordered to MB, SB, New London, Conn.

1st Lt. Joseph P. McCaffery, detached MB, Norfolk NYD, Portsmouth, Va., to MD USS "Nashville."

1st Lt. Robert E. Hommel, detached MD, USS "Tulsa" on 7 June, 1938, to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China.

1st Lt. Wilbur J. McNenny, relieved present duties MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned 1st Mar. Brig., FMF, that post.

2nd Lt. William E. Boles, orders detaching this officer MB, NAS, Seattle, Wash., to FMF, MCB, San Diego, Calif., revoked.

2nd Lt. William W. Lewis, detached MB, NYD, Phila., Pa., to MD, USS "Nashville."

2nd Lt. Kenneth F. McLeod, on 4 June, 1938, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MD, Tientsin, China.

Ch. QM. Clk. Oswald Brosseau, detached MCB, San Diego, Calif., to AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

Ch. QM. Clk. Edward F. Connors, detached AC2, FMF, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to Marine Scouting Squadron 3, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., via steamer sailing Los Angeles, Calif., 23 June, 1938.

Ch. QM. Clk. Rufus L. Willis, about 8 July, 1938, detached Marine Scouting Squadron 3, FMF, Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas, V. I., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

The following named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 1 June, 1938, with rank from 7 May, 1938:

Colonel Earl C. Long  
Colonel Selden B. Kennedy  
Lt. Col. William T. Clement  
Major William S. Fellers  
Capt. Charles R. Jones  
Capt. Clifford H. Shuey

## U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 73)

Cpl. J. A. Walters—USS "Idaho" to Quantico for Ft. Belvoir.

Cpl. J. K. Harris—FMF, San Diego, to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. G. C. Daskalakis—2nd AABN to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. E. H. Ziegler—FMF, San Diego, to Parris Island.

Cpl. T. J. Gallagher—St. Julien's Creek to Asiatic.

Cpl. S. Mroczkowski—USS "Saratoga" to New York.

Cpl. E. A. Nagel—New York to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. P. A. Van Camp—Philadelphia to New York.

Cpl. S. Burns—Boston to Sea School.

## THE LEATHERNECK

MAY 19, 1938.  
QM Sgt. N. J. Barger—San Diego to Mare Island.  
Sgt. S. G. Musachia—NOB, Norfolk, to Air One.  
Cpl. D. A. Vox—NOB, Norfolk, to Air One.  
Cpl. G. A. Sharit—Parris Island to Norfolk Sea School.  
MAY 20, 1938.  
1st Sgt. L. A. Nelson—FMF, San Diego, to USS "Chaumont."  
1st Sgt. A. P. Athenour—USS "Chaumont" to San Diego.  
Cpl. John Wallace—Pensacola to Norfolk for Honolulu.  
FM Cpl. J. L. Self—Norfolk to Philadelphia.  
FM Cpl. T. Krzyzewski—Norfolk to Ft. Mifflin.  
MAY 21, 1938.  
Mess Sgt. H. H. Herndon—Parris Island to 2nd AABN.  
Cpl. V. G. Velente—NOB, Norfolk, to Air One.  
MAY 23, 1938.  
Sgt. P. L. Harr—USS "Lexington" to Philadelphia.  
MAY 24, 1938.  
Plat-Sgt. J. G. Lemons—Quantico to Norfolk to USS "Boise."  
Plat-Sgt. F. W. O'Sullivan—NYd, Washington, to FMF, Quantico.  
Cpl. K. B. Landrith—FMF, San Diego, to Quantico.  
MAY 25, 1938.  
Cpl. J. L. Fountain—Quantico to Sea School.  
Cpl. H. E. Swain—FMF, Quantico, to NYd, Washington.  
Cpl. Wm. H. Shuman—Quantico to Sea School.  
MAY 26, 1938.  
Cpl. J. A. Stahl—USS "Yorktown" to MBNYd, Portsmouth.  
MAY 27, 1938.  
Sgt. J. S. Harris—Quantico to Parris Island.  
Cpl. A. A. Steriti—FMF, San Diego, to Boston.  
Cpl. Dominick Russo—San Diego to Yorktown.  
MAY 28, 1938.  
1st Sgt. B. Hughes—Quantico to Air One.  
1st Sgt. A. E. Buckner—Air One to Norfolk for "Boise."  
Sgt. H. E. Barieau—FMF, San Diego, to Philadelphia.  
MAY 31, 1938.  
Gy-Sgt. J. R. Tucker—NP, Portsmouth, to MCR&PTD.  
Sgt. C. M. Oliver—Quantico to NYd, Washington.

#### RECENT REENLISTMENTS

(Continued from page 73)

DAVIS, Rushton E., 5-13-38, Portsmouth, N. H., for MB, Portsmouth.  
ELLIOTT, Ashton A., 5-10-38, Keyport for Keyport.  
LANGERHER, Charles, 5-10-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
NEWMAN, Ralph Hayes, USS "Nevada" for USS "Nevada."  
DEDMOND, Hayley M., 5-17-38, Washington for Hdqrs., Washington.  
GRAVES, Hubert, 4-7-38, Shanghai, China, for Shanghai.  
GRAY, Harris D., 4-16-38, Shanghai for Shanghai.  
HILTON, Harold F., 5-17-38, Philadelphia for DofS, Philadelphia.  
KRONBERG, Anthony, 5-17-38, New York for MB, Philadelphia.  
AARON, Robert T., 5-17-38, New York for MB, New York.  
BAREFOOT, Ralph, 5-17-38, MB, Quantico, for 1st Sig. Co., Quantico.  
BYRD, Augustus, 5-9-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
MADDY, Leo S., 5-17-38, Lakehurst for NAS, Lakehurst.  
PAQUIN, Paul R., 5-12-38, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.  
POPE, Mark A., 5-17-38, MB, Quantico, for RRD, Quantico.  
SMITH, Frank J., 5-17-38, Yorktown for NMD, Yorktown.  
COLE, Gordon, 5-16-38, Parris Island for MB, Parris Island.  
COHEN, Mitchell, 5-12-38, San Diego for MCB, San Diego.  
SCHNEIDER, George R., 5-13-38, Los Angeles for MCB, San Diego.

DeJONG, Hans, 5-13-38, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.  
ELVESTAD, Henry A., 5-14-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
NELSON, William, 5-12-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
SZYNKOWSKI, John V., 5-17-38, MB, Parris Island, for FMF, Parris Island.  
MOGG, Leonard R., 5-20-38, Washington for NYd, Portsmouth.  
BENNETT, Harry C., 5-21-38, Norfolk for NOB, Norfolk.  
ELSWICK, Isom Hugh, 5-20-38, St. Julien's Creek for St. Julien's Creek.  
NIXON, Owen R., 5-20-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.  
WARD, John A., 5-20-38, MB, Quantico, for FMF, Quantico.  
FERAZZI, Alfo, 5-14-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
GARCELON, Frederick F., 5-14-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
GEORGE, Robert L., 5-16-38, NAS, San Diego, for Aviation, San Diego.  
HACKER, Frederick, 5-16-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
HAMIL, James N., 5-17-38, MCB, San Diego, for MCB, San Diego.  
HANSON, Fred H., 5-17-38, Bremerton for PSN Yd, Bremerton.  
KEETON, Charles W., 5-23-38, MB, Washington, for MB, Washington.  
MUNARI, Herman J., 5-12-38, MCB, San Diego, for FMF, San Diego.  
SALLMAN, John, 5-16-38, NAS, Seattle, for NAS, Seattle.  
LANE, William J., 5-21-38, MB, Quantico, for Aviation, San Diego.  
TURNER, Carl J., 5-24-38, Washington for MB, Parris Island.  
ZIMMERMAN, James B., 5-24-38, Kansas City for MB, Mare Island.  
HAMILTON, Edgar S., 5-25-38, MB, Quantico, for PSBn, Quantico.  
HEATON, Frank H., 5-19-38, Hawthorne for MTSchl, Philadelphia.  
HUTSO, Stephen, 5-26-38, MBNYd, Washington, for MBNYd, Washington.  
TURNAGE, William G., 5-18-38, NAS, San Diego, for NAS, San Diego.  
LEHMAN, Edwin R., 5-24-38, Denver for MCB, San Diego.

#### RESERVE CHANGES

MAY 16, 1938.  
The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:  
First Lieut. Harry A. Traffert, Jr., FMCR, 2318 W. Pacific Ave., Spokane, Wash. Rank from March 25, 1938, No. 1.  
First Lieut. "A" "E" Dubber, Jr., VMCR, 1900 "F" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 1.  
Second Lieut. James W. Guest, VMCR, Route No. 1, Calhoun Falls, S. C. Rank from March 25, 1938, No. 7.  
Second Lieut. Loren E. Haffner, FMCR, 7th Ave., & Howard St., Spokane, Wash. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 3.  
Second Lieut. Irvin B. Wright, VMCR, 1739 Oxford St., Berkeley, Calif. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 4.  
Second Lieut. Jack M. Miller, VMCR, 321 8th Ave., Spokane, Wash. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 5.  
Second Lieut. William W. Young, Jr., VMCR, 61 Fontainebleau Drive, New Orleans, La. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 6.  
Second Lieut. Thomas E. Williams, VMCR, 1322 Bannock St., Denver, Colo. Rank from April 26, 1938, No. 7.  
The following promotions were made in the Marine Corps Reserve:  
Colonel Melvin J. Maas, FMCR. Rank from April 28, 1938.  
Captain Andre V. Cherbonnier, Jr., VMCR. Rank from March 25, 1938.  
Captain Vernon A. Peterson, FMCR. Rank from October 1, 1937, No. 4.  
Captain Carl G. Seasword, VMCR. Rank from December 23, 1936, No. 7.

The following separations have occurred in the Marine Corps Reserve:  
RESIGNED:  
Second Lieut. Charles F. Herman, VMCR. Effective May 11, 1938.

DISCHARGED:  
Lt. Colonel Joseph J. Staley, VMCR. Effective May 7, 1938.  
Aviation Cadet Alfred J. Erhardt. Effective May 7, 1938.

Aviation Cadet Kenneth R. Grant. Effective April 27, 1938.  
Aviation Cadet Howard B. Henderson. Effective May 16, 1938.

The following commissions as Second Lieutenants in the Marine Corps Reserve were cancelled:  
Spencer V. Rice.  
Albert R. Ricks.

MAY 31, 1938.  
The following appointments have been made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

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Second Lieut. Jay H. Augustin, FMCR, 2415 Queens Ave., Hoquiam, Wash. Rank from May 16, 1938, No. 1.  
 Second Lieut. Wade L. Cavin, VMCR, Troutman, North Carolina. Rank from June 1, 1938, No. 1.

The following promotions were made in the Marine Corps Reserve:

Colonel A. J. Drexel Biddle, VMCR.

Rank from April 28, 1938, No. 1.

First Lieut. Paul G. Kreider, VMCR.

Rank from June 8, 1936, No. 6½.

First Lieut. James L. Webb, VMCR.

Rank from Dec. 28, 1937, No. 1.

First Lieut. James P. Tharp, FMCR.

Rank from April 4, 1938, No. 1.

First Lieut. John V. Kipp, FMCR. Rank from April 4, 1938, No. 2.

First Lieut. Robert E. Eklund, FMCR.

Rank from April 24, 1938, No. 1.

Major Frank C. Myers, FMCR. Rank from May 22, 1936, No. 1½.

The following separations have occurred in the Marine Corps Reserve:

RESIGNED:

Second Lieut. Karl E. Case, VMCR. Effective May 26, 1938.

## TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

Corporal Frank Martin, USMC, Class II(b), May 31, 1938. Future address: 301 West High Street, Lexington, Kentucky.

Sergeant Clement P. Wilmer, USMC, Class II(d), June 4, 1938. Future address: 908 Washington Street, Portsmouth, Virginia.

Private First Class Floyd S. Ritchie, USMC, Class II(b), June 10, 1938. Future address: 3420 East 10th Street, Kansas City, Missouri.

Private First Class Evan M. Fain, USMC, Class II(d), June 10, 1938. Future address: 311 Austin Avenue, Brownwood, Texas.

Sergeant Henry L. Claude, USMC, Class II(d), June 30, 1938. Future address: 23 Dna Bartola Street, Caridad, Cavite, Philippine Islands.

Staff Sergeant John Kubit, USMC, Class II(b), May 31, 1938. Future address: c/o General Delivery, Vallejo, California.

Sergeant Steven Alexander Custer, USMC, Class II(b), May 31, 1938. Future address: Route No. 4, Box 14, Cisco, Texas.

Corporal Maurice Cayez, USMC, Class II(b), May 31, 1938. Future address: St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Annapolis, D. C.

Quartermaster Sergeant Dennis Keith Smithers, USMC, Class II(d), May 16, 1938. Future address: 813 Longfellow Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Arnold Rudolph Johnson, USMC, Class II(b), May 31, 1938. Future address: 2867 Bryant Avenue, North Minneapolis, Minnesota.

## PROMOTIONS

TO FIRST SERGEANT:

William A. Easterling

TO TECHNICAL SERGEANT:

Joseph A. Ambrose

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Frederick E. Miller

James L. Dunlap

TO PLATOON SERGEANT:

Edward V. Seeser

Francis W. O'Sullivan

TO SERGEANT (REGULAR WARRANT):

Bill L. Parham

Evertte B. Dunkle

Eugene Anderson

Henry C. Kampen

Alvin E. Johnson

Ernest F. Nutter

Thomas A. King

TO SERGEANT (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):

Loren F. Hedderly

Benjamin R. Reading

William J. Tade

Marion L. Howell

Morris J. Jordan

Holden Howell

Ira W. Moffett

Walter M. Calvert

Lowell M. Ulrey

John C. Godwin

TO CORPORAL (REGULAR WARRANT):

Edward J. Harford

Francis P. McGrath

Kenneth E. Schmidt

Robert C. Guss

Marvin D. Bushow

Wandell P. Keener

Roy Carey

Lewis A. Huddle

Howard J. Lasley

Harry H. Clay

Ollie H. Hill

Ralph C. Brown

Paul M. Olsen

John Fabick  
 James S. Fields  
 John P. McMahon, Jr.  
 Roscoe M. Hamilton  
 George R. Edwards  
 Joseph E. Aucoin  
 Harold E. Swain  
 Joseph G. Novolanic  
 Carl J. Weiss  
 Albert Wood  
 Robert C. Sales  
 Robert Bailey  
 Jake Reichert  
 Winston M. Lowrey  
 Russell S. Hines  
 John J. Schloegel  
 Joseph Adamitis  
 Martin J. Itzin  
 Francis C. Claggett  
 John S. Banks, Jr.  
 Allison G. Folsom, Jr.  
 Clarence H. Raper  
 William T. Herman  
 Stanley C. Mackowinski  
 Woodrow W. Johnson  
 Benjamin W. Henderson  
 Claude M. Flathers  
 Gus C. Daskalakis  
 Raymond L. Amos  
 Clark D. Hayden  
 Bernard E. Horn  
 John R. Chippis  
 Claude L. Whitlock  
 Olger A. Estenson  
 James R. Brown  
 Raymond W. Wolford, Jr.  
 John U. Walker  
 Marvin F. Hayes  
 Roscoe W. Raylor  
 John C. Rezek  
 William P. O'Keefe  
 Guy H. Matherly

## TO CORPORAL (SHIP AND SPECIAL WARRANT):

Charles D. Brown  
 Alphonse G. Kotylo  
 Norman A. Olsen  
 Peter P. Kosivich  
 LeRoy E. Dailey  
 Lawrence Herrington  
 James B. Seaton  
 Frederick J. Knack  
 John A. Handlin  
 Hugh C. Lindsey  
 William A. Johnson  
 Frank Ussery  
 Bethea McMullen  
 John R. Hood  
 Lawrence F. Funk  
 Willie R. Bradley  
 Jack W. Murphy  
 Edward E. Gibbon  
 Noble McIlwain  
 Benjamin P. Donaway  
 John C. V. Gregory  
 Gilbert W. Hoff  
 Walter Kastner  
 Leroy H. Brown  
 John E. Lineham  
 Willis E. Patten  
 Harry L. Miller

## DEATHS

The following deaths have been reported to Marine Corps Headquarters during the month of May, 1938:

### Officers

WILLIAMS, Charles F., Colonel, USMC, died May 6, 1938, of intestinal obstruction at U. S. Naval Hospital, Norfolk Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Katharine M. Williams, wife, 47 Courtland Place, Norfolk, Virginia.

EVANS, John F., Chief Marine Gunner, USMC, died May 4, 1938, of carcinoma of the lung at U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise F. Evans, wife, c/o W. S. Robinson, 3935 32nd Street, San Diego, California.

PHILLIPS, Spencer N., First Lieutenant, USMC, retired, died May 7, 1938, of myocarditis at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Ethel E. Phillips, wife, 3710 Livingston Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

### Enlisted Men

LANNON, James H., Staff Sergeant, USMC, retired, died May 19, 1938, of pulmonary tuberculosis at Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colorado. Next of kin: Mrs. Louise Lannon, wife, 60 Highland Avenue, Jeffersonville, Pennsylvania.

BURGER, Charles J., Private, USMCR, inactive, died May 11, 1938, at Methodist Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Next of kin: Mrs. Emily Burger, mother, 134 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.



# Headquarters Bulletin

Number 152, May 15, 1938

## EXAMINATION FOR PROMOTION

The following named officers will be examined for promotion to the next higher grades on or about 1 August, 1938:

Lt. Col. Henry L. Larsen  
Lt. Col. William H. Rupertus  
Major Raymond E. Knapp  
Major Omar T. Pfeiffer  
Major Lewie G. Merritt  
Major Claude A. Larkin

### Captains:

Harold E. Rosecrans  
Leo Sullivan  
Hayne D. Boyden  
Franklin G. Cowie  
Christian F. Schilt  
Walter A. Wachtler  
William E. Maxwell  
Clarence R. Wallace  
Ronald A. Boone  
William E. Onley  
James H. Strother  
Ivan W. Miller  
Joe N. Smith  
Louis E. Marie, Jr.  
James S. Monahan

### 1st Lieutenants:

Frederick B. Winfree  
Samuel D. Puller  
Ernest R. West  
Roger W. Beadle  
Ellsworth S. Murray  
Howard J. Turton  
Thomas J. Colley  
Walter Asmuth, Jr.  
Alpha L. Bowser, Jr.  
Marvin T. Starr  
George Corson  
Julina G. Humiston  
William K. Enright  
Harvey C. Tschirgi  
Marion A. Fawcett  
Robert O. Bissan

Second Lieutenants completing three years commissioned service on 1 September, 1938.

If it is impracticable for any officer listed above to take the examination on the date stated, a request in writing for a change of date will be given favorable consideration.

## TENTATIVE SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Leave NOB, Norfolk, 2 August; arrive Guantanamo 6 August, leave 6 August; arrive Canal Zone 9 August, leave 12 August; arrive San Diego 22 August, leave 24 August; arrive San Pedro 25 August, leave 27 August; arrive San Francisco Area 29 August, leave 12 September; arrive Honolulu 19 September, leave 21 September; arrive Guam 4 October, leave 5 October; arrive Manila 10 October, leave 12 November.

Note: CHAUMONT at Norfolk for overhaul from 23 May to 26 July.

HENDERSON—Arrive Guam 3 June, leave 4 June; arrive Honolulu 15 June, leave 17 June; arrive San Francisco 24 June, leave 9 July; arrive San Pedro 11 July, leave 13 July; arrive San Diego 14 July, leave 16 July; arrive Canal Zone 26 July, leave 29 July; arrive Guantanamo 1 August, leave 1 August; arrive NOB, Norfolk 5 August.

Note: HENDERSON at Norfolk for overhaul from 11 August to 15 October.

NITRO—Leave Canal Zone 1 June; arrive Guantanamo 4 June, leave 4 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 8 June.

Note: NITRO at Norfolk for overhaul from 13 June to 16 August.

ANTARES—Leave Canal Zone 2 June; arrive San Diego 14 June.

Note: ANTARES to join Base Force upon completion of above schedule.

SIRIUS—Leave Puget Sound 14 May; arrive Canal Zone 11 June, leave 17 June; arrive New York 2 July.

## RIFLE RECORD QUALIFICATION FIRING SO FAR RECORDED FOR THE TARGET YEAR 1938

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksmen	Unqualified	P.C. Qual.
Requalifications	266—17%	525—33%	598—38%	190—12%	88%
Recruits	27—3%	169—17%	483—50%	294—30%	70%
Marine Corps	293—12%	694—27%	1,081—42%	484—19%	81%

### HIGH SCORE

Rifle: Sgt. Raymond D. Chaney, San Diego, Calif. 338

Pistol: Plt-Sgt. Joseph J. Pifel, Paris Island, S. C. 99

Plt-Sgt. Carl Haynes, MD, USS "New Mexico" 99

In order to break the tie score over the pistol record course, range officers are requested to report score of 99 plus worked out to the third decimal place.

Note: SIRIUS towing KEARSARGE on above schedule.

VEGA—Arrive Canal Zone 2 June, leave 4 June; arrive San Diego 15 June, leave 16 June; arrive San Pedro 17 June, leave 18 June; arrive Mare Island 20 June, leave 5 July; arrive Puget Sound 8 July.

Note: Vega will make the annual Alaskan cruise, departing Seattle about 29 July.

SALINAS—Arrive Houston 2 June, leave 3 June; arrive NOB, Norfolk, 10 June.

Note: SALINAS will fuel the Midshipman Practice Squadron at Portsmouth, England, departing Norfolk about 2 July. RAMAPO—Note: RAMAPO temporarily assigned to Asiatic Fleet, as replacement for PECOS now under repair.

## TRANSFER OF NONCOMMISSIONED OFFICERS

When noncommissioned officers of the first three pay grades are transferred from one station to another they are entitled to Government transportation for their dependents and to the shipment of household effects at Government expense. It is noted that frequently when such orders are issued the man concerned for various reasons requests authority to perform the travel at his own expense, and a paragraph to the effect that "All personal travel involved in the execution of this order will be at your own expense" is included in the man's orders. This statement automatically deprives the man concerned of Government transportation for his dependents and for the shipment of his household effects at Government expense. In future cases when these non-commissioned officers are ordered transferred because of the exigencies of the service and not specifically for their own convenience the following statement should be added to the one quoted above:

"This provision, however, does not apply to transportation for your dependents or household effects."

## BASIC SCHOOL LIBRARY

It is requested that whenever libraries at the various posts and stations throughout the Marine Corps have books on military subjects which are in excess of local requirements such books be forwarded to the library of the Basic School, Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa.

## CHECKAGE OF SUBSISTENCE IN HOSPITALS

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1939, the rate to be checked for subsistence while in hospital under the provisions of Article 1320-11, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, is \$7.00 per ration.

## THE NATIONAL MATCHES

Both the Senate and the House voted appropriations for the National Matches to be held at Camp Perry, Ohio, during the period August 21 to September 10, 1938. The eligibility rule wherein no team may have as a shooting member or alternate any man who has been a shooting member of any team in three of the five National Rifle Team Matches immediately preceding will be in effect.

## MARINE CORPS RIFLE AND PISTOL TEAM DETACHMENT

The Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team Detachment was organized on May 2, 1938, and the following officers were assigned thereto:

Capt. Morris L. Shively, Commanding Officer and Team Captain.

Capt. August Larson, Team Coach.

ChMarGun, Calvin A. Lloyd, Asst. Team Coach.

Capt. Joseph J. Tavern, Team Quartermaster.

The selection of candidates for the Marine Corps Rifle and Pistol Team will be made at the conclusion of the Marine Corps Competitions.



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# MARINE ODDITIES



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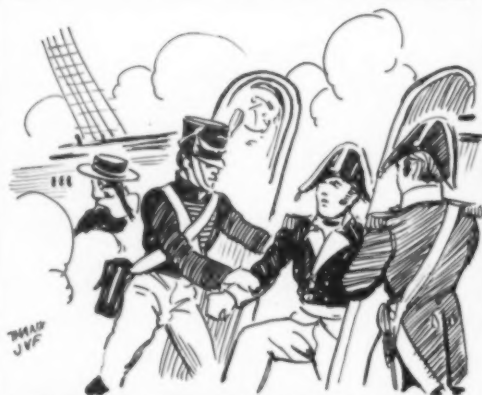
WITH THE U.S. MARINES ABOARD THE BON HOMME RICHARD IN HER BATTLE WITH THE SERAPIS. CAPT. STACK (WHO COMMANDED THE MARINES) AND LIEUT. MCCARTHY LATER RETURNED TO FRANCE.



THE FAMOUS "HORSE MARINES" OF PEKING, LATELY DISBANDED, WERE FORMED BY MAJOR RUSSELL IN 1909 DUE TO PROSPECTS OF A COMING CHINESE REVOLUTION. THE MOUNTED DETACHMENT CONSISTED ORIGINALLY OF SIX MEN, - A SERGEANT, A CORPORAL AND FOUR PRIVATES.



MAJOR RICHARD M. CUTTS, JR., USMC WAS CO-INVENTOR OF THE COMPENSATOR BEARING HIS NAME WHICH IS USED ON GOVERNMENT AUTOMATIC FIREARMS.



SERGEANT NATHANIEL MASON, USMC, WHO LIVED TO BE 91, WAS THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE IN 1814. HE ASSISTED THE GALLANT PERRY ("WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS") ABOARD THE NIAGARA DURING THE BATTLE.

IF SGT. HENRY L. CLAUDE, USMC WORE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS UNIFORMS IN WHICH HE HAS SERVED HE WOULD PROBABLY LOOK LIKE THIS

IN ADDITION TO SERVICE IN THE US ARMY, US NAVY AND THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION HE WILL HAVE COMPLETED 20 YEARS WITH THE US MARINE CORPS IN JULY 1938.



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☐ Electrician  
☐ Radio

☐ Welding, Electric and Gas  
☐ Reading Shop Blueprints  
☐ Machinist  
☐ Patternmaker  
☐ Sheet Metal Worker  
☐ Plumbing  
☐ Heating  
☐ Pipefitter  
☐ Air Conditioning  
☐ Automobile Mechanic  
☐ Coal Mining  
☐ Toolmaker  
☐ Foundry Practice  
☐ Boilermaker  
☐ Steam Fitting  
☐ Ventilation  
☐ Tinsmith  
☐ Navigation

☐ Bridge Engineer  
☐ Bridge and Building Foreman  
☐ Highway Engineer  
☐ Civil Engineer  
☐ Surveying and Mapping  
☐ R. R. Locomotives  
☐ R. R. Section Foreman  
☐ R. R. Signalman  
☐ Air Brakes  
☐ Train Operation  
☐ Diesel Engines  
☐ Aviation Engines

☐ Mechanical Engineer  
☐ Mechanical Draftsman  
☐ Steam Engineer  
☐ Steam Electric Engineer  
☐ Marine Engineer  
☐ Chemistry  
☐ Cotton Manufacturing  
☐ Woolen Manufacturing  
☐ Agriculture  
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☐ Poultry Farming  
☐ Pharmacy

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☐ Advanced Dressmaking  
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**BUSINESS GIRL—1938 MODEL**—Office manager Olive Tucker keeps disarmingly calm despite nerve-nagging phones, buzzers, interviews. "If anyone needs healthy nerves, I do," Miss Tucker smiles. "That's one reason why I smoke Camels. They

never get my nerves upset." Later—much later—Miss Tucker skips to the roof-top gym for a quick work-out. Next—shower—rub—a Camel—and she's off again! Tired? Miss Tucker's answer: "Camels give my energy a refreshing 'lift.'"

Cigarettes may *look* alike—but what an appealing difference there is in Camels!

As a smoker, you'll be interested to read what Miss Tucker, successful young office manager, said to Miss MacGregor about the difference between Camels and other cigarettes (at right).

**WELKER COCHRAN**, who has won many championships at billiards, says about his choice among cigarettes: "Camels give me *real* smoking pleasure. Under the strain of a championship match, Camels never make me feel jittery or unsure of my 'touch.' 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**—Turkish and Domestic



"Olive, do you always serve Camels because you feel that there's a big difference between Camels and other cigarettes?"



**THERE ARE LOTS** of Camels around Miss Tucker's living room. Miss Tucker says: "Camels are the favorite with my guests and are delightful for topping off a meal. I smoke Camels 'for digestion's sake.'"

"I'm very glad you've brought that question up, Helen. I've tried many kinds of cigarettes, and I'm amazed at how *different* Camels are. Camels are extra-mild—they never bother my throat. And Camels taste good, yet never leave that 'cigaretty' after-taste. In so many ways, Camels *agree* with me."

**PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS**

**THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

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**ONE SMOKER TELLS ANOTHER "CAMELS AGREE WITH ME!"**

"You bet Camel is our choice of cigarettes," say these tobacco planters—and they *know* tobacco because they *grow* it!



Mr. George Crumbaugh, well-known planter, had his best tobacco crop last year. He says: "Camel bought the choice lots—paid more than I ever got before. Camel's the cigarette I smoke myself. Fact is, most planters favor Camels."



"I know the tobacco in various cigarettes," says Mr. Beckham Wright, 19 years a grower. "Camel got my choice grades last year—and many years back. I know Camels are made from **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS.**"



Last year, Mr. Walter Devine says, his tobacco brought highest prices. "Camel took my best lots," he says. "Other planters also got top prices from Camel for choice grades. I'm partial to Camels. Most growers here are too."

